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H. L. GREEN  
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"For modes of faith let pious zealots fight;  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."  
—Pope.

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
\* \* \* \* \* than in half the creeds."  
—Tennyson.

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# INDEX.

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## ARTICLES:

## PAGE.

Affirmation of Free Thought. By H. W. B. Mackay.....	76
About the Moon. By Myron H. Goodwin.....	313
Bible, The Woman's. By T. B. Wakeman.....	311
Basis of Liberal Life. By T. B. Wakeman.....	429
Clerical Face. By J. B. Willson, M. D.....	70
Christ, What Think Ye of? By M. V. C. Dudley.....	187
Conflict with the Churches. By Edwin A. Potter.....	473
Doctrine of Original Sin. By E. Caplan.....	131
Devil a Tax. By A. B. Barrett.....	426
Existence of God. By E. Jolley.....	197
Encouraging Signs of the Times. By an Octogenarian.....	240
Evolution of Sexual Morality. By Miles M. Dawson.....	256
Examination of the Gospels. By Lemoyne Benjamin.....	302
Fallacies and Frailties of Faith. By Jack Kozad.....	119
Free Thought Cause in Oregon. By Kate De Peatt.....	383
Giving and Taking. By Rev. Dr. Mack.....	434
Higher Criticism. By C. B. Waite.....	297
Holy Smoke in the Holy Land. By D. K. Tenney.....	351
Jefferson, Religious Opinions of. By R. N. Reeves.....	370
Key to the Life of Jesus. By H. W. B. Mackay.....	442
Let Crushed Cuba Arise. By Gerrit Smith.....	376
Moors of Spain. By Charles K. Tenney.....	252
Memorial Tribute. By Kate De Peatt.....	490
Newman, Francis William. By George Jacob Holyoake.....	3
Persia's Greatest Freethinker. By R. N. Reeves.....	20
Paine, Thomas. By T. B. Wakeman.....	63
Pillsbury, Funeral Discourse. By W. L. Garrison.....	411
Pillsbury, Tribute to. By Elizabeth Cady Stanton.....	415
Pillsbury and His Works. By Charles Buffem.....	416
Pillsbury's Traits of Character. By A. B. Bradford.....	419
Pillsbury. By B. F. Underwood.....	422
Pillsbury. By Lucy N. Colman.....	425
Precession of the Equinoxes. By J. A. Greenhill.....	495
Religion a Superstition. By Selden S. Cooke.....	7
Reading Bible in Schools. By Elizabeth Cady Stanton.....	469
Skepticism, The Merits of. By A. G. Osgood.....	180
Soulless Secularism. By George Jacob Holyoake.....	309
The Christian Temple—Will It Stand? By D. B. Stedman.....	482
Woman's Way to Freedom. By Harriet Stanton Blatch.....	177

## COMMUNICATIONS, ETC.:

PAGE.

Are Churches Beneficial? By Mary E. Margerum.....	84
Advertising the Bible.....	224
Astronomical Lecture. By Prof. James A. Greenhill.....	268
About the "Little Freethinker." By Elmina D. Slenker.....	276
Angelica's Lover. By Huder Genone.....	386
Books to Be Given Away.....	341
Brain in Action. By an Atheist.....	390
Book of Nature. By S. Lafayette Willard.....	509
Creedless Liberalism. By Cyrus W. Coolridge.....	209
Faith vs. Reason. By Zela Stevens.....	37
Faith in God. By Abner Plain.....	43
From an Old Soldier. By Joel M. Berry.....	223
Good Religion. By Reporter.....	387
Inclination of the Planets. By J. A. Greenhill.....	211
Juryman Must Believe in God. By Robert N. Reeves.....	100
Johnson, Hannah. Funeral Discourse.....	206
Letter from A. B. Bradford.....	151
Life Sketch and Poem. By Joseph Haigh.....	214
Let the Good Work Go On. By Florence Sibley.....	217
Lunar Halo. By W. W. Morris.....	330
Methodism to Infidelity. By Florence Sibley.....	96
New York Sun on the Woman's Bible.....	329
Palne and His Contemporaries. By J. C. Hannon.....	27
Peabody, B.—Life Sketch.....	41
Palne's Poem. By J. E. Remsburg.....	99
Palne Celebration .....	153
Palne and St. Paul. By John Prescott Guld.....	101
Religious Experience. May C. Parsons.....	389
Rambles for Relics. By Geo. J. Remsburg.....	322
Secret Negro Societies. By Charles Alexander.....	94
Science and Dogmatism. By Evan McLennan.....	143
Scheme of Salvation. By C. H. Graham.....	202
Sermon to the Pulpit. By J. E. Ring.....	220
Solar System. By Prof. J. A. Greenhill.....	385
The Whole World Is Queer. By Cyrus W. Coolridge.....	392
Voltaire. By Prof. Emile Plugault.....	500
Wetmore vs. Hickok. By S. W. Wetmore, M. D.....	102
Who Is the Brute? By Marlon Harland.....	105
Will the Old Book Stand? By Geo. Allen White.....	140
Wetmore-Hickok Discussion. By Dr. S. W. Wetmore.....	148
Will the Old Book Stand? By T. Darley Allen.....	326
Witchcraft in Illinois. By John F. Geeting.....	328
We Are All Infidels. By H. C. Davidson.....	446

## EDITORIALS:

Blouch, George W.—Obituary.....	52
Brewer, Stephen—Obituary .....	155



# INDEX

v

## EDITORIALS:

PAGE.

Bradford, A. B., The Octogenarian.....	278
De Peatt, Kate.....	513
Education of Women. By B. F. U.....	394
Free Thought Magazine Album.....	457
Gage, Matilda Joslyn—Obituary.....	332
Green, Thyrza Ann—Our Silent Partner.....	106
How to Become a Yogi. By B. F. U.....	108
Holy Smoke. By Robert G. Ingersoll.....	448
Holy Smoke. By Judge Waite.....	454
Holy Smoke.....	456
Influence of Mind Over Body. By B. F. U.....	165
Ingersoll at New Orleans.....	168
Ingersoll's New Lecture, "Superstition." By R. N. R.....	516
Lying for the Glory of God.....	225
Newman and His Critics. By G. J. H.....	162
Overdrawn Picture .....	166
Paying for Religious Services.....	110
Pillsbury, Parker .....	158
Peck, John—Life Sketch.....	338
Pillsbury, Parker—Obituary Notice.....	450
Premiums for Clubs of 1899.....	517
Reeves, Robert N.....	396
Scientific Wisdom. By Eliza Mowry Bliven.....	49
Stevens, Zela—Life Sketch.....	50
Stanton, Elizabeth Cady—Her Life and Work. By T. B. W.....	227
Taber, Henry M.—Obituary.....	45
The New Woman a Liberal. By T. B. W.....	164
Tilton, Theodore, to Elizabeth Cady Stanton.....	286
This Magazine .....	397
Why Spain Is Weak. By R. N. R.....	452
Woman's Bible and Blue Grass Blade.....	514

## ILLUSTRATIONS:

Alexander, Charles .....	94
Bradford, A. B.....	238
Cooke, Selden S.....	7
Dawson, Miles M.....	256
De Peatt, Kate.....	468
Green, Thyrza Ann.....	62
Graham, C. H.....	202
Greenhill, James A.....	211, 268
Gage, Matilda Joslyn.....	332
Holyoake, George Jacob.....	3
Hannon, J. C.....	27
Haigh, Joseph .....	214
Ingersoll and Wife and Others.....	176

ILLUSTRATIONS:	PAGE.
Margerum, Mary E.....	84
Paine, Thomas .....	30
Peabody, B. ....	41
Pillsbury, Parker .....	118, 410
Peck, John .....	298
Potter, Edwin A.....	473
Rice, Alonzo .....	138
Remsburg, George J.....	322
Reeves, Robert N.....	350
Stevens, Zela .....	2
Stanton, Elizabeth Cady.....	469
Stedman, D. B.....	482
Tess—Chimpanzee .....	82
Transit of Venus.....	275
Voltaire .....	500
White, George Allen.....	140
Wetmore, Dr. S. W.....	148
Waite, C. B.....	297
Willard, S. Lafayette.....	509
 POETRY:	
Brain Mechanics. By Charles J. Lewis.....	316
Brain Mechanics. By Rev. J. O. M. Hewit.....	439
Chimpanzee—Tess. By Isaac A. Pool.....	82
Creeds. By Alonzo Leora Rice.....	138
How the Deacon Drove the Calf. By Joe Lincoln.....	381
Ode to a Drum. By Thomas Paine.....	36
Parker Pillsbury. By Carl Burell.....	447
Three Score Years and Ten. By Homer A. Billings.....	201
Truth and Right. By W. E. Warner.....	438
The Judgment Day. By P. A. Zaring, M. D.....	190
When the World Is Free. By J. A. Edgerton.....	26





*Fraternally.*  
*Gela Stevens,*

# FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1898.

## LAST WORK OF FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

A LIFE of Francis William Newman may one day appear from a capable man. As he spoke several times in South Place, some notice of him in these pages is fitting. The Three Newmans will long be thought



GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

remarkable. John Henry was a Catholic priest of a despotic type. Charles was an atheist, and Francis William was the most intrepid Theist that has appeared, and was the greatest scholar of them all, as men of learning admit. I printed for him one or more of his remarkable addresses at South Place. I printed and published for him his memorable "Personal Narrative," before his brother, the cardinal, published his famous narrative of his life. The last work of Francis William, written in his ninety-second year, he entrusted to me to issue. His brother Charles sent to me the last essays he wrote—the most cogent in argument against Theism I have read. They appeared

in the Reasoner, which I edited. Thus I came to know the characteristics of two of the brothers. I conveyed Mr. Gladstone's last message to Francis William, to whom I had shown Mr. Newman's "Secret Hymns," which revealed the spiritual characteristics of his mind.

When a young man he, like Shelley, refused to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, because he had a conscience, and would not profess to believe what he did not believe. But for this he would have risen to a position in the English church as high as John Henry did in the Romish church, as was well known to his compeers. The wonderful progress of his mind can be read in his remarkable little books on "Pauline Christianity," which he gave the world in his later years. Unitarians hold that Jesus was not God, yet ascribe to him a perfection only possible to a God, and speak of him with a fulsomeness which must be repulsive to any God of taste. The Rev. Charles Voysey, alone among Theistical preachers, keeps Theism from the superstition of Jesus. It was but a few weeks before Mr. Newman's death that I was able to issue his final confession of Faith entitled "Mature Thoughts on Christianity."\* I concluded it would be willingly published by the Unitarian House, seeing that Mr. Newman lent more lustre to Unitarianism, by his friendliness to that cause, than it could confer on him. The publishing authorities of the party in London declined to issue the dying Manifesto of the distinguished author's religious faith, alleging, it is said, that it was "unworthy" of him—meaning, I suppose, that it was "unworthy" of him to advance beyond them. None of their journals reviewed the work. The only minister who noticed it said it was all "shreds and patches"—forgetting that this dictum condemned all the Pauline Epistles and the Sermon upon the Mount.

ren here, where I had the pleasure of being a visitor in your country. My

The Unitarians of America I thought of a bolder sort than their brethren here, where I had the pleasure of being a visitor in your country. My friend, the Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford, then in Chicago, invited me to speak in his church, which I did. He would not have been permitted in England to do that. All parties in England, as well as the Unitarians, have what Cardinal Newman called the endemic perennial fidget about the scandal of opinion alien to their own. The Cardinal says "facts are omitted in great histories, or glosses are put on memorable acts, because they are thought not edifying, whereas of all scandals such omissions, such glosses, are the greatest."

The "shred" of thought, of the most widely learned theological writer of his day, may be worth more than the longest piece of meaner minds. A "patch" of such an intellect may be more luminous than the white garment from an inferior loom.

Mr. Newman's final belief, which he revised when the hand of Death was upon him, may be seen in the five propositions following:

\*Published by Watts & Co., 17 Johnson's Court. Price, 6d.

1. "Paul did not believe in Eternal Hell. He was no Calvinist nor yet a Lutheran—so let no one impute the horrors of Eternal Hell to Paul." So far he vindicates Paul.

2. He quoted and accepted a text used by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, namely, "England needs a great religious revolution, but the greatest of all which she needs is an utter overthrow of belief in Divine Inspiration. She has to learn that there never was, nor never will be, such a thing on Earth—unless she makes a Balaam's Ass an inspired organ."

3. "I do not," says Mr. Newman in "Mature Thoughts," "believe that any human being ever rises from the dead as the same individual man, but I find a greater and larger belief in a Resurrection of the human race, as no longer the same; I do not believe in a really identical new Socrates, nor an identical new Isaac Newton."

4. "Jesus never rose nor will rise again as the same man; therefore, I emphatically need a Jesus, suited to our century and our Modern Thought."

5. "I believe that instead of dead men rising according to English Creed, new individuals arise according to the Will of God—that no human being has any real second life, but has as long time as the Providence of God sees fit, and never again, but that the new men are on the whole always better than the last."

"Much less do I like to die without telling my own Creed more fully than before."

I ought to have asked the South Place Society—which is unafraid of advanced truth—to publish these "Mature Thoughts."

As I have said in the Daily News, Mr. Newman was my friend for forty years, notwithstanding the wide divergency of my views on some questions from his—which is proof of his noble tolerance. No instance is known of a scholar, a philosopher, and a theologian, which was his strongest aspiration—of so great an age, being so intrepid in the love, the search, the acceptance, and publicity of truth. Yet in all his changes—onward and never backward—he, like Paine, Theodore Parker, and Mazzini, had more than a conviction, he had a passion for God; and never wavered in his belief, his devotion and trust.

Like Professor Key of University College, Mr. Newman's scholarship did not contract but enlarged his interest in public affairs. Unlike his friend, Dr. Martineau, Newman's mind never petrified. He had no theological theory which made him treat the secular interests of this life as an unholy diversion from the study of Christ. His creed was truth and duty. I know of no one eminent, of whom the same could be said in the

same sense, save Mr. Stopford Brooke. No one better answered in his life than Francis Newman did the noble question of Schiller:

What shall I do to gain eternal life?  
Discharge aright  
The simple dues, with which each day is rife;  
Yea with thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise  
Will life be fled,  
While, he who ever acts as conscience cries  
Shall live though dead.

A noble tribute to Prof. F. W. Newman would be an enumeration of all his works, giving their date and characteristics. So far as I can judge there has been no equal this century.



## IS RELIGION A SUPERSTITION?

BY SELDEN S. COOKE.

(Continued.)

ORIGIN OF ANIMISM, SPIRITISM, RELIGION.

**D**URING the eighteenth century the existence of spirits, souls, ghosts, was so commonly believed that the existence of a big spirit or God was admitted by such semi-religionists as Hume, Hobbes, Voltaire, and



SELDEN S. COOKE.

Paine—which concession, made with very little consideration, probably led Archbishop Whately, *Logic*, 201, and many others, to assume the existence of a God as proved. The non-religionists of the nineteenth century, however, advance a step further, and deny all grades of spiritual beings—small and great. Such denial, they claim, is justified by the recent growth in science. This opinion is voiced by Prof. Stanly Jevons when he says in his *Logic* that no evidence of a God's existence has yet been furnished. (This, notwithstanding the popular belief to the contrary, and that hundreds of sophistical arguments have been put forward by an interested priesthood in support of such existence, only

to vanish on a careful analysis.)

I have now shown conclusively, I think, that animism, spiritism, religion, originated among men, and men of low grade; yet Mr. Whately affirms the Christian religion to have been derived from God; at the same time admitting such claim to be a hypothesis only—not a fact proved. Let us listen to the learned prelate, when he says:

"The Christian religion exists: That is the phenomenon (?): Those 'who will not allow it to have come from God are bound to solve the 'phenomenon (?) on some other hypothesis less open to objections. They 'are not, indeed, called upon to prove that it actually did arise in this, or 'that way; but to suggest, consistently with acknowledged facts, some 'probable way in which it may have arisen, reconcilable with all the circumstances of the case."

In this Whately seems candid—knowing the difficulty of proving or disproving directly any ancient event—except that religion is not a phenomenon, but a belief only, and that he artfully shifts the burden of proof upon the wrong party—(rule IV.).

If, then, it be denied by religionists (all more or less prejudiced), that all religions, the Christian included, had their rise among men, I suppose I must proceed, as required by the archbishop, to suggest, or show, a probable way, consistent with other known facts, by which it did so arise; bearing in memory, however, that the existence of neither little nor big spirits has ever yet been established, but remains a hypothesis only.

Now, the first religion of man, in the savage state, is conceded to have been Fetichism, or the worship of both animate and inanimate objects, supposed to possess souls or spirits—confessedly a false assumption, and hence a false religion. But as knowledge increased fetichism began to be abandoned as unsatisfactory; and out of it there arose or grew Polytheism, or a belief in, and worship of, many big spirits, called Gods—tribal and national. The dogmas of Polytheism formed what the moderns call Paganism. And, finally, out of Polytheistic-Paganism arose or grew Monotheism, a belief in one God, embracing the later Persians, Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, etc.—all the religions of whom are simply paganism in a new dress. Thus, Fetichism was the parent of Polytheism or Paganism, and Paganism the parent of Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism. Further, it will not be denied that the root or foundation of all these different sects is the supposition or belief that spirits, or spiritual beings, have a real existence, and are entitled to worship.

#### NOTIONS OF SPIRITS HELD BY PRIMITIVE MEN OR SAVAGES.

The question now becomes pertinent: What did the early savage or primitive man suppose a spirit or soul to be? What its substance or essence? What was the thing called by the Pagan-Greeks *psyche*, *pneuma* (soul), and by the Pagan-Latins *spiritus* (spirit), from *spiro*, to breathe? The inquiry is answerable in two ways: First (originally and primarily), spirit or soul meant breath, air in motion, wind (Webster, Century, and Imperial Dictionaries). When the early savage first began to speculate on his own existence he observed that his body inhaled and exhaled air, which he regarded as the principle of life. This air or breath—coming in and going out—he imagined to be living, or animated (a crass error in his philosophy), and that, at death, it left his body as living breath, and united with the atmosphere without or above—where it continued to live indefinitely. In short, he believed his breath, so inspired and expired, to

be a living substance of some sort which did not die with his body—but had an eternal existence in common with the air above. This philosophical error, in ascribing life or vitality to breath and moving air—a lifeless, gaseous matter only—seems to have been the only way the savage had of explaining life and thought—(Ency. Brit., “Metempsychosis”). And it is just here that we see the origin of both the later barbarian notions or ideas of the Immortality and the Transmigration of Souls—originating with the Pagan priests of Egypt and Persia (Babylonia). Survivals of this early error of the savage are seen throughout the Jewish scriptures—a notable instance occurring at the very beginning (Genesis, 1: 2), where the blowing of wind over the sea—produced from expansion of air by heat—was supposed to be “The spirit (breath) of God moving upon the face of the waters.” Secondly, at other times the savage in his dreams saw the thin, immaterial phantoms, or apparitions, of other men, as well as certain inanimate objects. These he took to be their souls, spirits, doubles, or ghosts, out from home on their travels. And believing these phantom-souls to be real beings—as do most modern savages—he reasoned that he himself possesses a like soul, which left him in sleep to wander about, and which finally departed from him at death—(Ency. Brit., “Animism,” by Prof. Lonie, and “Apparitions,” by Prof. Lang; also Dr. Tylor’s *Early History of Man*, p. 6). Mr. Darwin, who spent much time among modern savages in observing their habits, in his *Descent of Man*, Vol. I., p. 63, says:

“It is highly probable that dreams may have first given rise to the “notion of spirits; as savages do not readily distinguish between subjective and objective impressions (citing Tylor’s *Early History*).”

With the savage, objects seen in dreams are as valid as those seen awake. It has ever been his error (and also the barbarians) to believe internal or subjective impressions made by the nerve-forces, or currents, upon the brain—notably dreams—to be as real as outward impressions. The Jewish and Christian scriptures are full of examples to this effect; and this ignorance goes far to explain many miraculous stories in “sacred” books, where the writers omit stating their accounts to have been dreams—(See the dream of Cleophas, Luke, 24: 31). In my own experience among savages of my own locality I have met with three instances where miraculous stories, intended to excite wonder, were related as stern facts—but which, on cross-examination, proved only to be dreams of the relators, or others.

Mr. Darwin, speaking further of the origin of religion, p. 63, says:

“Nor is it difficult to comprehend how it (religion) arose. As soon as

"the important faculties of imagination, wonder, and curiosity, together with some power of reasoning, had become partially developed, man would naturally have craved to understand what was passing around him, and have vaguely speculated on his own existence. To judge from the universality of it, the simplest hypothesis, and the first to occur to him, seems to have been that natural phenomena are ascribable to the presence—in animals, plants, and things, and in the forces of Nature—of such spirits, prompting to action, as men are conscious (think) they themselves possess. . . . The tendency in a savage is to imagine that natural objects and agencies (exertions of power) are animated by spiritual or living essences. They naturally attribute to (such) spirits the same passions, affections, and love of justice and vengeance as they themselves experience. . . . A belief in spiritual agencies easily passes into a belief of the existence of one or more Gods."

Still more directly and forcibly as to the origin, the article "Religion," in Chambers' Ency., a semi-religious work, says:

"He (man) was surrounded by dangers and difficulties. He saw the mighty powers of Nature at work around, pregnant to him with hope and fear, and yet inscrutable in their working, and beyond his control. . . . These operations of Nature he had only one way of conceiving and accounting for. The idea of physical causes is one of later growth. To the primitive man there is only one kind of agency (power) he can understand—that of a will and mind like his own. Hence, all things that he sees moving and acting become to him animate, conscious beings—with thoughts and passions similar to those of men; and what more natural than that he should seek, by offerings and entreaties, to secure their favor, or propitiate their anger. . . . He is manifesting religion."

And it may be added: Not only religion, but had reasoning, and savagery, also.

Now, combining the two crass notions of the early savage as to breath and phantom souls, we readily see how he reached the belief that he (also many inanimate objects) possessed a soul or spirit, which escaped from the body at death, whose ingredient was breath or air. Hence, he reasons that he had within him a spiritual part (breath) which did not die with the body. And such crude belief early passed into the belief in a future life: 1, Transmigration, and 2, Immortality. It is clear, too, as stated by the authority last cited, that this false belief (false religion) of the primitive man in the existence of spirits is the germ or root from which all our modern religions have sprung—in fact, is the foundation or basis upon which they all now stand. And it is a spirit of the same nature and essence, immensely magnified, of which the Christian scriptures speak when they aver that "God is a spirit" (John, 4: 24; 2 Cor., 3: 17). A fact, however, must not be overlooked—that throughout the long, dark ages to which I have

referred, spirits were always held, like breath or air, to be material beings, composed of matter. Nor must we overlook the further fact that, during the same dark ages, the priesthood (claiming to be the repositories, and dispensers of all knowledge), were the only men who taught these false beliefs, and reaped the profits of their delusive teachings. And but for the immense number of these men throughout the world engaged in obtaining a living by the practice (all of whom have the same selfish interest as lawyers when laboring for their clients), religion would have died out long ago.

Finally, to all intelligent, unprejudiced persons I submit whether these pages do not only "suggest" (as required by the Archbishop), but also substantially show the probable and real way religion arose among men? And do not also exhibit it to have been derived from savages—and to be a low, but widespread superstition, kept alive, even to this day, by the profits accruing from practicing it?

#### CHANGE OF FRONT BY MODERN THEOLOGIAN.

Up to about the fifth century after Christ all religious sects held spirits (souls) to be but material beings, whatever their form. Early in that century, however, skeptics in and out of the Christian church commenced exhibiting the fallacies of the doctrine (as well as that of the resurrection of the body after death)—alleging the impossibility of a future life, inasmuch as a material spirit must necessarily be destroyed by the fire of hell. Defeat thus stared Christianity in the face, and its overthrow seemed inevitable. Theologians saw a new departure had to be taken, a change of front made, to enable them to continue to draw revenues from the pockets of their votaries. Their grip was about to be lost. Hence, a new form of spirit must be formulated, invented—one that would enable them to save or damn souls at their pleasure in another world (!), and thus keep control over the pocket—one that should elude a physical investigation of its nature by the skeptic—one more rarefied than air and more ethereal and divine than breath. In consequence, there arose among Romish theologians of that century what was called the "Spiritualistic Movement"—at the head of which stood Augustine. Discussions followed, century after century, as to the materiality or immateriality of that entity or nonentity called a "soul"—until finally a solution was reached in the thirteenth century by Thomas Aquinas, a Romish scholastic, who defined the soul of man to be an "Immaterial Substance," (the theory afterwards maintained by Descartes). And thus, after a gestation of many centuries there came forth from a monkish cell at Monte Casino a new-

born spirit, of which Aquinas was the accoucheur. The metaphysics of Plato, Aristotle and the Neo-Platonists had been employed in its construction, with a view to deceive the masses—as no one knew better than Aquinas the lurking fallacies contained in it. The artifice (an *ignoratio eleuchi*) was successful in that illiterate and uncritical age. Not only was the new-born soul gladly accepted by the whole Catholic priesthood, but by the strong influence of John Calvin it afterward became a dogma of Protestantism also.

The definition thus given by the Romish priesthood has prevailed in Christendom up to the present century. Noah Webster (in full accord with Aquinas), furnishes us with the theological and popular meaning of the word or words (treating them as synonyms substantially in the following language:

“SPIRIT (SOUL)—THE IMMORTAL, IMMATERIAL SUBSTANCE IN MAN, POSSESSING INTELLIGENCE.”

Here we have the current Christian view of a spirit or soul, as invented and formulated by the Catholic church, for the practice of religion among the masses—a view or definition which no one is able to understand, and constituting one of the many “mysteries of godliness.” But as religionists hold a spirit to be a living thing, or being, it must of necessity (if it be anything) possess an organism and sensation—for otherwise, it is without life, or capacity to enjoy pleasure or suffer pain; and all known organisms being material, there exists no such thing as an immaterial organism. And were a spirit (soul) a material being, scientists, with the microscope and scalpel, would surely have discovered its existence in the body long ago.

Next, let us proceed to analyze this assumed entity of a spirit. We commence by eliminating the word immortal, as not being descriptive of the essence or nature of the spirit, but of the length or duration of its life only. Then, as the substance of the definition we have: “An immaterial substance possessing intelligence.” I ask now, where in the body is this substance to be found? And no human being can answer. Should one answer, everywhere—as Aquinas seemed to claim—then I say he means by the term, life itself only. But, then, life most surely ceases at death. Now, what is this immaterial substance composing the soul? Inasmuch as substance is matter or a portion of matter, and as an immaterial substance or matter is not a material substance or matter of any kind, it follows logically that a spirit or soul is composed of substance that is not substance, or of matter which is not matter (!)—a direct contradiction in terms—a manifest absurdity—a something which is a nothing, a nonentity.

A soul, then, is not a being or entity at all, but simply a nonentity—a thing existing only in the imagination. But we all concede that nonentities can have neither life nor intelligence. To the opprobrium of Aquinas, then, it must be said he has given us an anomalous entity, a nondescript, incapable of recognition by man—the effect of which only is to delude his brother man.

In conclusion, we are forced to say—with Lewes, Schopenhaur, and others—“There is no psyche”—no spiritus. And souls or spirits have no more existence than ghosts, spectres, angels, demons, fairies, elves, and sprites, their companions; but are simply productions of ignorant imaginations—inventions of primitive priests and magicians for obtaining a livelihood. Hence, religion, whose universal basis is spiritism or animism, is necessarily an absurd belief or faith—without evidence—and logically is a huge superstition. So far, then, as a man is moral and intelligent he is civilized, and so far as religious he is a savage. Nor will it be denied that most men are intelligent on some one, or more, subjects, but grossly ignorant (or savage) on most others.

WITH THE FAILURE OF SPIRITUALISM A FUTURE LIFE FAILS ALSO.

Some religions (including the Christian), formerly taught the resurrection of the body at death—but the doctrine in time became so manifestly false as to require abandonment. Hence, another change of front (*ignoratio eleuchi*) became necessary; and the resurrection of the spirit was invented, and substituted for that of the body—because less easily shown untrue. It has, however, been clearly demonstrated, I think, that men and animals have not spirits nor souls capable of resurrection. From that fact it follows that the savage doctrine of a future life (in which a few are saved and many damned), is likewise a false philosophy. For, there is not in all Nature one fact indicating a second life for man. And this is now reluctantly admitted by the more candid theologians themselves. Science informs us that Nature’s universal rule is that all living beings have but one birth, one life, and one death; and that man is no exception to the rule. Man dies, and decomposes, before our eyes, and nothing more is ever seen or heard of him; *primum facie*, his death ends his career. Thus, his non-existence hereafter is logically established. The party claiming a future life is required to furnish evidence to that effect (Rule IV.). While millions believe the doctrine, all honest, intelligent people agree that no evidence of it can be furnished. Mere ignorant belief, ignorant faith, proves nothing. Indeed, far better for man is non-existence than that

even one human being should suffer in the fires of hell forever—a doctrine taught by the modern clergy, yet not believed by them.

DOCTRINES OF HELL AND HEAVEN UNNATURAL AND ILLOGICAL.

Let us now ask: What is the warrant for the doctrine of eternal hell-fire? All living beings, of which we have knowledge, are divided into two classes: plants and animals; all of which have material organisms—such being necessary to life. If man possesses a spirit (as is claimed), the spirit must be either a plant or animal—being of some kind. Not being claimed to be a plant, it necessarily must be an animal, a living animal of some sort, and possessed of a material organism. Yet Nature exhibits to us the fact that all living beings (whatever their form) are at once destroyed by certain degrees of both heat and cold. Hence, the claim that a spirit as a living thing, will continue to burn in hell forever, directly contradicts a great fact of Nature, that heat will destroy, and is clearly false (Rule I.). The intervention of a hell was manifestly for frightening the ignorant masses, and reaching their pockets.

HEAVEN (IN REALITY) AS COLD AS HELL IS HOT.

When the early savage or barbarous priest invented the notion or idea of an Eden, or Paradise, or Heaven, he probably looked upward to the physical heavens and supposed the high locality not only light, but warm and enticing, and a grand abode for the souls of the dead! Now, let us inquire: Would a spirit (supposing it a living being, or thing), fare in reality any better in heaven than hell? Is heaven the delightful abode conceived by the priesthood? And here it may as well be admitted by all that the purpose of inventing a heaven was for rewarding those who attended their ministrations, and paid well. Of this there can be no national doubt. The priests were the beneficiaries of the doctrine.

Four things (Ency. Brit., "Biology"), are absolutely necessary to the existence of any form of life: air, food, moisture, and warmth. Absence of either results in immediate death. Now, on the Earth's surface, and a mile or two above, there exist the conditions of life; but five miles upward there exists no food; ten miles no moisture; and fifty miles no air; consequently, a spirit, if a living thing, must perish at those heights. But passing food, moisture, and air, let us ask what modern science has to say about the temperature of heaven (the regions above the sky). Our common-school philosophies inform us that the Earth is surrounded by a layer of air, or atmosphere, some fifty miles in height—dense at the surface, and becoming rarer as we ascend until the full height is attained, where it practically ceases; and we then enter the vast void or universe of



empty space, ether as now called—the ether being the transparent medium supposed to fill all interstellar space. From the fact that the Sun's rays of heat and light, on their way to the earth pass through this medium unobstructed and without loss, scientists find that this ocean of space, or ether, possesses no warmth, but is in that state called "Absolute Cold," and where Fahrenheit's thermometer, could it be placed up there, would register what they calculate would be the absolute zero of temperature, or about — 450 degrees—(X meaning above, and — below zero).—See Ganot's Physics, Sec. 488; Ency. Brit., "Steam Engine." Now, how long would a spirit, or other living thing, withstand, in its naked state, the piercing cold of this heavenly ether? For, as we see, the extremes of heat and cold are equally destructive.

How may the probable temperature of the heavens be determined? And what the methods? The earth, our text-books say, is warmed and made habitable by the rays of the sun and planets striking upon its surface, and being radiated back, or carried by convection, through the air, for a few miles only. And it is only within the lower two miles that animals or plants of any consequence can live. Confirmatory of this fact is the fact that the monks of St. Bernard, on the Alps, 1.53 miles above the sea level, with one or two exceptions the highest human habitation, are, by reason of the very thin air and low temperature, incapable of living there more than a few years, and are then compelled to descend to Martigny for treatment—(Baedeker's Switzerland, 300). The condor of the Andes and the lammergeyer of the Alpine range are almost the only fowls that ascend in summer to the height of two and a half miles for hatching their young. And, as we approach the tops of the higher mountains we meet the line of perpetual snow and ice—above which, says another fact of Nature, all kinds of life (spirits included) cease absolutely to exist. On these mountain summits the atmospheric temperature approximates zero perpetually. Thus, even at the low altitude of five miles "heaven" is annihilated, and the spirit-world becomes a phantasm.

It is another fact of Nature that heat is retained only in bodies of matter; and hence the vast expanse of heaven is without warmth, save in the suns and planets themselves. Scientists tell us that the air's temperature decreases with regularity each mile as we ascend, or, as once thought, at the rate of about 1 degree F. for each 300 feet ascent, or 17 degrees per mile. French balloonists and scientists, however, during the first half of the present century, found the decrease, for three or four miles upward, to be over 8 degrees per mile. Later English aeronauts confirm the results of the French. Prof. James Glaisher, the eminent meteorologist of Lon-

don, made twenty-eight balloon ascensions, of which eleven were exclusively for scientific observations. He established the fact of a considerable fall of temperature each mile—ranging from 5 to 10 degrees—yet too variable (from winds and fogs) for very accurate calculations. The record of his great ascent, accompanied with a competent balloonist, made from Wolverhampton, Sept. 5, 1862 (a still day), in which he reaches the unprecedented height of seven miles, during the last two of which he became insensible from cold, is here given in his own figures—(Ency. Brit., "Aeronautics"). At the earth, on starting, the thermometer (F.) read X 59 degrees; at the height of one mile it read X 41 degrees; at two miles, X 32 degrees; at three miles, X 18 degrees; at four miles, X 8 degrees; and at five miles, — 2 degrees; a total fall of 61 degrees, or an average of 12 degrees per mile ascent. Apparently, this is a rapid fall; yet it is the fairest experiment ever made. Now, assuming the rate (12 degrees) found by Glaisher to be correct, we have — 540 degrees as the temperature of the heavens. Again, assuming it to be only 5 degrees per mile, we get, at fifty miles height, — 200 degrees as the temperature. But as chemists are able, artificially, to produce one as low as — 252 degrees (Ganot, Sec. 249), it seems morally certain that the heavens are much below that. Hence, the conclusion of the scientists seems justified that absolute zero; or about — 450 degrees marks the extremely low degree of cold in "heaven." In the course of Nature, then, no living thing—body or spirit—could possibly survive in those icy regions for the space of an hour. Heaven, therefore, as the abode of departed spirits or souls, is but a gigantic superstition.

#### DOCTRINE OF INSPIRATION ILLOGICAL AND UNTENABLE.

By religionists almost everywhere it is claimed that the "facts" stated in their "sacred" writings were recorded by the writers through the inspiration of God, and hence are genuine truths. Originally this was a Pagan claim. Paul adopted it when he said: "All scripture is given by inspiration"—referring to the Jewish scriptures written many hundred years before. Paul (an illiterate priest), knew no more about the subject than we now know; indeed, not half as much. It was but his belief or opinion.

What, however, are the facts concerning inspiration? The so-called sacred writers did not themselves claim inspiration. It is a claim made for them by their distant followers. Had these writers testified to their own inspiration (as thousands of fakes have done), John's correct rule would apply: "If I bear witness of myself my witness is not true."—(John, 5: 31). It is a conceded fact, however, that the so-called sacred writers penned the statements and thoughts they recorded. If they did so, it is then proba-

ble, reasonable, and natural that the statements and thoughts, so penned, originated in the brains of the writers themselves, or other men. Such is the only just and fair presumption (Rule II.); and this presumption establishes, *prima facie*, that the men who wrote were the authors of what they wrote. The onus of proving the writers inspired by a God rests on those who assert that fact (Rule IV.). But as they are unable, by any possibility, to make such proof, the claim of inspiration fails. Wherefore, the doctrine is untruthful, and but a superstition, similar to the others.

RELIGION THE ANTAGONIST AND ENEMY OF SCIENCE.

A few years ago, Prof. Le Conte said very aptly: "Spiritualism and Materialism in this age are the opposite poles of thought." In other language, Religion and Naturalism are mutual antagonists. It is insisted by spiritists or religionists that the world (and its contents) was the hand-work of a great spiritual agent, who still controls its movements and operations. This is the old spirit or God theory. On the other hand, modern scientists maintain that the world (and contents) was formed by the Powers or Forces of Nature, which by their omnipresence and omnipotence, yet control and maintain all its operations. This is the modern or dynamic theory. Either theory, therefore, excludes the other, and hence their mutual antagonism.

Of all knowledge that of the forces and operations of Nature by far is the most difficult, intricate, and complicated. At the time the spirit or God theory was advanced mankind was in ignorance and darkness, and knew nothing of the great modern inventions and discoveries (such as telescope, microscope, spectroscope) for extending and enlarging the range of knowledge. In the absence of these assistants the best of men (Aristotle, Socrates, Plato) were but infants in matters beyond their reach. All their attempts to solve great natural problems were but crude conjectures—vague guesses. They had none of the modern means of acquiring correct knowledge. Their attempts were no better than those of a man undertaking to guess the multifarious contents of a dark room he had never before seen or heard of. Their guesses were morally certain to be wrong—being guided by no known facts. Ask a "canine" how the world came into existence. His answer (could he speak) would probably be: "A big dog made it." Ask the same question of a savage, and his answer would probably be: "Some big (invisible) Man made it." In his opinion all things are made, similar to the way he would make a machine, and work it. He sees no distinction between the art of making and the processes of formation and growth. To him the world seems like a great

structure or machine; whereas it is but a formation or growth, operated by the forces; and not by hands, as he believes.

History teaches that long ages of education, observation, experiment, were necessary before man became able, with the aid of thousands of new facts, to reach anything approaching a rational and true explanation of the formation of the Universe. Not until modern times—until the discoveries of the sixty-seven elementary substances, and the seven or more invisible forces of Nature—named gravity, cohesion, affinity, energy, heat, electricity, magnetism—all stupendously powerful agents—the discovery of the persistence of force and the conservation of energy—the telescope, microscope, spectroscope—bringing before him thousands of unknown facts in aid of his hitherto limited reasonings—all made within the last 400 years—did man come to see and realize that the forces of Nature (not spiritual agencies), were the causes of all things. Then man began to see that spirit had always been an unknown force, and to realize, with Lewes, that Force is a known agent, ever present, and Spirit an unknown one, never present. With the known forces of Nature ever working around, he began to see the folly of assuming or supporting an unknown spiritual cause for natural phenomena, when a more rational one was at hand. (Rules VI. and VII.) True, the old spirit theory of a God had been wonderfully serviceable and plastic in the hands of the priests, as a means of revenue—its imaginary facts admitting almost daily changes. Yet its thousands of contradictions of Nature's laws and phenomena still continue to exhibit the "mysteries of religion."

The existence of the Universe is a conceded fact—the greatest one of all. That of a Great Spirit is involved in grave doubt, and always has been. In modern science it has become a maxim: There is no matter without force; no force without matter.—(Buchner). Hence, with scientific men (not with believers in Spiritualism), a second or new theory (the Scientific or Dynamic), has arisen concerning the formation and government of the World or Universe—a theory strictly physical, unaided by spirit. This theory claims the Universe to be formed and operated by the forces within it—somewhat (not wholly) as man is operated by the forces within him. At its head stood Copernicus, Bruno, Galileo, Kepler (all of whom Religion savagely persecuted), La Place, Sir Isaac Newton, the Herschels, Mayer, Joule, and others. Through the telescope and spectroscope they discovered that all the planets of our Solar system had revolutions, orbits, operations, similar to the Earth, and were governed by the same general forces and energies which govern it; that the substances composing all the planets, being similar to ours, had probably, millions of years ago,

consisted of an incandescent mass of nebulous matter (see Ency. Brit., "Nebular Theory"), rotating in space; and had been, under the influence of cooling processes, integrated in time into rings, satellites, and stars, or planets like our own; and that all these grand phenomena were produced and formed by the action of those all-powerful agents, the Forces of Nature. Thus, to the agency of Force, and not spirit, do Scientists attribute the formation and control of the Universe; thus Science, with unanimity, reaches the important fact (not suspected by the uninformed ancients), as now formulated by our school-philosophies, that

"IT IS BY THE ACTION OF THE FORCES OF NATURE ON THE MATTERS OF NATURE THAT THE VARIOUS PHENOMENA OF THE UNIVERSE ARE PRODUCED."

This scientific theory, seemingly now well established, not only takes the place of, but disproves the correctness of the childish God-theory. It is for this reason that we find the masses of religious (superstitious) people everywhere (under the influence of the priesthood), opposing it; some openly, some covertly; some trying to reconcile the two.

A living "Divine" has lately admitted that

"The universality of the Forces, and their correlation and conservation, is to-day the new, the great fact of Nature which utterly excludes "supernaturalism from the Universe—inasmuch as it shows us a Universe "sufficient unto itself—a cosmos whose phenomena (physically, vital, cerebral), are but the varied forms and operations of one all-pervading Natural Force" . . . the same force which early man, by endowing with life, and thought—by personifying—mistook for a living "spirit," or God. Hence, it may be said that, in the World's economy, a great Spiritual Being, patterned after the supposed little spirit in man, is—like its prototype—as useless as a wagon's fifth wheel.

#### AGAIN RELIGION SEEKS A CHANGE OF FRONT.

Most theologians—ignorant of the truths of Nature, and moved by prejudice and self-interest—adhere to the old spirit-theory (that of ignorance); and yet there are not a few who, having intelligence to see the cogency of the Scientific theory, are abandoning the Egyptian and Jewish myths as invalid; but who, with less honesty than the majority, seek to avoid a defeat of religion by various subterfuges; one of which is to teach as little of mythology as possible, but championize Morality largely—concealing the fact that religion is a half-enemy, at least, of morality. The great subterfuge, however, another *ignoratio eleuchi*, consists in inventing and putting forward the new idea that a Great Spirit or God—a million times larger and stronger than the Jewish Jehovah—must have once existed, who, prior to the integration of the nebulous matter of space into

planets, impressed upon the original nebula-masses certain initial principles and laws, under the influence of which the Universe was formed, and has since been governed. This desperate hypothesis not only has not a grain of evidence to sustain it; but a pretended conception of a living being, having similitude to any known living being, and filling all empty space with its body, is a folly too colossal for serious consideration, and an absurdity too manifest for honest belief; and is simply a dodge of the issue at stake. As a conception, it is infinitely more absurd than that of the early savage postulating "spirits," or that of the dark ages of Christianity concerning "immaterial substances."

#### CONCLUSION.

In my detail of facts in this monograph there possibly may occur a few errors; yet that the main facts are substantially correct I must insist; and that the general conclusions reached cannot be successfully controverted. Still, I hold all moral reasoning to be in a degree tentative; and if any religionist shall see fit to point out material errors in the facts or processes employed, I shall not hesitate to welcome the corrections. Truth should be our sole aim; and if Science it is that is benighted, we, as its friends, want to know it. What, we are often asked, do we propose to substitute in lieu of Religion? The answer is, Truth.

Chillicothe, Ohio.

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### PERSIA'S GREATEST FREETHINKER.

BY ROBERT N. REEVES

AT THE close of the eleventh century civilization was at its lowest ebb. All the glories of the Roman empire had vanished, and the intellect of the world was shrouded in the darkness of superstition.

Of the eighteen popes who lived during this century, each, in his time, ruled with an iron hand the kings and queens of Christian Europe. Before their authority Europe crouched like a dog before its master. There was no scientist like Galileo, no theologian like Luther, nor philosopher like Bruno to throw down the gauntlet or defiance. Intellectually Europe was dead. There was nothing but bigotry, superstition and intolerance.

In the eastern world—in the lands of Arabia, Persia and Turkestan—the religion of Mohammed was making rapid progress. Its followers swarmed into Palestine—"the holy land"—and here, with fanatical zeal, they destroyed and spit upon those relics which, in the eyes of Christian Europe, were sacred. Horrified Europe, not to be outdone in fanaticism,

buckled on the sword and, with the benediction of popes, prepared to make for history that bloody page known as the First Crusades.

The eleventh century, therefore, was distinctly religious. There was little, if any, learning or science. Science can only develop when the mind is free; and, during the eleventh century, the freedom of thought and expression gave way to the authority of Christian popes and Mohammedan caliphs. But, in this atmosphere of oppression, there lived one man whose mind could not be darkened by the intolerant hand of the pious.

Omar Khayyam, Persia's greatest scientist, poet and Freethinker, lived in an age of faith—Christian and Moslem; but in him there was no fear of authority. He had his honest doubts, and honestly he expressed them. He mocked at the pious learning of his day. He ridiculed those who pretended to know everything about that of which, in the nature of things, they could know nothing.

Omar has been called the Voltaire of Persia; and, perhaps, there are no two characters in history who lived in periods so remote from each other and yet under conditions so similar as Voltaire and Omar. Both were fearless in their denunciations of the hypocrisy, intolerance and fanaticism of their time; both employed wit and crushing satire against the ignorance and degradation of the priests; and both opened their hearts to the cause of liberty and suffering humanity.

To Omar Khayyam Persia owes much of its present science. His treatise on the extraction of cube roots, his explanation of difficult problems in Euclid, his observations in astronomy, and experiments in other departments of the exact sciences, will always cause his name to be revered, not only by Persians, but by the scientific world at large.

Great, however, as is Omar's scientific fame, it is almost surpassed by his renown as a poet. It is seldom that a great scientist favors himself with the relaxation of verse. It is said of Charles Darwin that he could not read a poem with enjoyment, much less write one.

Not so with Omar. His severe studies in the exact sciences did not in any way destroy that play of fancy and delicacy of feeling so necessary to the real poet.

Omar's fame as a poet among English speaking people rests chiefly upon his Rubaiyat, a collection of about five hundred epigrams, unequaled in beauty, philosophy and satire. Throughout this entire poem there breathes a spirit of charity and toleration. In delicacy of sentiment, in high poetical fancy, in verses of praise for this earth's joys, Omar's Rubaiyat is not excelled by poems of this or other days. So full is this poem with the spirit of modern doubt and inquiry that it might be taken for the

newly discovered poem of Goethe or Shelley, rather than the verses of a poet who lived eight hundred years ago.

Every man and every woman who loves liberty of thought and honesty of expression, should read and re-read the verses of Omar Khayyam. The vigor of his thought and expression, his denunciation of the absurd and superstitious conditions about him—conditions which exist to this day—should inspire us with a strong feeling of sympathy and admiration for this courageous man, who, in the darkness of the middle ages, dared to cast a ray of light upon the ignorance and cruelty of his time.

It is impossible to give here the entire Rubaiyat, but enough will be given to reveal the beauty and philosophy of his poetry. The verses selected are from Edward Fitzgerald's translation, of 1868.

There are thousands and thousands of people who sincerely believe that, by making themselves miserable in this world, they will have a good time in the next. Of those who thus long for the glories of another world, promised them by priests and prophets, Omar says:

Some for the glories of this world; and some  
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;  
Ah, take the cash, and let the promise go,  
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum.

Were it not folly, spider-like to spin  
The thread of present life away to win—  
What? for ourselves, who knows not if we shall  
Breathe out the very breath we now breathe in!

Alike for those who for to-day prepare,  
And those that after some to-morrow stare,  
A Muezzin\* from the tower of darkness cries,  
"Fools, your reward is neither here nor there!"

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
Before we, too, into the dust descend;  
Dust into dust, and under dust to lie,  
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and sans end!

Why, all the saints and sages who discuss'd  
Of the two worlds so learnedly, are thrust  
Like foolish prophets forth; their words to scorn  
Are scattered, and their mouths are stopt with dust.

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\*A Mohammedan crier of the hour of prayer.



Omar had little faith in priests or prophets, or their theories of life in another world. He gives his experience with them as follows:

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument  
About it and about: but evermore  
Came out by the same door as in I went.

There are some selfish, egotistical people in this world, who cannot imagine that the world will go on just the same after they are dead. It is this class of people who are always expecting a general break-up—a millennium. Of these, Omar sarcastically says:

And fear not lest existence closing your  
Account should lose, or know the type no more;  
The eternal Saki from that bowl has pour'd  
Millions of bubbles like us, and will pour.

Omar believed in wine. In Persia and the surrounding countries wine is little used. The climate makes the juice of the lemon, the orange and the citron of more value. Besides the koran, the Mohammedan Bible, is very bitter in its denunciation of wine drinkers. Mohammed, too, prohibited its use, and this has created a strong prejudice against all who dare to disobey the sacred book and its prophet. But Omar advocates its use, and he offers the following argument:

Why be this juice the growth of God, who dare  
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a snare?  
A blessing, we should use it, should we not?  
And if a curse—why, then, who set it there?

Omar was by no means orthodox on the future reward and punishment question, nor does he seem to look with favor upon that great dream of the human race—the immortality of the soul.

Of threats of hell and hopes of paradise!  
One thing at least is certain—this life flies;  
One thing is certain and the rest is lies;  
The flower that once is blown forever dies.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who  
Before us pass'd the door of darkness through

Not one returns to tell us of the road,  
Which to discover we must travel too.

The revelations of devout and learn'd  
Who rose before us, and as prophets burn'd,  
Are all but stories, which awoke from sleep  
They told their fellows, and to sleep return'd.

But let philosopher and doctor preach  
Of what they will, and what they will not—each  
Is but a link in an eternal chain  
That none can slip, nor break, nor over-reach.

Although the age in which Omar lived was a very prayerful one, Omar himself did not believe in prayer. He regarded all prayer, as it should be regarded, a waste of time. He realized that if there is a God, he is intelligent. And, being intelligent, he knows all our wants, knows all our conditions, knows all our hopes and sorrows without being told of them in supplication. Prayer is, therefore, an insult to God's intelligence. It is an effort to change his will. But let us read Omar's own words:

And that inverted bowl we call the sky,  
Whereunder crawling, coop'd we live and die,  
Lift not your hands to it for help—for it  
As impotently rolls as you or I.

Of those who are afraid to investigate lest they doubt ; of those who do not care to think for themselves, but prefer to hire a substitute, and give to him the name of priest or parson, Omar has this to say:

Some trust their church or creed to bear them out,  
Some pray for faith, and tremble at a doubt.  
Methinks I hear a still, small voice declare  
The way to God is neither here nor there.

Had Omar Khayyam lived in our own day he would not have been a Presbyterian. He could not have subscribed to any creed in which the doctrine of predestination was a part of the profession of faith. God, if he is omnipotent, knows all the crimes that a man will commit before that man is born. How, then, can he find any pleasure in punishing those whom he knows are in no way responsible for their actions? Against this doctrine—this horrible doctrine—of predestination, which, four hun-

dred years after Omar's death, John Calvin spread with fire and fagot, Omar lifts up his voice and speaks as one who really loves his fellow men:

Better, Oh better, cancel from the scroll  
Of universe one luckless human soul,  
Than drop by drop enlarge the floods that roll  
Hoarser with anguish as the ages roll.

These verses are but a few of the many heterodox ones contained in the "Rubaiyat." It is wonderful to think that such verses, breathing, as they do, the very atmosphere of free thought, should have survived the havoc of seven stormy centuries—some of them the darkest centuries in the world's history.

When we realize that many works of the Greek and Roman philosophers were destroyed forever by the fanatical monks of the middle-ages, we can hardly understand how Omar's works did not meet a like fate at the hands of the Moslem church. Perhaps, after all, there is more real liberty among orthodox Mohammedans than there is among the orthodox Christians. Be that as it may, Omar's work has survived, and has found an echo in the popular heart of this liberty loving age.

Before we take leave of Omar, there are two more verses which, while they do not express any degree of heterodoxy, still they illustrate the wisdom of his mind and the tenderness of his heart. To his enlightened mind, contentment was life's greatest blessing; and he thus addresses his countrymen:

In this world whoso hath but half a loaf of bread,  
And in his breast a refuge where to lay his head,  
Who of no man is slave, who of no man is lord—  
Tell such to live in joy; his world is sweet indeed.

In Omar's heart there was a tender place for all the good and great of this world. He says of the heroic men and noble women who have lived and died:

I sometimes think that never blows so red  
The rose, as where some buried Caesar bled;  
That every hyacinth the garden wears  
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

# LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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## WHEN THE WORLD IS FREE.

BY J. A. EDGERTON.

FAR through the future shines the golden age  
Of brotherhood. A new humanity,  
Foretold by poet, prophet, saint and sage,  
Will work together, when the world is free.

Then science and religion will join hands  
And follow nature to divinity.  
Then strife will cease between united lands  
And peace will prosper, when the world is free.

Then those who toil will be the ones who own.  
The slave no longer then will bow the knee.  
The king will then be driven from his throne,  
The people regnant, when the world is free.

Then greed and poverty will pass away;  
And all will share a true prosperity.  
The god of Mammon with his feet of clay  
Will be demolished, when the world is free.

Then will be little law—the Golden Rule  
Will be enthroned—the law of equity.  
The priest will vanish with his creed and school  
And truth will flourish, when the world is free.

Then will be happy homes, and happy men,  
And happy women, raised from slavery,  
And happy children. All the dark has-been  
Will be forgotten, when the world is free.

O, when the world is free! Transcendent time!  
The golden age of dream! The years to be!  
From better unto better men will climb  
Unto the highest, when the world is free.

## THOMAS PAINE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

BY J. C. HANNON.

IN THE gallery of the world's moral and intellectual heroes, there is no name more deserving of universal emulation and none so little understood by those who are ever ready to do violence to his character, than



J. C. HANNON.

that of Thomas Paine. In the field of contemporaneous literature, there are a thousand other writers who have done more to undermine the foundations of Christian dogmatism, but for some incomprehensible reason the name of Thomas Paine has been singled out as a target for the combined malice of Christendom.

In the good old days of religious persecution, the death of a culprit having glutted the vengeance of the church his name was permitted to slumber in charitable oblivion; but there seems to be a remarkable exception to this rule in the person and character of Paine. A century of discussion, slander and caricature, has failed to allay the animosity of his detractors and his name is fluttered abroad from pulpit and press, and rare

indeed is the priest or minister whose masterpiece of pulpit eloquence is not inspired and woven around the supposed horrors of his dying moments. The more enlightened sects of Christendom have adopted his ethical principles and embellished them in a halo of fashionable drapery, but they have not been honest enough to accord to him a due recognition of his genius, nor brave enough to defend his character from the vulgar slanders of an exasperated priestcraft. The Paine mythology, as it is called by Moncure D. Conway, is the result of Jusuistical cupidity, designed to impeach the character of him who unmasked the fetish of Christendom and indicted the Holy Bible, as the grand fraud of the ages. This mythology has become an established tenet of the Christian church; it is a valuable asset to every religious publishing house in Christendom. It is the stock in trade of every theological seminary; it is a permanent and indispensable part of every minister's evangelical wardrobe, and so long as cant and hypocrisy constitute the chief qualifications of these ranting pulpites, it is safe to say the name of Thomas Paine will never die.

Thomas Paine is, however, more honored by the condemnation of Christendom than by its praise. The Christian mythology is synonymous

with fraud, but the services of Thomas Paine are a genuine blessing to humanity and his name is growing brighter in the fruition of human progress, while the ancient pretensions of mythology crumble before the searchlight of reason.

It is not against the slanders of an effete and expiring priestcraft, that I would shield the memory of the author hero. His vindication will be effected by impartial history, when the lapse of time shall acquit its compilers of religious bigotry. It is against the heartless ingratitude of a nation, that I appeal! A nation at whose birth he stood an enthusiastic witness; into whose feeble soul he first instilled the breath of life; a nation that has designedly ignored him in its history, for with the exception of a shabby headstone and a tenantless grave no other memorial exists in all this broad land to testify to the immeasurable services of him who first uttered these significant words: "The free and independent State of America." This conspiracy of silence is the crowning disgrace to American manhood; hence every lover of justice will hail with delight the services of Moncure D. Conway, in restoring to its original brightness, the name of the guiding genius of the American Revolution, the author hero, Thomas Paine.

It deserves to be remembered that the principal enemies of the Revolution were comprised of Tories, Aristocrats and Protestant ministers. When Paine was following the bloodstained footsteps of the Continental army and stimulating their hopes with renewed energy, the Rev. Dr. Duche, whose name is lauded to-day as the first chaplain in the Continental army, and he who delivered the first prayer in Congress, was writing disparaging letters to Washington, of which the following is a short extract:

"London, Oct. 8, 1776.

"To General Washington: Should this letter find you in council or field I beg you to retire and reflect on its important contents. The most respectable characters have withdrawn themselves from your support, and are succeeded by a great majority of illiberal and violent men, that you as a gentleman would disdain to associate with. . . . Bankrupt attorneys and men of desperate fortune are your colleagues. . . . Are the dregs of a plebeian congress to influence a mind like yours? To whom do they look for support? As to your army, I ask you, sir, look at its condition. Drawn from the lowest rank of New England ruffians, without principle, prestige or discipline, and liable to desert you at any moment. How many among such a motley array could you associate with or ask to sit at your table? Oh, sir, let no false ideas of worldly honor or private duty influence you to continue so hopeless an enterprise. Recommend to congress at once the immediate necessity of rescinding the hasty and ill-advised Declaration of Independence.

"By such a course, your character will rise in the estimation of the virtuous and your name will shine with lustre in the annals of history."

While Duche was producing nothing but contempt, the Rev. Wm. Smith, President of the University of Pennsylvania, under the signature

of "Cato," was writing answers to "Common Sense," endeavoring to dispel the influence produced by that popular champion of liberty. Suffice it to say, however, that he was dismissed in disgrace from the university in the same year that grand old institution conferred upon Thomas Paine the title of M. A. The most notable event among the particulars of that period was the preaching and writing of John Wesley, who used his official prominence as pope of the Methodist church to dishearten the patriots by quoting scriptural texts against their sinful rebellion, thus using his official prominence to dishearten the patriots by playing on their religious feelings. Listen to the words of John Wesley. In his miscellaneous works, Vol. III., page 487, he says: "When I became convinced that the American colonists had taken up arms against their divinely ordained ruler (?) I knew they would fail. I was gratified, however, to learn that the 'dissenters' (meaning the Methodists), could not from conscience sake support or defend these rebels. The claim of these miscreants, is that they are entitled to liberty and property by nature, that they never conceded to any sovereign the right to dispose of these, without their consent. This is vile blasphemy, which cannot be supported by any system of logic nor defended by the Scriptures. The assumption that the common people are the origin of power is wholly indefensible. There is no power but from God and those ordained by God; he who resists the power of the king resists an ordinance of God, and purchases damnation to his own soul. If these misguided rebels would avert the avenging wrath of heaven, they will return to the fear of God and honor the King."

When Thomas Paine read this masterpiece of driveling sophistry he exclaimed: "This is Toryism with a witness. This is idolatry, even without a mask. There can not be such a thing as a Tory, either minister or layman, from conscience sake. Some secret defect is interwoven in the character of any man or woman, who can look with patience upon the heartless brutality, luxury and debauchery of the British court. A man's honor or a woman's virtue, is a shallow pretense, indeed, who can even hint a favorable sentiment in its behalf. He, who can hear and digest such groveling sophistry as this, has forfeited his last claim to rational manhood and contemptibly crawls through the earth like a worm."

It is not surprising in the light of historical events, that the ablest soldiers and the most illustrious statesmen of the revolution were branded by the Christian church as infidels. That Franklin, Jefferson, Ethan Allan, Samuel Adams, Francis Hopkinson, and a score of others, by their devotion to the cause of freedom, had earned the enmity of the Christian church. Had the revolution proved a failure, these names would be commingled in one volume of denunciation. The spirit of '76 would be crucified in every Christian pulpit, as the mistaken zeal of godless heretics. The Declaration of Independence would be ridiculed as cheap, blasphemous rhetoric emanating from the brain of that arch-fiend of infidelity, Thomas Paine.

Paine had discovered the diabolical relation of the church and state early in life and under various titles, as Casca and Junius. He attacked it with all the vigor of his early manhood, but whether writing as "Junius," "Casca," or "Common Sense;" whether inspiring the Continental army

with the burning zeal of his "crisis," transcribing his "Rights of Man" in the teeth of a powerful tyrant, compiling his "Age of Reason" under the shadow of the guillotine, he was still the same inflexible champion of human liberty. A friend to all the oppressed, and an enemy of every oppressor.



THOMAS PAINE.\*

When the mailed hand of England's royal tyrant was raised to crush the struggling colonists of America, whose last appeal he had spurned with contempt; when the midnight of despair enveloped their last hope, a meteor flashed across their political horizon and Thomas Paine entered the arena, the champion of our national independence and the universal brotherhood of man. When the smoking ruins of Lexington, the battle of Bunker Hill, nor the siege of Boston could shake their inherited allegiance to a tyrant who was devouring their substance and destroying their homes; when conservative wealth, a vulgar aristocracy and a priest-ridden peasantry predicted calamity, and shuddered at Paine's political

blasphemy, he stood in the breach as councillor and advocate, between oppressor and oppressed; he flung his prestige and his genius on the side of liberty, regardless of any consequence personal to himself; he punctured the formidable armor of kingcraft and corroded the chains of conservative cowardice with the caustic vitriol of his pen. His timely publication of that immortal pamphlet, "Common Sense," at the most critical period of our national history, welded the current thought of the day into a successful tide of living action. It struck the keynote of popular enthusiasm and transformed the mental resolve of a long-suffering people into a solid phalanx of patriotism and cemented their determination to stand or fall in the cause of independence. It lit the heaven of the world's political salvation and the prostrate form of liberty rose to her feet. Dashing from her lips the poison-cup of English servitude, young America became the theater of revolutionary inspiration, in which the destiny of mankind was determined by the downfall of tyranny. A new republic arose from the ashes of feudal despotism, and oppressed humanity blessed the convulsions that gave an asylum to the martyrs of every land and the prisoners of every creed. Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" was the preface of the Declaration of

\*The original of this portrait, we are informed by Mr. Elliott, was painted by Charles Wilson Peale about 1777, and was one of the collection of paintings on exhibition at Peale's Museum, in the State House in 1803, when Paine's *Bridge* was exhibited. It was sold in 1854 when the contents of the museum were sold. It came into the possession of T. B. MacDonough, the actor, and was presented to his brother, John, also an actor, and by him sold to Joseph Jefferson. It perished when his home at Gray Gables was destroyed by fire.—ED.



Independence; it inspired and directed every sentiment embodied in that immortal document. It simplified a contest racked by opposing interests of a heterogeneous people, whose only hope was a reconciliation with the low-browed tyranny of England. It was the prose poem of our infant republic whose music was the charm that strengthened the will and hardened the muscles of a noble peasantry. The patriotic mother taught it to her lisping son, the merchant, the mechanic, the farmer and the forester or soldier inhaled its inspirational grandeur, whose waves went sweeping over prairies, mountains and lakes, until, united in one harmonious symphony, the very echoes of the universe responded to its melody.

It was not as a writer that he alone confined his efforts. In the full prime of his early manhood, he enlisted as a common soldier in the army of Washington, and received his promotion as aid-de-camp to General Green. He shared with them the meagre crust and the piercing cold of that gloomy winter at Valley Forge. It was here in the darkest hours of our Revolutionary struggle, when the stoutest hearts quailed before an appalling prospect of starvation; when destitute of every necessity, the spirit of mutiny and desertion decimating his ranks, Washington in despair wrote his doleful letter to Congress, appealing for help. With an empty treasury and a hostile army occupying its seat of government, the cause of mankind staggered on the very brink of doom, but there was one heart which no combination of desperate circumstances could appall. There was one unflinching pen moving to the inspiration of genius writing on the head of a drum, the soul-stirring words that steeled the resolution of his wavering confederates and led to a successful attack on Trenton.

But this was not the most valuable and timely service of Thomas Paine. When the Continental money had depreciated to the ratio of \$75 to \$1, he drew his last \$500 and headed a subscription, assisted by Robt. Morris, Christopher Ludwig,\* and Blair McClenachan, and thereby saved the army from a total disbandment. If we look into the half-clad ranks of Washington's army at Valley Forge, when frost and sleet combined to saturate their shivering limbs; when the smoldering light of their last fagots lit up for a moment the faces of that immortal band, we see each soldier inhaling new inspiration as he hears the echoes of these inspiring words, breaking the frozen silence of the midnight air:

"These are the times that try men's souls, the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he who stands it to-day will deserve the thanks of men and women in ages yet to come."

With his voice the author hero advocated these sterling principles everywhere throughout that gloomy period. It mattered little whether in the legislative councils of the nation or following in rags the fortune of liberty's pioneers, no earthly consideration could induce him to swerve from the path of duty. He labored day and night with a sleepless enthusiasm, until the stars and stripes, consecrated to the happiness and liberty of man, became the emblem of the free and independent States of America.

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\*The Baker General. The first to give money to found free schools. "Dr. Rush's Biography."

Whether Paine was the author of the Declaration of Independence is not a question of vital importance, but I assert it here, without fear of successful contradiction, that he suggested and stamped with his own personality, every sentiment embodied in that immortal document, and had his life terminated with his services to America, no name in our history would shine brighter and no monument stand higher than that of the author hero, Thomas Paine. Every city would commemorate his works by erecting his heroic statues in marble and bronze and every family would delight to exhibit his portrait among their choicest collection of revolutionary mementoes. His "Common Sense" would be a text-book in every school, and every child would learn by rote the sublime sentences that dropped like pearls from his pen.

But Thomas Paine was not a demagogue; he was not seeking the bubble of cheap reputation, nor the applause of the world. He knew that every political despotism had for centuries been masquerading under the cloak of religion. He knew that all the holy wars, crusades, inquisitions and massacres that darkened the pages of history had been instigated by religious zeal. He knew that every injustice and cruelty was sanctioned by the scriptures and its frightful decrees were engrafted in the law of nations. He knew that the King had pointed to the Bible as the Palladium of his authority; that the slave-holder quoted its pages in defense of his occupation; that the priest in the sale of indulgences justified his practice on the same grounds. He knew that the time had come when some one should expose the gigantic fraud and attack the monster, who was devouring the substance of the world. His sense of duty responded to the promptings of his noble soul. His analytical mind dissected this paper fetish of Christendom. His prolific pen transcribed its indictment and the "Age of Reason," like a new star of hope, arose above the horizon of current literature and sounded the death knell of Christian mythology. A hundred years have passed and gone since the "Age of Reason" shed its first rays of light on a benighted world. A new century of scientific interest has melted the old theology like a snowbank, while in the general wreck of superstition, the more enlightened sects have effected a compromise by adopting the ethical principles of Thomas Paine; but the ghosts of "Calvin, Wesley and Luther," would never recognize the commercial monstrosities, that still bear the label of their consecrated founders.

The infant science of evolution has leveled its last prop, and the Christian mythology is only an emaciated corpse, a living fossil, awaiting to be embalmed, labeled and consigned to the museum of extinct mythologies. In the prosecution of important enterprises, nature sometimes fits the man to the emergency, but in the production of Thomas Paine it appears as if nature endeavored to improve upon her former models and evolved a masterpiece of human excellence adjustable to the necessities of any age or country. A man whose democratic simplicity was exceeded only by his cosmopolitan sympathies, whose every action in private life or public service was tempered by justice, fortified by wisdom and virtue or consummated with patience and consistency. His genius was as flexible as his religion was universal. Amid brighter scenes and fairer

fortunes, the trend of his genius would have distinguished him as a poet, philosopher, moralist or mechanic. But the American Revolution enlisted his multiplied sympathies. Liberty selected him as her champion, counselor and historian! By the subtle law of attraction he became the pillar and groundwork of a new civilization. As a patriot he marshaled the peasant into a veteran soldier, and supplied by enthusiasm the absence of military experience. As a statesman he enlarged and liberalized the policy of an embryo nation into the most comprehensive system of general advantage. As a philosopher he opposed the combined forces of political and ecclesiastical authority; he submitted their ancient pretensions to scrutiny of logic. He immortalized the altruistic principle of mankind. He prophesied and demonstrated to his contemporaries the downfall of chattel slavery and the ultimate hope in the ratification of human brotherhood. As a mechanic he suggested to the receptive minds of Robt. Fulton and John Fitch the utility of steam for purposes of navigation\* and he constructed the first iron bridge in existence.\*\*

As a moralist and humanitarian he propounded those ethical principles that distinguished such eminent minds as Abraham Lincoln, Theo. Parker, R. W. Emerson, W. L. Garrison, Lucretia Mott, etc.

It was his moral principles that inspired the benevolence of Stephen Girard and gave to the world an example of practical philanthropy unequalled in any age or country. The religion of Thomas Paine, says Moncure D. Conway, is now the fruitful branch of every system of philosophy in the world. For a hundred years no human being has been born in the civilized world without some moral tincture of that noble soul, whose every pulse-beat broke a fetter from the chains of humanity. As a token of their esteem, the French people presented him with the key of the Bastille\*\*\* after its downfall, Lafayette being the donor and Washington the final recipient.

London, May 1, 1790.\*\*\*\*

"To Gen. Washington—Sir: Our good friend Marquis de la Fayette has entrusted to my care the key of the Bastille, together with a drawing, handsomely framed, representing the demolition of that detestable prison. As a present to your Excellency, I feel myself happy in being the person to whom the Marquis has conveyed this early trophy of the spoils of despotism, and the first ripe fruit of American principles, transplanted in Europe. It is something, so truly in character, that no remarks can illustrate it, and it is more happily expressive of his remembrance of American friends than any letter can convey. That the principles of America opened the Bastille is not to be doubted, therefore the key comes to its right place. I remain, etc.,  
Thomas Paine."

This is but a faint and meager outline of humanity's uncrucified sa-

\*Higginson's History of the United States, page 241.

\*\*Conway.

\*\*\*Now at Mt. Vernon.

\*\*\*\*Life of Paine, M. D. Conway, page 273, vol. I.

vior, whose name is reviled and insulted by every low-browed, brainless parasite, whose chief occupation in life is to pervert facts, and support fictions. This is the uncompromising Apostle of human liberty, whom the belated barbarians of an expiring mythology delight to slander; but public opinion, though slow, is ever progressive and the day is not far distant when the real saviors of the race will be distinguished from the immaculate humbugs who have stunted the intellect of the millions and filled the coffers of the priest. There is a legend, says Mr. Conway, that Paine's little finger was left in America when Cobbett removed his bones to England. This, he continues, is a fable, to illustrate that a very small movement, once headed by Thomas Paine, is now stronger than the loins of that bigotry that refused him a vote or even a grave, in a land he might almost have been said to have created. These inspiring words from the pen of one of this century's greatest scholars, is the preface of an intellectual revolution, that is destined to result in a complete vindication of nature's truest nobleman, the Philosopher, Sage, Patriot, Statesman, Author and Hero, Thomas Paine! It matters little how loath the apologists of Christian mythology may be to acknowledge it, the recantation of Christendom is an absolute surrender of its ancient pretensions, and the very integrity of its tottering system will sooner or later be determined by its susceptibility of adapting itself to the ethical standard, raised by that moral hero, against which they have leveled their batteries of intolerance for a hundred years. The theologians by this time ought to know, and if they do not, their empty pews should at least remind them, that their musty "comedy of errors," their Persian fables and fantastic rites, have failed to satisfy the growing intellect of a scientific age. Their church bells may still jingle, and their priests may still howl, but their tones are only a dull, discordant and monotonous dirge, that sounds the requiem of their declining days. Their candles may still flicker on their antiquated pedestals, but their light is only a deceptive flame that hovers over their decaying mortality and tells of the corruption that festers beneath. The general wreck of superstition, whose driftwood is strewn among the rocks and shoals of doubt and skepticism, reminds us

- that the "Age of Reason"\* was not written in vain. The Christian church may still boast of its stolen wealth. It may point with pride to its hordes of hypocrites, its effeminate men and illiterate women in token of its wealth, its numbers and its influence, but the finger-board of science points significantly to the ruins of a thousand temples, recovered from the mud and ashes of antiquity, in silent testimony of the transitory reign and ultimate destiny of all religions. The mythologies of antiquity were as important and their worshipers as numerous as our own. Their temples and their altars outshone in brilliancy the vulgar imitations of Christendom. But where are their gods to-day? I appeal to history! Tell me, ye ancient chroniclers, whose records are chiseled on the obelisks of Egypt, did your wealth or influence secure the permanence of your institutions? Ye petrified mummies from the tombs of Pharaoh, you whose leathery fea-

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\*See Patrick Henry's reply to (Tyler's Biography of Patrick Henry.)

tures astonished the gaze of the sacrilegious rabble in the museums of the world, tell us: Did your force of numbers, the fervor of your prayers, or the contortions of your priests, secure the immortality promised by your gods? Oh, Jupiter! how powerless are your thunderbolts! Alas, poor Brahma! how fallen is the destiny of your children! Oh, where is the glory of Athens, the wealth of Babylon, the wisdom of Jerusalem, or the power of Rome? They all lie dead and deluged in one common ruin. Then tell me, ye sages of the world, can our modern mythologies, copied from the stolen effigies of olden days, escape the common fate of its predecessors? Will the musty dogmas and fantastic rites of modern necromancers, supply materials for medieval comedy in the ages yet to come? Who can say, in contemplation of the past, that the Christian mythology can survive the apostasy of its members or the criticism of modern philosophy? Who will say that in its folly, falsehood and corruption, its last echoes shall awaken a grander system of moral ethics based upon the "Age of Reason," whose only tenet is abstract Justice, and whose creed contains but one precept: "The world is our country and to do good is our Religion." We are standing upon the threshold of a new century, pregnant with every symptom of intellectual progress.

The coming generations will usher in a real "Age of Reason," when the "common sense" of mankind will take the precedence over vulgar creeds and degrading superstitions, and the "rights of man" shall be universally reorganized.

The clouds of political Europe are charged with the electric spirit of revolution; the altar and the throne are tottering under a load of taxation. The upper ten, luxuriating on the products of the lower million, point significantly to the serried lines of bayonets and batteries, as the bulwark of their safety. The proletariat, sullen and starving, await the coming of a determined leader to light the fires of retribution; but the glory of young America, immortalized in the "Declaration of Independence," can never be dimmed by age, nor altered by revolution; eclipsed nor neutralized by any succession of future events.

There are many persons (even among the Liberals), who can distinguish no difference between the political machinery of to-day and the tyranny against which Thomas Paine leveled the shafts of his logic and satire; but it cannot be shown that our present degeneracy is any reflection upon the lofty aims that inspired the patriots of '76. There never lived a race of men who planted the seeds of Justice in a more glorious cause. If we have failed to cultivate their virtues, the shame is ours alone. We have been the architects of our own misfortune and our calamity is heightened by reflecting that we have forged our own chains, and the calamity of to-day can easily be dispelled by returning to the simplicity of Jefferson. But there will never be any reform in government, no improvement in ethics, no discoveries in science, no new developments in political economy, before which the services of Thomas Paine shall be forgotten. His name is as immortal as his principles are universal. They will stimulate the future as they inspired the past. The poisoned shafts of religious malice will never disturb an atom of his wandering dust, nor

bedim the luster of his imperishable genius. His name will brighten as humanity scales the heights of intellect and along the endless corridors of time, succeeding generations will rise to vindicate the immortal memory of Thomas Paine.

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ODE TO A DRUM.

BY THOMAS PAINE.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
Parading round and round and round;  
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields  
And lures from cities and from fields;  
To sell their liberty for chains  
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms,  
And when ambition's voice commands  
To march and fight and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
Parading round and round and round;  
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,  
And burning towns and ruined swains,  
And mangled limbs and dying groans,  
And widows' tears and orphans' moans,  
And all that misery's hand bestows  
To swell the catalogue of human woes.

An unpublished poem of Thomas Paine, from an old Philadelphia newspaper, 1803.—J. B. Elliott.

## FAITH VS. REASON.\*

BY ZELA STEVENS.

FAR BACK in the midnight of the ages, at the dawning of the mental beginnings of the human race, primitive man was a brawny barbarian. No rude touch marred the trackless plain of thought. Not an oasis of opinion appeared in the desert of the intellect. He was an infant in reason. He looked upon the world with a child's eyes.

By day the sun burned his naked flesh, and at night the cold winds chilled him through and through. He subsisted upon the fruits of the wood, or the roots from the ground. Again, at times, he entrapped the smaller beasts of the forest, and ate their quivering, uncooked flesh with cannibal ferocity. His was a life of vicissitudes, of battle. With enemies upon every side, fear conquered every desire for power. His courage fell before the contending forces of unfortunate encounter with his foes. He was a cave-dweller, disputed the possession of his home with the wild beasts, nor cared for better refuge from storms and enemies.

To him the thought of peace never occurred; might was right; his law of government knew no bounds beyond his own aggressive movement; compulsory power was everything.

In every age a little flame of reason has burst its way into the brains of a few. In every age an accursed vampire, masquerading under a human guise and commonly called a priest, has existed. In that midnight of mental desolation of primitive man, a religion superinduced by fear was born—a bestial religion—without love, charitableness, kindness, or a desire to promote happiness. Reason scorched deeper into the brains of a few and they in turn exercised their gift over the majority. They were soon revered as priests. But few of the primitive children of the forest had the argumentative process of reasoning. They had to gain their knowledge by pain, sorrow or enjoyment; by observation. Thus they become aware of Nature's forces and power, and applied them as enemies or friends, according to the manner in which the phenomena pleased or frightened them. They witnessed storms, earthquakes and volcanoes, which terrified them. Darkness was a horror. The muttering thunder; the lightning's fiery, destructive bolt; the icy, death-dealing winters, with their chilling snows; the howling winds—all produced fear.

The twinkling stars bedecking the blue, crystal dome; the compact earth; the great, rolling sea; the forest-clad mountains; the huge, red sun bathing in beauty the rivers, the waterfalls, the valley and rocky dells; the gentle, sighing zephyrs, sighing through the leafy pines and giant oaks; these inspired the crude and ignorant with wonder and reverence.

The crafty, cunning priests, claiming superior powers, attributed the phenomena to a god or gods, with whom he counceled. He said: "Believe," and they, with superstitious intensity, become followers of an em-

\*Extracts from a lecture delivered by Mrs. Stevens.

piric leader. It become an age of faith. Faith in angry deities, faith in good deities, faith in prayers to them, faith in religious duties to these gods, and faith in the priest; in fact, faith in everything but themselves.

It would be a difficult undertaking if one were to attempt to find the dividing line between the ages of faith and reason. The last three centuries have been justly called the "Era of Science," and as Science is the most benevolent god this world has ever possessed, we can also call this period of time the Age of Reason.

Faith had for its origin ignorance, and all the evils which hounded the footsteps of man were attributed to demoniac spirits. Faith taught the people to make sacrifices to angry gods for these afflictions. Reason asserts that the violation of Nature's laws produces all the suffering experienced by the human race. It was the age of faith when the strange scimitar form of the comet chilled the marrow of the religious devotees. Faith called forth an edict from the pious Pope which anathematized it. But scientists from their watch-towers of astronomy turned their telescopes upon it and predicted its return. They read its riddle and solved its mystery by the aid of that reason which advanced a few in every age. A rainbow was regarded as a sacred sign from a divine Deity that the world should never be overflowed. Reason exploded this idea by proving that the phenomenon was caused by a refraction of rays of light.

In the age of faith, stars were thought to be placed in the heavens for the purpose of illuminating this world alone. Reason establishes as a certainty that they are planets, many of them larger than our earth, with propitious conditions for life. Faith caused the people to shave their eyebrows when a cat died in the household; when a dog died they shaved their entire bodies. It is safe to say that were a man or woman guilty of such a nonsensical act to-day, they would be promptly incarcerated in a madhouse. Cows were regarded as sacred and the people had faith in the idea that if they scratched the back of a cow all guilt was destroyed. Who to-day places that animal upon a higher pedestal than mere use? In that day of few philosophers, the caterpillar was considered poisonous and deadly. To-day we know they are harmless. The hare was declared to "chew the cud," and therefore unfit for food. Now we are aware of the fact that this little quadruped's mode of subsisting was a ridiculous mistake on the part of those who relied on faith, and the hare to-day is heartily relished as excellent food.

When iron was first discovered it was regarded as a mystery and used as a charm. Reason has used it as one of the greatest levers that help to move the quickened intellect of the world.

Faith brought into life, ignorance, superstition, want and filthiness, while reason taught man to fell the trees, excavate iron and stone, burn lime, make glass and rear comfortable homes. Faith believed not in progress, but cried aloud: "Take no thought of the morrow." Reason taught man to level hills, fill valleys, build railroads for land and steamships for water, thus uniting the human family on the globe by bonds of commerce. Reason made the printing press, thus multiplying thought by papers and books. Faith consumed these latter educators with flame.



In the age of faith, religion made the life of man a gloomy, joyless funeral-march. "Believe or be damned," was the angry monstrosity—the priest. Religion, sacrifice, war and murderous vengeance marched side by side.

Those who claimed to commune with a God were mental jailers. They clutched human liberty by the throat and ground it beneath the iron heel of tyranny until religion become the enemy of the freedom of man.

As civilization advanced and laws were enforced and government instituted through reason's power, religion become more vicious and exacting. "Thou must not" and "Thou shalt not" urged reason forward and a few doubted. In the age of faith these heretics endured punishment by death. Everything that invaded the realm of mystery was met with suffering inflicted in the name of religion. To delve into the earth seeking scientific knowledge; to take the human form after death and dissect it for the purpose of ascertaining a clearer knowledge of anatomy was the very height of heresy and called for the rack, thumb-screw or iron-collar.

No one who candidly examines the pages of history can fail to see the heart-rending pictures of bloody religious conflicts, holocausts of flame, the dreaded gibbet and the cruel, revengeful priest. In all the solitary years of faith, woman has been the most pitiful victim. In the lands where the tree of superstition bore the fruits of religion and priests, she whose sweet voice joyously rang out with the fullness of human love, whose eyes mirrored the beauty of heaven's blue, and whose dimpled, rose-kissed cheeks heralded joy, turned from the gentle, whispering winds, signing through the sunlit gardens; from the melody of feathered songsters; from the happy fireside surrounded by the comforting voices of children dear and kindly husband—turned from all the beauties of earth to mumble prayers in a solitary cell, to weep in the prison of mental darkness, to prostrate herself before the burnished idol of faith in order to gain an imaginary crown from a phantom God.

But the age of reason is teaching woman that her ancestors in the age of faith were cringing slaves in basest servility to cunning priests.

What a moving world this is! The time was in that other day—the day of faith, when our forefathers went to mill with an ox team, plowed the ground with a crooked stick, reaped the grain with a sickle, raked the hay with a hand-rake, put a stone in one end of a bag to balance the grain in the other, and when taking it to market rested the poor beast of burden by heaving bag, grain, stone and all upon their backs.

The time was when a house with gabled ends was "a vanity of vanities;" when a fire in a church was a heinous sin; if the people froze, the preacher told of a hell in which they would soon thaw out. Cushioned pews and comfortable pulpits was considered equal to blasphemy.

A child—

Was vile, conceived in sin and  
Born unholy and unclean,  
No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
No hyssop branch, nor springling priest,  
Could wash this dismal stain away.

Every sermon in that gloomy age was loaded with hell-fire and brimstone so hot that the hearers fancied they could smell it. A devil was so realistically pictured as to be almost seen by the timid, frightened devotees of religious faith.

But how changed is the condition of affairs under a few years of reason's sway. The magic wand of electricity outstrips the magician's mechanisms. The genius of Edison has devised the ways and means whereby we may whisper along wires for miles away, to friends. Telegraphic communications, cablegrams sent under water fathoms deep, phonographs and all the electrical apparatuses; the wonders in the world of steam and all the great inventions which admit comfort to the human race, should call forth a certain amount of applause for reason.

Even religion under the advancement of reason's reign, is broadening. Little children can look out upon the beautiful fields on Sunday. They can play in them, listen to the birds twittering among the leafy branches of the wood; they can even miss the Sabbath-school and the devil is defied. The angry God and forked-tailed devil, with his hell of fire, passed away with the lumbering stage coach, the rude log cabin, the wooden plow and the old sickle, never to return.

Now and then some one who is not to blame for his unprogressive ideas, tries to roll the world back to the point when Sunday would become a day of gloom. Now and then some unadvanced minister tells about a hell for the unrepentant, but reason in the brains of his auditors chills it until the flames almost die out and hell itself becomes ninety degrees colder by the time he closes his sermon. Never again will the world roll back to the rack, the dungeon, or the Inquisition; to the time when truth made its way through fields of gore and butchered religionists incited to war by priests. Never again will it turn back to the time when innocent people were horribly punished or killed because they were supposed to be evil-eyed and bewitched the people.

Man has become too wise to ever again fall into such degradation. Science marks this age with fairy fingers, and now electricity, steam-power, the printing of books and newspapers—the age of knowledge in all branches—sets the seal upon all past barbarities. Reason sweetly shed her bright, silvery rays, laden with humanitarian love and mercy, over the hills of Ignorance and Bigotry, and forever vanquished the marauding vampires of Superstition and Oppression.

How true are the beautiful lines from the pen of Emma Train:

"Gods and saviors, blood and terror,  
That through ages dark held sway—  
The result of human error—  
Have no place on earth to-day.  
Do not fear. The world's salvation  
Needs no far-off heaven or hell,  
And the truth's great demonstration  
Waits for every infidel."

## B. PEABODY—LIFE SKETCH.

EDITOR FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE: I was born in the town of Freeman, Franklin County, Maine, August 25, 1830. I was blessed with a strong constitution, was large and strong, and capable of performing much physical labor. I attended the town or district school five or six months per year until at the age of 17; seeing how poor my people were I refused to attend school any more, but worked at whatever I could find to do when not needed on the little farm at home. At the age of 26 was married to a girl of my native town, and together we have buffeted the waves of life's rough sea. In 1863 we left the farm where I was born, and came to Minnesota, settling on a farm in the town of Utica, where we lived until three years ago, when we came to this city. My parents, as nearly all our neighbors, were Universalists in belief, and I thought I should be one, too, at



B. PEABODY.

some time, but the divinity of Christ, and other bible stories were too much for me, and I finally gave up all idea of ever becoming a Christian. I commenced taking the "Truth Seeker," before Bennett was imprisoned, also other liberal papers, and have purchased liberal books as I could afford, until I have quite a good collection in our library. I attended the Free Thought Congress at Chicago, 1893, which was to me "a feast of fat things." I used to have many tilts with ministers and others, but of late they shun discussion.

I have many good friends among them, however, the ministers inviting me to go and hear them preach—which I occasionally do, and we frequently call on each other.

Two years ago I dropped in at the Methodist church one day, and after services the pastor proposed making a present to an old minister in town, who would be 82 years old the next Friday, and appointed me as one of a committee to make a purchase.

On the next Friday evening all interested repaired to the church, some one bringing in the old elder and his wife. We had a very merry time. The pastor made a presentation speech sparkling with wit and humor, after which two other preachers and others had something to say. I was called on and, after making a few remarks, read the following lines, which I had written for the occasion:

My old, esteemed, respected friend,  
I'm glad to see you so hale and hearty,  
You're eighty-two to-day, they say,  
Yet seem much like a man of forty.

Life's cares and troubles lightly sit,  
Or else glance off—they have not troubled  
you much, your form erect and strong,  
By them has not been doubled.

Of years you've lived a goodly number,  
A life of toil, perhaps endeavor,  
And now—if you should chance to grow up—  
Take comfort all you can, both now and ever.

Your chances are good, you've got such a start,  
But beware of the shoals and the breakers,  
For many are wrecked ere they reach to your age,  
And of mistakes we all are partakers.

We dream of a world of great beauty and light,  
Where we'll dwell in the sweet by and by,  
But this is the best world we know of, old friend,  
So don't be in a hurry to die.

Here's a chair we have bro't for your comfort, my friend,  
Of materials rare, and a beauty,  
'Twill dispel every care while seated therein,  
If you only attend to each duty.

I'm not sure but the fairies will come round the while,  
And whisper in words low and thrilling,  
'Tis humanity thinks, 'tis humanity acts,  
'Tis humanity's bosom that's swelling.

Another chair here for your helpmeet so dear:  
Your companion so true and so loyal;  
No hypocrisy there, but every word square,  
And pointed sometimes with a moral.

And now, my old friends, peace and comfort be yours,  
As down to the valley you go,  
Surrounded by friends who will make smooth the way,  
For your footsteps, when feeble and slow.

Within the dark valley you may find a light,  
'Tis a comfort, perhaps, to think so,

But of the truth of this wonderful thing,  
I am sure, my old friends, I don't know.

But of this I feel sure, for if it ever proves true,  
If to be happy is what we desire,  
The very best way is to make others so,  
And who does it we always admire.

We have raised a family of three boys and three girls, all of whom, I and happy to say, are free from all superstition.

I have never used any intoxicants or tobacco in any form, neither do any of our children. The old elder spoken of above lived in Utica many years, and I was well acquainted with him. B. Peabody.

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“FAITH IN GOD.”

**E**DITOR FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE: One of the most mischievous sentiments in all the insanity of orthodoxy is that quality of mind in its followers which so universally leads them to shift their own responsibility in connection with the evil in the world upon the shoulders of their imaginary god. What proportion of them put an active shoulder to the wheel of progress and endeavor to alleviate the sin and wrong and cruelty around them? Instead of that they lean back in their rocking chairs and assume great virtue of faith in God, who, in his own good time, will right all wrongs.

But what wrongs have been righted by God, or “faith in God?” What progress for humankind has been made except by those who have marched out actively into the world's battlefield and battered at the strongholds of tyranny and oppression with blows from their own good right arms—straight from the shoulder? The case is forcibly illustrated by the hardy Michigan pioneer, who said, “S’posen I’d a cum here and set down under a tree and prayed to the Lord to develop the kentry? My upinyun is it u’d a never bin done!” It is a terrible pity that the orthodox Christian hadn’t a little of the sound sense of the old Yankee.

This senile “faith” in an imaginary being has hindered men and women from the performance of the most active and pressing duties of life. Wrongs have gone on unabated, waiting for this supernatural interference which never comes. All the good in the world has been brought about by active human agencies, by souls that could not sleep in the face of the dire necessity for some one to rise up and do something. As to whence came this unseen agency that has thus stirred the souls of patriots and philanthropists, we do not undertake to explain. As Ingersoll says, “I don’t know; but I know as much about it as any other man!”

Orthodoxy says we must thank God that these patriots and philanthropists did arise to succor the helpless and oppressed. But when we reflect upon the ages of cruelty and oppression during which there was no ray of light or relief we cannot feel very much indebted to the God that

suffered those things so long to run their awful course and then furnished a meager supply of soldiers for their extinction.

There is a class of people who claim there is no real evil in the world—that what appears so is the will of God being worked out for his own glory. The colossal selfishness of a scheme worked out in such awful consequences to both human and dumb for the “own glory” of any being appears never to have dawned upon their leaden understanding. They rest in perfect peace, and a selfishness equal to that of their God, doing nothing to change the melancholy march of the world’s evils—“leaving it to God”—and he has never in a single instance interfered.

Like Moncure D. Conway, written up so well in November Free Thought Magazine, the writer maintains that evil “is absolutely evil, working no good, but only evil results, and respects no deity who would permit any disease, agony or wrong, if he could possibly prevent it. His question to the theist is that of Man Friday to Crusoe: “Why not God kill debbil?” What cycles of precious time the preachers consume in soothing the consciences of their congregations and manacling their hands by this never-ending exhortation to faith in God, which is to move mountains and release human beings from all responsibility, labor or care. Rather let me be like Martha, “careful and troubled about many things,” than to sit supinely and have no hand in the great struggle of Right and Wrong—leaving it all to the God—as useless as the preacher. There is nothing the preacher will not try to explain away. He will never admit a “don’t know” to the most profound problem of the ages, and the more conceited and bigoted he is the more he imagines he knows. The display of pious oratory always published in the Monday morning dailies is copied from manuscripts that should be preserved in a museum for the wonder and amusement of the coming generations. The fact that unnumbered communities will repair to “sanctuaries” year after year and waste precious time listening to the arrant nonsense of self-complacency and affectedness, is another of the more than seven wonders of the world. The most effectual argument which we Free Thinkers can bring in support of our own ideas is, not to leave these things to God, but get out into the arena, each one of us, and battle for the right without the fear of eternal punishment or the expectation of the orthodox reward.

Abner Plain.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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## HENRY M. TABER—OBITUARY.

**H**ENRY M. TABER died at his home, No. 42 West 12th street, New York City, on the 24th of last month. Mr. Taber was an able, honest, consistent advocate of Free Thought and one of the best friends this Magazine ever had. For the last eight years he had contributed nearly every other month an article to these pages, and the Magazine owes its present existence to his liberal financial support. His articles were always highly prized by the readers of the Magazine and they added very much to its popularity. For the last two years we have been urging Mr. Taber to put some of these articles into book form, but being a very modest man he insisted they were not of sufficient value, but he finally consented, and a few months ago some thirty of them were brought out in a beautiful volume of 347 pages, by that popular Liberal book publisher, Peter Eckler, of New York. No Liberal book recently published has met with so large a sale as this one, which is entitled "Faith or Fact." The generous reception that the book received from Free Thinkers everywhere was very gratifying to Mr. Taber, and gave him much satisfaction during his last days by convincing him he was leaving behind a book that would accomplish a good work in emancipating mankind from bigotry and superstition. Mr. Taber retained his interest in the Free Thought Cause up to his last hour, and we are sure that about the last writing that he did was to sign checks to help it along. As an evidence of this interest in the cause of Mental Liberty he wrote us a short time before his death: "I have read in the 'Arena' with great interest an article by Rev. Clarence Lathrop, entitled 'The Dead Hand of the Church,' that I would like to see published in part or in full in the Free Thought Magazine." We have not as yet found space for the article, but shall publish it in the near future if the publisher of that valuable magazine will permit us to do so.

Henry M. Taber was born at Westport, Fairfield County, Conn., February 8, 1825, and was brought to New York City when but a few years old. His father came from New Bedford, Mass. He was not a professor of religion. His mother was a daughter of Stephen Morehouse, a Connecticut farmer; whose views on religion could be surmised from the fact that on his library table could be found such books as that of the "Age

of Reason." Young Taber was reared under the most thoroughly religious training; going to Sunday school both as pupil and teacher, and was a constant attendant on church and week-day religious services. But he somewhat early developed a habit of doing his own thinking, and had long conversations, forty-five years ago, with a pious sister, who thought her religion (that of the Presbyterian form of worship) the only true one. Henry endeavored to show her that religion was but a matter of education and environment, and that had she been brought up in an Episcopal family she would doubtless have been a "High Church Episcopalian;" or if brought up under Roman Catholic influences, she would have been a bigoted Romanist; or even if her lot had been cast in a Mohammedan country, surrounded by Mohammedan influences, she would, unquestionably, have been a good Mohammedan.

Mr. Taber had been engaged in the cotton business in New York City for the last forty-five years; from 1848 to 1869 with his brother, the late Mr. Charles C. Taber, and from 1879 to the time of his death with his son, Mr. William P. Taber.

In 1855 Mr. Taber married a daughter of Rev. William W. Phillips, D. D., Presbyterian clergyman; from 1825 to 1846 pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Wall street, New York City, and after 1846 to the year of his death in 1865, in Fifth avenue, between 11th and 12th streets. He continued his church attendance up to the time of the death of his wife, nine years ago, going, as he stated, simply for the pleasure of her company.

In a private letter to us some time since he wrote:

"To hear Christian people claim that it was Christianity, and Christianity alone, which endowed my late wife, whose memory I revere, with certain estimable traits of character, I regard as unjust, impertinent, pharisaical and insulting to her memory. She was the true and noble being that she was because it was her nature to be so, and Christianity had no more to do with it than it had to do with the virtues of Marcus Aurelius, the excellencies of Socrates or the accomplishments of Hypatia. Unselfishness, charitableness, gentleness, kindliness, generosity, justice, were characteristics possessed by her to a most remarkable degree, and which characteristics (I know from my own large experience with them) are rare among orthodox Christians."

Mr. Taber leaves two sons, William P. and Sydney R., and one daughter.

He had always been of an investigating turn of mind and had given much time to the study of the religious questions, especially within the past twenty-five years. He wrote in a letter to us:



"I have entertained at my house very many Presbyterian clergymen, and I attribute my present views more to contact with them than to any other cause, they being utterly unable to explain, on the basis of reason, a single one of the dogmas that they contend for with such intolerant zeal from the pulpit. I could both amaze and amuse you with replies to questions put to such guests—men of great learning. Such, for example, as the President of Princeton College."

Mr. Taber was for a brief period a member of the Twenty-second Regiment of New York City, and also a member of the Union League Club during, and for many years succeeding the late war, and in that capacity did much to stimulate public patriotism throughout the country, contributing his money freely for that purpose. For many years he was a trustee of the First Presbyterian Church of New York City, holding the office of treasurer and president of its board of directors.

In 1868 he became one of the corporators of the Presbyterian Hospital of New York City, and was one of its Board of Managers for sixteen years thereafter, then declined a re-election; he was also for twenty years a member of the Board of Trustees of the Northern Dispensary of the city of New York, and was at one time its president. Mr. Taber was a member of the Nineteenth Century Club, of the Manhattan Liberal Club, and of the Society of Ethical Culture.

Mr. Taber had been connected with many business and financial institutions. At the time of his death he was one of the directors of the Continental National Bank, also of the Continental Trust Company, and of the Home Insurance Company; also a trustee of the Manhattan Savings Institution. He was one of the advisory committee of the United States Lloyds of the city of New York. He was a member of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York; vice president of the Richmond County Gaslight Company. For many years he had been the president of the Board of Trustees of the Utica Cotton Company.

Mr. Taber had traveled quite extensively, having visited every State in the Union. He had visited the Pacific coast twice as far south as Santa Barbara, Cal., and as far north as Sitka, Alaska, and also visited Canada and Mexico, and spent nearly a year in Europe. About a year ago he went with an excursion party to the Mediterranean Sea, and on the way there met with a fall which injured him very much, and from the effect of which he never recovered.

Mr. Taber some years since made this request of his friends: That at his death there be no religious services, and that his body be cremated at Fresh Pond, or some other crematory. On this subject he wrote to us:

"If it be true that 'the most sincere tribute to the memory of our

dead consists in obedience to their wishes,' and my children be disposed to pay such tribute to my memory, I may confidently expect that my funeral services may be fully carried out as I have requested."

At the time of this writing we have not learned how his funeral was conducted, but it should be taken for granted that his request was fully carried out by his children.

Some five years ago Mr. Taber wrote us a letter, in which he stated:

"Thoroughly impressed with the absurdity of religious beliefs, especially of the dogmas of Christianity, and believing that prosperity, intelligence and happiness would be much more extensively diffused were the world rid of such beliefs and dogmas, I shall devote as much of the remaining years of my life as possible to do what I can towards lessening the influence of a religion which is founded in superstition and nurtured in bigotry and which holds so many millions of human beings in mental bondage."

He has been faithful to that pledge, as "Faith or Fact" fully proves.

Mr. Taber had keenly felt, for years, the loss of his wife, and had been very lonely, and, as Col. Ingersoll and Mrs. Ingersoll were his personal friends, he had been in the habit, for a number of years, of visiting Col. Ingersoll's home at 400 Fifth avenue, nearly every Sunday afternoon, and that gave him great consolation and comfort.

Some years ago I requested Col. Ingersoll to tell me something about Mr. Taber, and the following was Col. Ingersoll's reply:

"My Dear Friend: You ask me to tell you about Henry M. Taber, and I answer as follows:

"Henry M. Taber is one of the best of men. In business he is just, honorable, faithful, reliable. He keeps his word and does as he agrees. For integrity, no man's reputation is better than his.

"He is an excellent citizen; loves his country and its institutions; taking an active part in matters of public importance—trying to make the people better and happier. He is on the right side and always has been, so far as I know. He was a kind, faithful and loving husband; and he is a good, affectionate father and grandfather. In addition to this he is a free man—thinks for himself and gives to others the result of his thought.

"He is an exceedingly modest man, remarkably careful of the feelings of others; gentle in speech and action. Long ago his brain was shocked by the absurdities and his heart by the cruelties of the Bible. He came to the conclusion that the 'Scriptures' were written by uninspired men, and that man should be governed by experience, observation and reason, instead of faith, ignorance and superstition.

"He became a free man. He is a close and clear thinker; a natural logician; a lover of truth; a friend of his race; a good, honest, intelligent, brave and successful man. Besides, he is my friend. Yours truly,

"R. G. Ingersoll."

## SCIENTIFIC WISDOM.

**E**LIZA MOWRY BLIVEN, of Brooklin, Conn., has inaugurated one of the most important Liberal movements that have ever been started in this country. It is to publish a series of Leaflets, setting forth the views of Free Thinkers, in a clear, able and concise manner, and scatter them broadcast over the country. These Free Thought Leaflets are to be so cheap that one dollar will purchase five hundred of them, so that any enthusiastic Free Thinker, by spending the small sum of \$1.00, can introduce Liberalism to a large number of people. These Leaflets are to be published monthly by the "Liberal University Company," at Silverton, Oregon. The first Leaflet has made its appearance, and below we publish it in full:

## CAN SINS BE FORGIVEN?

## Leaflet No. 1.

Sins are acts which bring harm upon ourselves as others. No harm, no sin. The harm is punishment. Each sin makes some one less useful, happy, good, healthy or prosperous. Diminishing the surrounding good, harms ourselves.

Science traces evils back to their causes. Teach the people the causes of diseases, miseries, all evils, and they will stop sinning for fear of these sure punishments. Mother, school, laws, experience, history, teach punishments. Child or man not taught "the fatal chain of action and consequence" continues his self-gratifying follies. To forgive is to release from punishment. Can forgiveness restore the drunkard's ruined brain, lost time, injury done to wife and children; the murdered man, those ruined by bad example? For eleventh-hour repentance religion promises forgiveness with eternal happiness; but "not heaven itself upon the past hath power." Nature never forgives sins. "The penalty of a misdeed treads on the heels of a transgressor."

Promising forgiveness tempts men to think they can escape punishment, so they sin more. Teaching the sure punishment for every sin makes men moral, healthy, wise. Punishments are enforcements and preventives, so sins ought not to be forgiven. Each cause of evil discovered makes a new moral law. Thus the moral code is ever improving.

Christians are trying to follow four moral codes: Believing the Bible perfect, the semi-barbarian code of Moses, of 4,000 years ago, the king's code of Solomon, the forgiveness of Christ, 1,800 years old, and the up-to-date equal-rights code of science.

The god of Moses ordered men to lie, steal and murder. Read Jacob's thefts; the lies of Rachel, Sarah, Abraham, and David. Jews slaughtered whole nations in wars by God's command, for plunder, lands, slaves, mistresses (See Numbers xxxi.) All-wise? He repents thirty times. Just? He blesses one race and curses all others. Merciful? He sends plagues, floods, wars, diseases. (Read Lev. xxvi., 27-29.) Almighty? Devil, to create millions without wisdom enough to do right!

Bible examples tempt believers into dishonesty, injustice, greed, wars, expecting God's blessing.. Thus the pious cashier robs the bank. To breed immoral thoughts, read Judges xix. and xxi., and numerous chapters about harlots, polygamy, concubines, whoredom. No wonder ministers and Bible readers seduce women.

Will reading the Old Testament teach children honesty, morality? Should school teachers define all words used in the Bible? All other school-books bear explanation throughout. Teachers and mothers should study the whole Bible before recommending it. Solomon's code robbed the people. Kings, monopolists, political rings, free lovers, liquor dealers, follow that. To enrich themselves they impoverish others. Christ's code of miracles and forgiveness is blind to nature's laws and punishments. Science abolishes wars and vices by contrasting results with arbitration and morality. Would scientific teaching, on Sundays, or Bible teaching, most promote morality and happiness?

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#### ZELA STEVENS.

THE PORTRAIT of Mrs. Zela Stevens appears as the frontispiece of this number of this magazine. Last month we presented, as our frontispiece, the portrait of Mrs. Elmina Drake Slenker, an old and distinguished veteran in the Free Thought ranks, and we now present the likeness of a young woman, just entering upon the stage of action as a champion of Liberalism. We are very much pleased to do so. And we are glad to know that in all parts of our country young women are breaking away from the trammels of the church and declaring their independence from priestly rule. The grandest woman in America, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, has set them a good example, and many are following her brave course.

The clergy do not like the "new woman," and the reason for this is very evident. She will not consent to be his servant, but insists on being his equal. She proposes to use her own reason on the subject of Religion as on other questions.

Mrs. Stevens is not only a young woman but she is a "new woman," in the best sense of that new classification. The following is a brief sketch of her life:

Mrs. Zela Stevens was born in Sedalia, Missouri, in 1874, of parents in moderate circumstances, who, when she was but an infant, moved to Paris, Edgar County, Illinois. At the age of but 13 she graduated from the public school of that city; soon after removing with her parents to Chattanooga, Tennessee. She entered the high school of that city and completed a course of three years, graduating with class honors. Her studies were of many different branches, among them being that of elocution, in which she became quite efficient, and while yet a school girl she

took an active part in entertainments given in that city. Her first work outside of her studies was that of keeping books and as general secretary to the President of the Chatanooga Medical Company, which position she held for two years. During this time there was quite a stir among the Liberals and Spiritualists of that place, which resulted in the organization of a society and the building up of a Liberal camp-ground on Lookout Mountain. Here she first heard Liberal questions discussed. While most of her associates, of the same age, gave no attention to such subjects, she became very much interested in them and was a frequent attendant upon the meetings—often expressing her views privately to her friends and others. She always contended that reason alone should be the guide to go by, and after interesting many persons by her firm and decided opinions, and logical replies to all questions presented to her, she was called upon to give her views from the platform. After some hesitation she accepted the invitation, taking for the subject of her first public lecture: "Reason Should Affirm, and Be Our Guide, in All Things." Her elocutionary qualifications became of good service to her on the platform. Her radical opinions were new to many, and her evident intelligence and earnest convictions, for one of her age, attracted at once no little attention. Afterwards many voices for her reappearance after her short addresses from the floor brought her to the platform. Soon demands were made from various societies for her services as a public Liberal lecturer, and as a result she has spoken in many Southern cities, and recently in some of our Northern ones.

Zela Stevens is just such a young lady as the times demand, to go forth and preach the Gospel of Free Thought. As will be seen by her portrait, she is intelligent, good-looking, and prepossessing. She is a remarkably good controversialist, able and eloquent on the platform, clear and concise in the presentation of her opinions, and she expresses them in a manner that carries conviction to those who listen. If she has a fault, as a public speaker, it is the one that young, honest persons often have, that of being too severe in their denunciation of what they consider erroneous opinions or doctrines. From what we learn of Mrs. Stevens we believe she will achieve great success on the Liberal rostrum. She should be constantly employed as a Liberal lecturer, for she is prepared to do great good. Her present address is Dunkirk, Indiana.

## GEORGE W. BLOUCH—OBITUARY.

**WE** ARE pained to learn of the sudden death of one of Buffalo's most esteemed citizens, a liberal philanthropist and an earnest Free-thinker.

George W. Blouch died at his home in Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 3, 1897, aged 42 years. Mr. Blouch was born in Williamsville, Erie County, New York, of German parents. He was partially prepared for the ministry, and preached occasionally, when opportunity afforded. He became disgusted, however, as he stated to a friend, "with the obscenity of the 'Word of God,' its plain contradictions, its inconsistent teachings, and its unreasonable demands." The hypocrisy of Christians, the iniquity of church members, and the fact that our prisons are filled with Christians, impelled him to think and reason for himself.

The result was he was forced to become a doubter, then an analytical investigator, and finally an earnest, honest, intelligent and liberal agnostic. He often said: "I was never quite so happy as when I left the church behind, with all its ignorance and superstition."

Mr. Blouch was buried at Forest Lawn; the funeral took place from his late residence, 1575 Main street, and was conducted by the I. O. O. F., and was attended by a very large concourse of citizens and a large number of Freethinkers. Dr. S. W. Wetmore, one of his most intimate friends, officiated at the funeral, and spoke as follows:

My Friends: Inasmuch as the deceased and myself were very particular friends, and being of one mind concerning the problems of life, death and the future, and having been requested by him to deliver the final tribute over his remains, should I survive him, I shall take the liberty to make a few remarks on this very sad occasion.

George W. Blouch was more than a man of ordinary worth. He was a man of strict integrity, pure in heart, noble, honest and honorable; conscientious in his convictions, social in his nature, cordial in his greeting; was genial and refined. He sustained an unblemished character, was true to his friends, his neighbors, his family and himself. He enjoyed good books, science, art, and music. His favorite authors were Huxley, Humboldt, Voltaire, Volney, Tyndall, Darwin, Thos. Paine, Spencer and Mill. He loved to live and be happy; he was altruistic and loved to make others happy—one of the most noble and glorious attributes of humanity.

Mr. Blouch's religion was to "Do Good" and his guide through life the Golden Rule. We often discussed the problems of nature, of life and death, of the probabilities and improbabilities, of possibilities and impossibilities, as well as the rationale of a life hereafter.

He loved Nature, for Nature was his God. He loved the spring-tide of

the year, the Autumn and Winter's virgin canopy. The drama of the seasons to him was studded with gems of joy. All nature laughed, even when he was buffeting the billows of adversity. The crested wave always had a diamond sparkle to cheer him. His buoyant nature was a great factor in stemming the tide of misfortune that laved the shore of Charybdis.

Our friend was an investigator, a thinker and reasoner; and he who has the moral courage to investigate evinces a doubt; and the doubters have given impetus to the evolving and revolving wheels of science, art, culture, civilization and righteousness.

The most renowned educators are not always the most potent factors in education, enlightenment and revelation.

The gravity of a thought emanating from a childish mind has been found to balance the weight of a planet.

Although our friend's morning of life had scarcely touched the noon-day of manhood, it can be said of him: The world is better, purer and nobler for his having lived in it, and what more can be said of any of us? The hope of such an epitaph should fill every day with jeweled joys. But he has passed on to the mysterious unknown; to that vast beyond, across that broad river which separates life from death, and thought from thoughtlessness, where reason cannot go.

The Egyptian says: "The black camel kneels once before every one's gate."

Death is always attended with sadness, while birth has a halo of gladness.

The saddest of all sadness is the death of a loving and lovable husband or wife, father, mother, brother, sister or child.

Yet the evolving forces in society's realm not infrequently weaves the golden threads of friendship into the warp and woof binding platonic hearts as one. And when the cruel sting of death severs those ties so unexpectedly we break down in sorrow and wonder if there is an Allwise, loving, watchful Father who would permit such anguish?

But it is all over. No more shall we listen for that well-known step; that welcome and peculiar ring of the door-bell; that jocose and gleeful voice and hearty laugh and handshake.

Our dear friend has entered that realm that knows no waking; he is taking that dreamless sleep; that eternal, peaceful rest. Life's fitful dream is over with him; all its joys and sorrows, its hopes and disappointments have passed forever.

Very naturally we all desire to meet our loved ones again.

"Immortality is a word that Hope has been whispering to Love through all the ages past, in all languages and in all lands." Should it prove to be nothing more than a rainbow reflection through the tears of grief shed here on earth, or a part of our puerile pseudo phantom religious instruction, it has been a great consolation to many. It has taught us at least that death, even at its worst, is but a dreamless, everlasting, quiet sleep.

Our friend derived his being from nature's evolving life; and all that

remains after death returns to earth's capacious bosom, the bounteous mother of us all.

Life was real, Death is earnest,  
 Though the grave may be the goal;  
 Dust thou art, to dust returneth,  
 May be spoken of the whole.

DR. WETMORE AT THE GRAVE.

We can but consign our friend's lifeless form to this, our beautiful Forest Lawn, the silent city of the dead. With nature's smiling sunlight, with the drama of the seasons, with larches, palms and trees, with fragrant flowers and trailing vines; with all the evolving forces 'mid the living and the dead, we leave our dear friend forever. Farewell and farewell.

---

### BOOK REVIEW.

"Olmstead on the Errors of Protestantism." It required more than an ordinary degree of courage to attack the dogma of justification by faith half a century ago, but this is what Mr. Dwight H. Olmstead did in an essay of which a fourth edition has just been published by the Putnams. Since the first appearance of Mr. Olmstead's argument in 1856, the world has in a measure caught up with him; so that to maintain his advanced position he has added to the present edition an incisive introduction on the limitations of thought, which shows no weakening of his power as a close reasoner and independent thinker.

That acceptance of a creed is not a matter of volition has occasionally been recognized by thinkers of older times. Dun Scotus, Lactantius and Flechier, Bishop of Nismes, differed from their cotemporaries in affirming with more or less qualification that belief is not controllable by the will; and is therefore neither to be praised nor blamed. And yet, notwithstanding these early recognitions of the futility of attempts to compel belief, the Christian churches of all denominations have not ceased, even yet, to teach such time-worn dogmas as justification by faith, or salvation by belief.

Mr. Olmstead has not contented himself with showing the absurdity of attempts to subject belief to the will. In this new introduction he goes a step farther, and proves that not only is independent belief involuntary, but compulsory; in other words, that conclusions are forced upon us by external evidence. Through this portal the discussion is carried into the realms of ethics: the aggregate of our beliefs is shown to be the basis of conscience, and morals are thus proved to have a much higher and nobler sanction than a selfish desire for salvation. An act performed with any reference to a personal benefit, he maintains, is just to that extent without merit. In this he is strictly logical, and there is no evading the conclusions to which his clear reasoning forces us.

"Gospel Fabrications," or a glance at the character of the men who helped to form the four gospels, by W. S. Bell, published at Oakland, California, by the author; price, 15 cents.



This little pamphlet of forty-four pages is full of important facts. The writer discusses some very fundamental questions:

The Four Gospels are anonymous. No one knows when, where or by whom they were written. They were written by persons who expected the end of the world to come in their generation. They wrote concerning things about which it was utterly impossible for them to know anything. The spirit and content of their writings are mythological. They originated in a dark age. The Fathers were ignorant, superstitious and dishonest. The second and third centuries were Gospel-making times. Forgeries were not regarded as "sins,"—falsehoods were justified if they were told for the "glory of God." Eusebius a great falsifier—church history rests on his testimony. The church Councils were composed of barbarous ruffians called Christian Bishops. No evidence of the existence of any of the Four Gospels till about 180 A. D. The apostolic fathers did not mention them. Matthew did not write the Gospel of Matthew, the apostle John did not write the Gospel of John. Pagan origin of Christianity. Explanations of the Gospel—explanations which never explain. One hundred and seventy-five names of Gods; names of Gods who retire as man advances.

The January Open Court. Around the figures of all great men of history fancy has woven a web of fable and tradition which accredits to their genius the achievements of whole centuries. Thus, in a similar manner, most of the great heroes of antiquity have come down through mediæval times as magicians, sorcerers, good and evil geniuses, etc. One of the grandest and most persistent of these forms is the mythical Solomon who has his prototype in the great Jewish king, but seems to have existed also in many other nations and in many other forms. The history of the vast Solomonic Literature, now, in all its variant forms, Dr. Moncure D. Conway proposes to portray in a series of articles in *The Open Court*, the first essay of which appears in the January number and deals with the original Solomon.

Professor Cornill in his "History of the People of Israel," now running in *The Open Court*, reaches in the January number that most inspiring and heroic period of Jewish history where the Maccabees wrest the independence of their people from the Syrian tyrants by whom they had been so long oppressed. Dr. Cornill's portrayal is as fascinating as a novel.

The illustrated article of the number is *The Dances of Death*, by Dr. Paul Carus, who traces the Christian conception of death through the late Middle Ages and early Modern Times. The famous death-dance cuts of Klein Basel, Gross Basel, of the great artists Holbein and Weigel, are reproduced in great profusion. One can trace more clearly in these illustrations the history of the death conception than in many large volumes.

The frontispiece to the January Open Court is a reproduction of a handsome steel engraving of the great French mathematician Laplace, the story of whose life is also told in this number; there are also an appreciation of his works and stories of Napoleon's relation to science.

There are also the words and music of a layman on Immortality, em-

bodily certain unmythological and purified religious conceptions, and Mr. Herman Balz has a fantasy called "A Vain Search for God," portraying the humility and ultimate frenzy of a deeply religious mind, unstrung by wrestling with the problems of the final philosophy. Numerous book reviews and notes on science, philosophy, and religion complete the number.

The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. \$1.00 annually. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London. 5s. 6d.)

*Life of Jesus*, by Ernest Renan, with many valuable illustrations. 400 pages, crown 8vo, paper, 50 cents; cloth, gilt top, 75 cents.

Although educated as a Catholic priest, Renan, from study and observation, became a philosopher. From his religious training he had learned to admire and respect the character and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, but his good sense and reason led him to disbelieve in the supernatural origin of the "Son of Mary." His reasons for this disbelief—this want of faith—are as follows, and are given in his own words:

Of the different works which M. Renan has written upon the History of the Origins of Christianity, his *Life of Jesus* has been received by the public with the greatest favor. Many translations of this book have been made from the original French edition, and many rival editions have been published in Europe and America. Thousands upon thousands of copies have been disposed of, and still the demand for the work has not ceased.

The present edition is reprinted from the thirteenth revised French edition, and the interesting Preface and the valuable Appendix from that edition have also been included. A portrait of Renan when a young man, and another from a photograph taken at Paris in his old age, have been added; also, a portrait of Renan's sister Henriette, a view of the house at Treguier in Brittany where Renan was born, views of the cloister, and cathedral at Treguier, under whose shadow the future author of the "*Vie de Jesus*" was brought up, a charming view of the Bay of Ghazier in Syria, where the *Life of Jesus* was written, and a view of Renan's quarters at Amschit, where Henriette Renan died.

From the great number of imaginary portraits of the "Son of Man," invented by the genius of Italian painters, we have selected that of Boccaccio Boccaccino for reproduction, it being judged the most worthy from an artistic point of view.

The *Last Supper*, by Leonardo da Vinci, will long be remembered by the superstitious, who believe that the accident to Judas, and the crucifixion of Jesus took place because there were thirteen persons present on that memorable occasion.

The *Descent from the Cross*, by Luca Cambiaso, equals, if it does not surpass in merit, the efforts of any of his rivals in the Italian school of painting.

For sale at this office.

ALL SORTS.

—T. B. Wakeman will conclude his series of articles on Thomas Paine in the February magazine.

—Reader, we desire you to immediately procure a club of five or more for this magazine at 75 cents a year.

—We are sure our readers will all be pleased to learn that George Jacob Holyoake, of England, is to be one of our regular editorial contributors.

—Col. Ingersoll's Thanksgiving sermon proves to be the most popular sermon that has been preached in Chicago for the last decade. Send 25 cents to this office for a copy.

—The Freethought Ideal is published semi-monthly at Washington, Kan., at the low price of 50 cents a year. It is a valuable Free Thought publication. Send two 2-cent postage stamps for a sample copy.

—We regret to learn that the Blue Grass Blade has been discontinued for want of support. We regret this very much, as it filled a place in the Liberal field that no other publication will be able to supply.

—J. A. Wise, of Kentucky, writes: "I have examined several Liberal publications, and have decided to subscribe for the Free Thought Magazine and the Open Court for next year, as I think them the best of all."

—Our editorial contributors for the present year will be George Jacob Holyoake, Helen H. Gardener, Judge C. B. Waite, Thaddeus B. Wakeman and B. F. Underwood. Where are to be found five abler Free Thought writers?

—Hon. Stephen Brewer, our life-long friend and a zealous advocate of Free Thought, of Cortland, N. Y., passed away a short time since. We hope to be able to give a somewhat extended

obituary notice of him in the February magazine.

—J. B. Elliott, of Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "At the sale of De Koecher's library in this city last month a copy of Thomas Paine's 'Common Sense,' printed by Bell in 1776, sold for \$7, and a copy of the first Paris edition of the 'Age of Reason' for \$2.75."

—Prof. W. S. Bell, the well-known Free Thought lecturer, has just published a valuable 44-page pamphlet entitled "Gospel Fabrications, or, A Glance at the Character of the Men Who Helped to Form the Four Gospels." The book is for sale at this office. Price, 15 cents.

—The Progressive Thinker of Chicago is a live, energetic publication. It engaged a shorthand reporter to take down Col. Ingersoll's Thanksgiving sermon and published it in full in the next issue of his journal. Brother Francis knows how to make his paper a great success.

—The Free Church Record, of Tacoma, Wash., we are glad to notice, is hereafter to be published monthly in place of bimonthly, as heretofore. The price is one dollar a year. We advise those of our readers who would like to see a very valuable publication to send 10 cents for a sample copy.

—An able, independent clergyman of Oregon writes in a private letter: "I could not do without the Free Thought Magazine. It is loaded to the guards with feasts of good things 'fit for the gods.'" The best of the ministers are fast coming our way. They leave nothing but error behind them.

—When we notice how some of the poor horses are used in our streets we are inclined to the belief that it will be a thousand years before the human family can be truly called civilized or humanized. The society to prevent cruelty to

dumb animals is one of the most important in this country, and every Free-thinker should assist in sustaining it.

—The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale said in a lecture in Boston that he found that nine out of ten in a class of girls in one of the city's public schools had never heard of Noah's ark.—Chicago Tribune.

And it is much better for any "class of girls" that they have never heard of the drunken captain of the old ark, and of much more disgusting and obscene matter in "God's Word."

—"Can Sins Be Forgiven" is the title of the first number of the Scientific Wisdom Series of Leaflets published by the Liberal University Company at Silverton, Ore. It is a splendid leaflet, and should be circulated by the million copies. Send \$1 for 500 copies and circulate them in your town. P. S.—Since writing the above we have decided to publish the Leaflet in this number of this magazine.

—The Little Freethinker seems to be prospering under its new management. The subscription list is increasing very fast, and everybody who reads it says it is just the thing for the children. One enthusiastic admirer declares that it fully meets the demand of the grown-up people in his intense orthodox community, and he is circulating it as a missionary tract. As it is only 25 cents a year, every Liberal should make it a point to place it in the hands of some child.

—Mr. Irvin H. Ecker, of White Hall, Wis., in a private letter, writes:

"The Thanatoikiad," in my judgment, should be put into pamphlet form. or, better still, in a nicely bound little volume for the center table. It is "honey on short-cake," and deserves to live as a companion of "Pollok's Course of Time," or "Dante's Inferno." Please say to De Zaring for me: "Never stop there in Dream Land, because if any one can draw like that with his eyes closed, he should have no fear now that he is awake." It is as far ahead of Jo-

seph's dream as the present is way ahead of two thousand years ago. P. S.—Mr. B. F. Wing, of this town, says he fully indorses all I have said.

—The Church Union says emphatically: "Find out what is true about the Bible and then tell that to us all, learned and unlearned alike. We can stand it and we want nothing else."—Chicago Tribune.

That is sound doctrine, and every honest Christian and every honest Free-thinker and every honest person ought to indorse it. We thank the Church Union for such brave words. We can all unite on that platform.

—Lemuel K. Washburn, the well-known Liberal, we are pleased to learn, has resumed his former position of editor of the Boston Investigator, and that our able young friend, Ralph Washburn Chainey, has been promoted to the office of associated editor. Under the editorial management of these competent, worthy and distinguished Free-thinkers, the Investigator will be sure to maintain the position it has held for the last sixty years, that of the leading Free Thought journal of America.

—We suggested some months ago that the Free Lovers, in place of crowding themselves into the Free Thought ranks, organize by themselves. We are pleased to learn from "Lucifer" that they have accepted our advice and that on Nov. 18 organized a national association, to be known as the Free Propaganda, with the following officers:

President—Lillian Harman, Chicago.

Vice President—Robert C. Adams, Montreal.

Secretary-Treasurer—Anna Stirling, New York.

Manager of Propaganda—E. C. Walker, New York.

Legislative Agent—James F. Morton, Jr. Boston.

If any of our readers desire to learn anything more about this new association they will please address the secre-

tary or manager, E. C. Walker, 244 West 143d street, New York City.

—Several days ago Miss Helen Ash, the daughter of Mrs. I. N. Ash, living at No. 221 East Forty-Seventh street, was taken seriously ill. Mrs. Ash, who is a prominent member of the Kenwood Club and a firm believer in Christian Science, decided that she would treat the illness of her daughter without the aid of a physician. Miss Ash, who was a student at Armour Institute, was also a Christian Scientist and agreed with her mother in regard to the treatment. They decided to resort only to prayer as a curative of the disease. For a short time the fervent prayers seemed to be answered and the girl gained in strength. But soon the ailment took a firmer hold on its victim and she grew gradually weaker. The mother lengthened the seasons of worship and the daughter became more earnest in her prayers for health. In spite of the rigid manner in which the doctrine of Christian Science was carried out the patient grew worse until Tuesday evening, when she died. Yesterday a doctor was called in to issue a certificate of death. He refused and to-day an inquest will be held.—*Inter Ocean*, Dec. 2.

If the Bible be true, these Christian Scientists are the genuine Christians, for the Bible says: "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up," James v., 14, 15. The mistake these people make is calling themselves Christian Scientists. They are merely Christians.

—A distinguished Unitarian writes to us as follows:

"The theories of Free Thought have had a wonderful career. I do not suppose there is a highly educated clergyman now in any denomination who believes what the less educated members of his congregation consider essential to Christianity, and, but for the marvelous elasticity of the clerical conscience, there

would be no well-read clergyman in the orthodox communions, nor can I say that I think even Unitarians are altogether free from this vice. But, by putting esoteric interpretations upon words which in all ages of the church's history, until recently, have borne a definite meaning, it becomes possible to affirm that the biblical authors were indeed inspired, but Shakspeare was inspired, too, and so inspiration does not by any means import infallibility; that miracles certainly occur, for the growth of every blade of grass is a miracle; and for Prophecy—why, Carlyle and Ruskin were prophets. I have often thought that if any one could give the time necessary to extract, from such writings of Divines and Divinity Professors as are intended only for professional circulation, passages disclosing their true opinions respecting the Bible and supernaturalism, the result would create a sensation among the theologically unlearned.

"At the same time, I think that the more important work for Freethinkers at the present day lies on the constructive side. The Unitarians have already recognized this, and controversial sermons are rarely, if ever, now heard in this country from Unitarian pulpits. But in order to be a consistent Unitarian, one must admit three dogmas, nor will any paper be accepted by a Unitarian publication, nor tolerated from a Unitarian pulpit, which contravenes any of the three. These are (1) that the Power which has formed and maintains the universe is conscious and intelligent; (2) that this Power is Just, Kind, Truthful, Covenant-keeping, and Pure, and (3) that the consciousness of man will continue after the death of his body. The evidence appears to be to be against the second and third of these propositions, and, though it is a source of deep pain to me that it should be so (and the more so because I think it favorable to the first), yet I feel that I am in some measure playing false to my convictions by remaining a Unitarian even, though it is better than nothing. The great office which the Free Thought movement can

discharge for man is to show that the foundations of high character are independent of all, and therefore of these three, theological dogmata. The unfortunate system of educating children to believe that moral obligation rests upon theological belief, and especially on the belief in God and in a hereafter, must, if they afterward come to disbelieve these dogmata, do great injury to their characters, and through them to mankind. And that the dogma of the future life is now generally disbelieved is admitted by Sir Edwin Arnold in his book on the subject, in which he endeavors to prove the dogma with very indifferent success."

—It would seem, from the following, from the Buffalo Express, that the Old Devil is around again "seeking whom he may devour." We publish the account for the benefit of revival preachers. If they will read it in a pious, dramatic manner, in connection with the story of "Tom" Paine's deathbed scene, it will doubtless bring "sinners" to the mourners' bench in great numbers:

Tweed, Ont., Dec. 5.—A very strange thing occurred at a Hornerite meeting held at the meeting-house of that sect, situated seven miles north of Madoc, known as McCoy's. The night of the occurrence was dark and dismal, and one well calculated to strike terror into the stoutest hearts upon the slightest cause for alarm.

The people came as usual to their place of meeting, an old wooden building, through the cracks and crevices of which the wind blew with many a ghostly and weird sound, and as they gathered together there seemed an indescribable something about the place which they knew not, but which created an uneasy, restless feeling about them, impossible to describe.

As the meeting progressed, and as the

preacher arrived at that part of his discourse in which he had occasion to speak of the devil, there arose immediately in their midst, through and from beneath the floor, a spectre so awful in appearance that the audience and preacher alike were wholly paralyzed with fear. The latter had hardly ceased speaking when there rang out a voice terrible to hear:

"I am the devil. I'll have you. Ha, ha, ha."

Fire issued from the mouth and nostrils. He need not have proclaimed himself; from his appearance his identification was an easy matter. He is described as having two horns, one protruding from either side of the head, a cloven foot and a clanking chain, two flaming eyes like balls of fire and a large appendage at the rear. His ears were perpendicular and pointed at the top, and a fiery blaze encircled his whole body and head. His figure was tall and slim and his position erect, and when he spoke the building shook as if by an earthquake.

He had not yet ceased his sardonic "Ha, ha," when the terrified people and preacher alike rushed pell-mell for the door, over seats and one another in their frantic endeavors to rid themselves of so awful a presence. Following them closely, this fiery fiend's sardonic voice was again heard and seemed more terrible than before. "I am the devil. I'll have you. Ha, ha, ha."

No further warning was needed. The terrified people fled in all directions, leaving His Satanic Majesty in full possession of their meeting-house.

So fully convinced are these people that they saw the devil that they have abandoned the building, and no meetings have been held there since. It is also said that a Hornerite will now travel several miles around rather than pass by it.

Vol. V.

JANUARY, 1898.

No. 2.

*" 'Tis education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."*

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# The Little Freethinker

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EDITOR:

Elmina Drake Slenker, "Aunt Elmina,"  
SNOWVILLE, PULASKI COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

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# FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1898.

## THOMAS PAINE'S FUNDAMENTAL AND PRACTICAL REMEDIES.

BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

For liberty, like religion, is a short and hasty fruit, and like all power subsists only by new rallyings on the source of inspiration.—Emerson's Fortune of the Republic.

The people are right-minded enough on ethical questions, but they must pay their debts, and must have the means of living well, and not pinching.—Same.

We have seen the great party of property and education in the country drivelling and huckstering away, for views of party fear or advantage, every principle of humanity and dearest hopes of mankind; the trustees of power only energetic when mischief could be done, imbecile as corpses when evil was to be prevented.—Same.

I N former articles we have shown that Thomas Paine was the real founder of the American Republic, of the Republic of France, and, in fact, the Father of all modern, that is of all true, Republicanism that has been, or will be, in the future. But the greatest result of the recent "resurrection" of the "Author-Hero" of the Revolutions of a hundred years ago, is the conclusive evidence that he was the great international and practical reformer and statesman who of all men has pointed out how the Republics resulting from those revolutions can be safely preserved and successfully administered. This assertion may seem at first extravagant. But it will not be difficult to bring the matter to a test. It is generally admitted that we live in difficult and troublous times, chiefly because the people generally do not know how to adjust religious, political and economic affairs to the conditions and demands which have grown out of the revolutions of the last century. In a word, we do not know how to wisely reap the harvest which it was the glory of the great Revolutionists to have sown. To whom, then, should we turn with a greater hope of valuable assistance than to the one who of all others was the inspirer of those great changes?

Let us, then, see if the fundamental reforms, measures and remedies

prescribed by Thomas Paine are not in fact the very ones for which the people have been blindly groping, and which we must practically rely upon, if we are ever to save the Republic, and find our way out to better times and more hopeful conditions. What, then, were the great remedies which Paine prescribed? We think we may number them from the fundamental one upwards, according to the order of their increasing generality, from the race to the individual, thus,—

**5. The Independent Citizen.**

(That is, the free, educated and patriotic man, as the result of all.)

**4. Agrarian and Economic Justice.**

(The human providence to abolish poverty.)

**3. The Republic of the World.**

(Based upon federal republics of the peoples.)

**2. The Philosophy of Science.**

(The knowable solution of the world.)

**1. The Religion of Humanity.**

(The source of all scientific and republican inspiration.)

The more these five grand subjects are considered as a pyramid—each resting upon the others in the order above suggested—the more it will become evident that they must produce and sustain each other in the order as numbered, and that the attention of the people must be thrown with emphasis upon each of them, if educated citizens with a will and power to save themselves and to realize the purposes of a true Republic are ever to result. Read up to see how the independent citizen is to be produced. Read down to see the foundations upon which he must rest.

Let us glance at the practical importance of these great fundamentals in the order named—reading up and then down:—

1. "The Religion of Humanity."—This remarkable, may we not say, epoch-making phrase, seems to have been originated by Paine, and appears for the first time in the seventh number of *The Crisis*, November, 1778. He there regards it as the highest tribunal of the collective human race and consciousness; the ultimate sense of right, rising above all other sanctions and authorities, and with a universality from which none could escape. Into this august Tribunal of the Race he cites for condemnation the British King, his ministers and armies, with sublime effect. The recognition of this highest criterion of the right and wrong of human conduct gives a new, a human, and an earthly measure and guide by which the affairs and conduct of human affairs was to be thereafter judged



and regulated. It at once displaced the old Theological "Day of Judgment," with its God, Angels, and Devils, and placed the true sanction of all human conduct in the heart and conscience of Man, present and future! Mr. Conway has well said (*Paine's Life*, Vol. II., pp. 205-222) that Paine did not mean by this phrase exactly (p. 218) what the great Positivist Philosopher and Religionist, Auguste Comte, afterwards meant by it. It may be well that he did not, but its use indicated at once the new era, when Humanity—the love, fellowship and fraternity of man in working out the general welfare of our race—was the highest good and duty on this earth. It was the new motive, the mainspring of the new era, which our Revolution was bringing forth and therefore appealed to. It said that the Religion of God and of Kings by his grace, and of selfish, inhuman greed and motives were displaced and were henceforth to be of the past. That Paine did not use this phrase accidentally or without the deepest feeling and meaning is evident from his many expressions showing that it described the motive and inspiration of all of his life and works. Thus to the Abbe Sieyes he writes in 1791 (*Works*, Vol. III., p. 10):

"I am the avowed, open, and intrepid enemy of what is called Monarchy; and I am such by principles which nothing can either alter or corrupt—by my attachment to humanity; by the anxiety which I feel within myself for the dignity and honor of the human race."

Many passages of similar import might be quoted if space permitted, but enough of them are indicated in the above references to Conway's *Life and Works*. Paine's rebellion was fundamentally one of the Religion of Humanity against the Religion of Inhumanity by "the grace of God." It was the first great change to the human point of view, and necessarily involved the Philosophy of Science instead of the old Philosophy, or explanation of the world, by Revelation and its Theologies.

2. The Philosophy of Science, follows as the necessary intellectual consequence of a Religion of human relations, duties and aspirations. The old Philosophies of Revelation, Theology, Theosophy and Metaphysics were logically abandoned, and in their place there arose a Philosophy, or solution, of the knowable, by arranging the Special Sciences so as to make a synthesis of human knowledge, commencing with the stars and sun, and going through the earthly Physics and Chemistry, and then through Biology, Sociology, and ending with Man and his Morals or Ethics.

Paine's devotion to human interests was, therefore, always attended with an enthusiasm for Science, and not alone for its practical results, as in iron bridge building—but, as old Lucretius put it, because it was the basis

of Man's emancipation from superstition, and the only mainstay and assurance of a human religion, education and welfare. Not only did Paine anticipate Auguste Comte by his phrase, "Religion of Humanity," but also he anticipated "The Positive Philosophy," built out of a correlative arrangement of the special sciences above indicated. The main purpose of the first part of the "Age of Reason" is to impress upon the mind of the reader the "laws and principles," as revealed to us by Mathematics, Astronomy and the other Special Sciences, instead of the Revelation and Theologies of the old religion. Thus we have the "True System of the Universe" explained in Chapters 11 to 17, inclusive. His exposition of Science there made is a Philosophy, in place of Revelation, such as to make it a sure cure for the superstitions of Christianity, and a healthy means of bringing the mind of man back to a knowledge of the laws of the actual world, and of his consequent human relations and duties. Unless upon this scientific foundation he shows that there could be no solid basis for human society, government and welfare,—no true realization of man's position in this world, nor education for its duties. A religion of Man, and a consequent Philosophy of the Sciences, he laid down as the necessary conditions of the "Republic of Man," which only, as he pointed out, could secure human liberty and welfare.

3. Republican Government.—The idea of a true Republican government based upon the co-operation of independent and equal citizens, without slavery, or caste or class distinctions of individuals, was really Paine's personal invention. It was the result of his Quakerism, with its independence from church and king, inspired by the Religion of Humanity, and resting upon the Philosophy of Science. The preamble to the Declaration of Independence was an echo of his "Common Sense," with a touch of French coloring from Rousseau, which added nothing to its strength, and which Paine had to explain away in his "Rights of Man," and "First Principles of Government," so as to show how, in what sense, all men are equal. Thus in the "Rights of Man" (Works, Vol. II., p. 386), we read: "Men are born, and always continue, free and equal, 'in respect of their rights.' Civil distinctions, therefore, can be founded only on public utility."

The words last above quoted explain the "Immortal Declaration" into the common sense intended, but not clearly expressed, by it.

Thus it was, that government "of, for and by the people" originated among men. Its announcement in Paine's "Common Sense" was seized upon by the American people with the utmost avidity, for they had no other practical solution but his Democratic Republic as the object and re-

sult of their independence. But Paine's ultimate conception was the "Republic of the World" to be formed by the federation of the Republics of the peoples. That was his favorite toast, and the one he gave on his way to France. (See Conway's Works, Vol. II., p. 259.) But whether that Republic can be now sustained depends upon the possibility of maintaining free, independent and intelligent citizens, and that upon the next great consideration, to wit: Must man become a slave in order to live? That question Paine solved in (what he thought) his greatest work—

4. "Agrarian Justice,"—and its consequent republican, social and industrial economics. Mr. Conway tells us that Paine was greatly impressed with the importance of this pamphlet, which he wrote in 1797, for the French People and Republic. He intended his "Agrarian Justice" to take the place of "Agrarian Law," which had been making the French very troublous agitations. It is certainly one of the most important of his works, and just as usefully suggestive to-day as it was when written. The Republic in America and France was then on trial, as to its economics, as it still is, and the question was and is, How can there be liberty and fraternity without an equality of livelihood which will banish the extremes of wealth and poverty and their consequences? As Paine had been the first to announce the modern Republic, he achieved the next greatest glory of his life in laying upon firm foundations, of Equity and Justice, the social and economic equality of human providence, by which only a true Republic can long continue to exist. It is very strange that our modern social reformers should allow this solution of that difficulty by the founder of our Republic to remain practically unknown to its people. There they will find condensed in a few pages the substance of all that has made Henry George and Mr. Clarke famous, and yet more! And with it a practical scheme that makes the Republic co-operative and self-sustaining as an organized instrument of unlimited production, and of just and natural distribution. By it the wealth, that society inevitably creates in land values and personal property, upon the death of the holder would revert to society as a matter of inheritance, so as to be distributed as a matter of "Agrarian" and economic justice to the people in equal equity as its producers. There would be no difficult taxation or machinery to effect this, but only a taking of the "social increment" by society as to that extent the equitable heir and distributee of the deceased. The amount of the estate would graduate the amount to be thus paid—the larger the more. The payment would be in the form of dividends by means of annuities, so that the increased production would increase the wealth of the whole community as well as of

the individuals who might be the social instruments in effecting it. The social consumption would be arranged so as to be more economical and complete than ever before known, and such consumption would again call into existence increasing production, and an ever increasing and sustained welfare of the community. Additional motives for production, if needed, could be inspired by social or economic honors, rewards or advantages.

Where monopoly of production resulted, as has been the case as to "natural monopolies," and from the use of machinery and accumulated capital, the society would evidently control and, if necessary, operate the production for the public benefit. Thus transportation, mining, and common necessities like oil, sugar and foods, would be a public concernment as to production and consumption, which would reciprocally bring each other into play for the general benefit. Nor need the common necessities of material support, like food, clothing and shelter, be distributed by money, or prior exchange into money-values, but rather it would result by barter or exchange of services and commodities upon the basis of use-values or checks or notes indicating such values in special things. The dividend system would thus replace the wage system. Nor need we stand appalled by Prof. Huxley's terrific "Fiend of Fecundity." Immigration would be restricted by proper laws, and increase of population by honors or rewards, if necessary. But where is the limit of food production?

We thus indicate the answers Paine would have made to the modern objectors to his plan—and now inquire what would be the result? Why, certainly, the practical abolition of poverty, and the terrible curse of anxiety as to livelihood, which more and more makes life "not worth living." That dooms the great majority of the "civilized" peoples to "wage-slavery," and consequent dependence, in which they cannot own their votes, nor care for the Republic or any public concern. But as soon as material support is the natural, social and economic inheritance and result of being born a human being, and of exerting a small amount of human skill and labor, the higher education and results thereof will insure interest in the political welfare of the Republic, and the ennobling aspirations, arts, and enjoyments will be the common possibility to all and delight of all. The death of children, women, and even men, by practical starvation or anxiety about the necessities of life, will belong to the horrid nightmares of the past. Why not?

5. The Independent Citizen was the great object which Paine sought to be achieved by the four great remedies we have already described, all of which practically originated with him, for that great purpose. He saw,

and said, that no Republic could exist unless its people could be born independent and kept so. Only such citizens could exercise the virtues by which the Republic was originated. What he foresaw is plainly coming upon us. The many are more and more the dependents of the few. He who controls the means and conditions of life controls the life itself. It is ostrich-like folly to close our eyes to the concentration of wealth and power and political control. To talk of people being "born equal as to their rights," is no more true now in our Republic than in a Monarchy. The conditions of "equal opportunity" are gone, and the Republic, after every election, is more and more a name—a name only! Wealth which has been proved to be more and more social in its origin, as skilled labor, capital and machinery aid in its production, is not social in its distribution and enjoyment. The wage system is a horrid failure as a just mode of distribution. The result is that "Agrarian and Economic Justice" which Paine saw was the absolute necessity of any Republic or Liberty in France just one hundred years ago, is now the only condition upon which our Republic can continue, for exactly the same or worse difficulties are here. It becomes, therefore, the first obligation upon all patriots and Liberals to protect the Republic, and their own and their children's welfare, not from hostile enemies from abroad, but from hostile conditions which the progress of civilization itself, because not properly administered, but neglected, has brought upon us.

The anarchy of "laissez-faire" will no longer save the Republic from the dangers that Paine foresaw. The independent citizen, who can own his vote because he owns and controls his livelihood, must be resurrected or the Republic cannot survive. Paine foresaw all this, and with wonderful foresight, wisdom and sagacity left us the remedy as the greatest legacy he could have left us. Shall we let the Republic and the liberty, equality, fraternity and welfare it stands for fail, because we are too degenerate to apply the courage, wisdom and present sacrifice that may be necessary to make the remedy effective? As sure as there is a sun in the sky, unless the people arouse themselves to go against the money and banking, land, transportation and industrial monopolies in 1900, just as Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine did against the Federalists and their similar monopolies and theocracies of 1800, the immeasurable blessings of Liberty, which they planned, fought for and left as the priceless inheritance to us, and through us for the "Republic of the World," will be lost forever! The Voices of Paine and Jefferson rise from their works and their graves in solemn admonition as to the part every lover of liberty and

of his kind will take in the great contest, which, like their own, will determine the fate of the future.

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### THE CLERICAL FACE.

BY J. B. WILSON, M. D.

THE expression of the features depends more upon the moral nature than most persons are accustomed to think. True beauty is in the mind. As the language of the face is universal, so is it very comprehensive. It is the shorthand of the mind, and crowds a great deal in a little room. The strokes are small, but so masterly drawn that you may easily collect the image and proportions of what they resemble. Thus, a countenance habitually under the influence of pure thoughts and amiable feelings acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such thoughts and feelings are the originating causes of the movements or expressions which stamp their character upon it. A man's look is the work of years. It is stamped upon his countenance by the events and thoughts of his whole life, and cannot be wholly effaced.

Priests of the Catholic religion have faces peculiar and common only to themselves, unlike in form, expression and movement to that of any order of men upon earth. The type is the same everywhere, disregardless of both race and climate, showing that the same thoughts, habits and events leave their universal imprint upon the face. Likewise the clergy of the various branches of Puritanical Protestantism present facial types almost equally distinct and universal. In every human countenance is portrayed the history of the individual.

Cicero wrote, "The countenance is the portrait of the soul." Picture, then, the soul which is depicted in the face of the average Catholic priest, or in that of the orthodox Puritanical fanatic, in both of which, the evil and ungentle passions look out so hideous and hateful. We will deal, here, mostly with the priest face, because it is the most distinct type, owing to the greater antiquity and universality of his religion.

The life of a priest is supposed to be one of piety and holy contemplation. They are supposed to possess elegant and polished intellects, sharpened with superior education, and brightened with divine wisdom, which Deity chooses that they, alone, may safely and truthfully impart to the races of men. They are supposed to cultivate taste, refinement and the sweetness of a happy and contented mind. They are supposed to keep the heart pure and the soul illuminated by a constant chastisement of the body's appetites. They, alone, are supposed to direct and show mankind

the steep and thorny road to heaven, without ever having a thought, themselves, of the primrose path. Guarded as they are, by all that is sacred in thought and deed, their lives dedicated to personal sacrifice and charitable works, the natural result and expectancy would be to see such lives mirrored in their countenances.

"The face is as legible as a book and as easy of perusal." The truly pure mind which associates itself with high, mighty and humane thoughts is never reflected in such faces as those borne by the holy priesthood. Compare the face of Charles Sumner to that of the average Catholic priest; the countenance of Ingersoll to that of Satolli; the countenance of Herbert Spencer to that of Talmage. When priests appear upon the street beside men of character and pure lives, their faces speak for themselves. Before the public they generally appear sober; but their bloated bodies and red and puffed faces plainly reveal the orgies which high walls and closed blinds daily conceal. Compare the face of the priest with that of the average laity, of equal or less intelligence and education, and observe which reflects the most candor, truthfulness, human kindness and nobility of soul. It is expected of a man who continually abides in the atmosphere of piety, and in close communion with holy and divine things, that he should, at least, possess the healthy color of sobriety and virtue. But travel the world over and the same dissipated and beastly appearance, the result of a sham religious system of beastly license, characterize them all. A priesthood which will grant unprincipled and vile indulgences, will not hesitate to practice the same.

It is noticed that young men studying for the priesthood have a temperate look, are kindly-faced, modest, manly and frequently of the intellectual type. The start is good; but how quick the transformation when the student life ceases, and they are initiated into the gross indulgences of the priesthood. The kindly and intellectual face soon changes to the coarse, vulgar and sinister countenance, and the thin, muscular frame, to the gluttonous and debauched body. "God gives them one face and they make themselves another." If the education of a priest is truly religious and refining, and his life pure and exemplary, his features and body will present the appearance of a virtuous, refined and temperate man.

These qualities affect all men alike, and the priest is no exception. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features. Any meanness or sensuality begins at once to imbrute him. With but few exceptions, every priest has a mean and sensual look, and in their persons, fully two-thirds of them present the appearance of marketable swine. Intelligent

men and women as they pass them on the street, instinctively recoil from a religion which is so vulgarly represented in its teachers. Artists have pictured priests, more than any other class of men, and almost invariably associate them with wine-cellars, or in a confessional intrigue with a beautiful woman.

The corpulency of priests is often accredited to their sedentary and celibate manner of living. In striking contrast, however, the same conditions have an entirely different effect upon nuns. It is not a physiological fact that such a difference should exist. The same celibacy, confinement, and incessant devotion upon the part of nuns, produce thin bodies, vacant, subdued, pale, thoughtless but temperate faces.

Of all the striking dissimilarities which the same religious conditions impart to the human features, there is none so distinctly marked as that existing between the priest face and the nun face, unless it be, perhaps, that existing between the priest face and the puritanical preacher face. In this instance, the worship of the same God and Savior, and the adherence, practically, to the same tenets of belief, have produced two types of countenance, as widely different in cast and expression, as exist between any two races of men upon earth. A Dutchman and an Irishman, or a Russian and a Spaniard, or a Chinaman and a Hindoo, are no less distinguishable in feature and expression than a Catholic priest and a Presbyterian preacher. Each is a type distinct unto himself. Their individuality has been well portrayed in Heston's cartoons. Just why a similar religious belief and practice, in all save a few matters of form—just why the same exercise of holiness should produce such contrary facial effects—is somewhat a mystery. It cannot be attributed to sedentary habits, for such is the manner of living of both. By some, the difference is attributed to celibacy and fasting on the part of the priest. No one believes this pretension. The priest looks like neither a celibate nor a faster. His appearance belies the claim. The easy means of indulgence with which he carefully surrounds himself, further belies the claim. Consequently, this difference chiefly depends upon the variance of the religious habit; and as they worship and pray to the same Divinity; this variance must chiefly consist in the form of worship. The question now arises, will such differences in the religious habit as exist between the two, produce such a marked difference in facial and physical features. Most certainly. If not, why do they exist?

Dr. Lombroso has proven that the camel was originally a straight-backed animal of the llama family, and that its hump is due to its em-



ployment as a burden bearer for so many ages. As the result of being burdened with heavy loads, a growth or hypertrophy formed upon the spine, which gradually increased in size through thousands of years, until it became a fixed anatomical feature, and the animal eventually bred offspring of its own shape. It is seen that as the camel is less used as a beast of burden, the hump is gradually decreasing in size.

The English bull-dog is undergoing the same evolution. Originally a common cur, for hundreds of years he was trained and used for baiting bulls. As long as he was thus trained and used, his jaws and teeth grew heavier and stronger, and his features more vicious and brutal. Within the last century the practice of baiting bulls has ceased, and the change of employment of the animal, as well as exercise of his mind have so changed his facial and physical features and disposition, that he has grown to be an entirely different appearing animal, and in another hundred years he will represent a distinct type of canine from that of his ancestors. The bull-dog which sprang from the cur, from lack of further employment of the mental instinct to bait bulls, is doomed to ultimate extinction.

It cannot be denied that Christian training develops a vicious instinct, and accordingly shapes the human features. The mind cannot entertain a more vicious thought than that of an eternal hell. From this idea, Christianity develops hate, bigotry, egotism, selfishness, intolerance, persecution, and even massacre. Just as the common cur, from the long training and practice of baiting bulls, developed a thick neck, heavy shoulders, and a vicious countenance, so have the abnormal and vicious thoughts of the punishment of hell, the selfishness of special salvation, and the intolerance of opposition, developed in the priesthood, a distinct type of man, of vicious countenance and combative nature. Again, as the vicious features of the bull-dog, both of face and body, change in form with the change of mental occupation, likewise the brutal face of the priest, and the hard, intolerant face of the preacher take on an expression of benevolence and sympathy, just as they cast aside the morbid, cruel thoughts to which they have accustomed themselves to believing. The laity do not have this form and expression of feature, simply because their minds less constantly dwell upon the cruel and vicious tenets of religion. Such expression, however, is never lacking in those of the laity who grow fanatical and intolerant. The moment that such thoughts become the controlling influence of the mind, that moment the face is marked with the hardness of intolerance and the jaws set with the vindictive and relentless grip of the bull-dog.

Religion springs from ignorance; the practice of it from fear. Fear

develops combativeness. Combativeness develops intolerance. Intolerance develops selfishness and hate. All these naturally provide a punishment for the opposition of thought. Long and constant association of the mind with these primary instincts and principles of religion, cannot help but imbrute the countenance. The faces of such men are not naturally human, because they do not associate the mind with nature. Instead their minds are employed in investigating the supernatural, entertaining the fear of hell, and devising a cruel punishment for those of opposing opinions. The inevitable result is that every orthodox clerical countenance is stamped, more or less, with the brand of malignant cruelty. It becomes the restless reserve of his being. That he does not employ it, at the present time, as in the past, is only from lack of opportunity and power. But there it exists, latent and slumbering, as seen in their faces. There is only wanting a large physical majority, and the feeling of security, to ignite this inflammable religious instinct into a blaze of righteous vindictiveness. What other could be the governing instinct of people who worship a God, who is Himself an eternal torturer? Such instincts are written as plainly upon the face as music or art or cunning or avariciousness on any other controlling thought, and accordingly shape the features. Look at the orthodox priest face, low-browed, beefy, vicious, cunning and sensual. Look at the orthodox preacher face—hard, severe, lean, grinding, brutal, intolerant and vindictive. Both alike bear plainly the marks of the bull-dog, the executioner, the impostor and the scamp. The chief distinction between the priest face and the preacher face is that one is bloated and the other is not. Were the look of intemperance added to the preacher countenance, it would be the most repulsive and forbidding of the two.

As before stated, any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features. What a difference is seen between the orthodox clerical face and the unorthodox clerical face.

There are many clerical faces, serene, peaceful and humane in expression, and stamped with a high order of benevolence and intellectuality. But in every instance this change of feature from the brute to the human, is due to discarding from the mind the idea of an avenging God; to their refusal to impute to the Almighty atrocities which they themselves would not commit; and, further, to their acquired liberality of opinions, and association of the mind with art, science, nature, current literature, and the intellectual drift of the times.

Doubtless the human face is the most interesting of all studies, the grandest of all mysteries. Addison thus describes it: "Nature has laid out

all her art in beautifying the face. She has touched it with vermilion, planted it with a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lightened it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as to set all its beauties in the most agreeable light."

That nature is the most skillful artist, all artists freely admit. She tints the lily with a gossamer brush, all too fine for human hold or touch; tangles the moonlight in a rippling stream; paints, in myriad blendings, glorious October forest foliage; shapes and colors the human face with charms unspeakable, over which play, like summer winds billow the ripening fields, every human emotion—the lively thoughts, the tell-tale love, and the unconscious blush. In countless thousands of her works thus nature defies all imitation. But like the artist class, nature is often capricious and eccentric. She has her moods of sunshine and shadow, of storm and repose, of likes and dislikes. It is certain she did not hide her temper when she cast the besotted and brutal countenance which characterizes the Catholic priesthood; or the sinister, glaring, diabolical leer which is stamped upon the face of the orthodox Puritan. One of nature's inexorable laws is, that every abuse has its readable shame. When the mind or body is abused by the indulgence of impure, inhumane, cruel and vindictive thoughts, or by physical excesses, nature is swift in her punishment, and the dungeon of the heart lets every vice escape that they may be seen at the windows of the face.

The clerical face, then, marked and stamped with sensuality, intolerance, intellectual domination, hate, the revenge of hell, cunning and hypocrisy, is but nature's plain and unmistakable seal of disapproval of the secret violations and abuses which both body and mind have suffered.

It is a law of nature that every type of man shall possess a face to correspond with his thoughts and profession. The clerical face, in some respects, is an acquired exception. While bearing the marks of a well-trained piety, a peculiar blending of trickery is seen to mingle with its saintly expression of devotion. It has that "smile and smile and still be a villain" expression that no other face has. There is that about it which excites distrust instead of confidence. This peculiar type of face must greatly change if the Christian religion would make further progression among the educated masses. It is only through fear of it that it commands reverence and tribute to-day from the ignorant laity. The world is fast learning that it is a face with hell pictured in it,—a face with an evil

purpose; a trained and educated face, such as Lady Macbeth, with the murder of Duncan in her heart, directed her lord to wear,—

“Your face, my Thane, is a book where men  
May read strange matters; to beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye;  
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under it.”

Cincinnati, Ohio.

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### THE AFFIRMATIONS OF FREE THOUGHT.

H. W. B. MACKAY.

THE Free Thought movement may, I think, fairly claim to have passed beyond the stage in which it need be occupied in criticizing the views of its opponents. Learned divines are busy in demolishing the structure which their predecessors raised, and all that is necessary is to make their discoveries intelligible and accessible to the unlearned public. How they reconcile their solemn assent to the dogmas which they deny must be left to themselves.

As a constructive system, however, Free Thought largely holds the destinies of mankind in its hands. People who are taught in childhood to believe that the duties of Justice and Kindliness have no other basis than reverence for God and hopes and fears relative to the world to come, are likely, if, in after life, they find the fatherhood of God, and even his very existence, doubtful, and the future life still more so, to let the superstructure go with the foundation on which it was built, and to abandon themselves to self-indulgence and an exaggerated individualism. Such men will show but little inclination to help one another;—a nation of such men will be without public spirit, and, even if it does not become the prey of conquest, its institutions will fall away and be replaced by others, more oppressive, but better calculated to weld its inhabitants together. And the private are equally in peril with the public virtues. That body of men, that social force, therefore, which shall found character on a basis independent of dogma must do more than any other both for the stability of the national institutions and for the happiness of its citizens. This Christianity cannot do, nor can any other form of revealed religion, for dogma is of its essence;—we may say that in it ethics exist for theology rather than theology for ethics. And even Unitarianism cannot do it; for, though Unitarianism affirms as a theoretic proposition that character may be independent of dogma, it yet insists on three dogmata with such deter-

mination as to lead to the inference that it really conceives character to be founded upon them. These dogmata are, the existence of the Mind-back-of-nature, His goodness, and the continuance of human consciousness after the death of the body. There is nothing objectionable in these dogmata themselves, as there is in those peculiar to the other Christian denominations. On the contrary, they are extremely beautiful. A Father, possessed of superhuman wisdom and power, yet also full of tenderness, guiding men as his children through the difficulties of an everlasting life, of which a small preliminary portion is spent on earth:—men, all great children, members of one family, their wars and contentions but the quarrels of the nursery, repeated on a scale somewhat larger from the finite point of view, but equally small from the standpoint of the infinite; their sufferings merely so much fatherly discipline, designed to evolve a more perfect character. All this is very beautiful, and no one can take any harm from believing it. I do think the conscience is shocked and the moral nature deteriorated by a belief in the dogmas of the other Christian denominations; but the only difficulty in the way of Unitarianism is the Evidence, which does not point to a continuance of consciousness after death; nor to a tender Father behind nature, nor even a sternly just one; but rather to a Pharoah intent only on promoting his own glory by manifesting his sovereignty and making his power known—hardly an object for admiring contemplation by a moral agent, like Man. And the very fact that such a character does not elicit admiration from us, but revulsion of feeling, shows that our moral nature has a foundation independent of theology; that theology, if it is to continue to exist, must be the servant of ethics, and not ethics the servant of theology.

The determination of this basis of ethics, and the cultivation of such ethics in all men independently of their theological prepossessions, is the contribution which Free Thought must bring to the wealth of the world; and it is one which no other system is capable of bringing. The exposure of the follies of its opponents is too small an object to occupy a great movement any longer; especially as, after all, they are put forward with a good intention. They are but the efforts of narrow minds to philosophize on great subjects; and, to do the Bible justice, I do not think much Christian theology is to be found there.

But the determination of the true basis of ethics is admittedly a task of great difficulty. Yet it is a matter of common remark that, when the solution of a puzzling problem is found, it often proves to be very simple. I think this holds good of the present problem. The ordinary use of

language,—the habit of naming by the same word physical and moral good, physical and moral evil, suggests the solution. Whatever gives me pleasure I approve as “good;” whatever gives me pain I disapprove as “evil.” But what gives me pleasure or pain may proceed from the will of another. Therefore, the will of another to cause me pleasure I approve as “good,” and the will of another to cause me pain I disapprove as “evil.” Thus far we can get in early childhood. As we grow older, the emotion of sympathy and the intellectual faculty of generalization, co-operating together, extend these sentiments of approbation and disapprobation to cases in which the will to cause pleasure or pain has not me, but another, for its object; and, last of all, even to cases in which the will is mine, and the object is another. Eventually, it is found that, sometimes, what causes present pain is productive of greater future advantage, and then this also is approved as good, though the first impulse was to pronounce it evil. And again, it is found that, sometimes, what causes present pleasure is productive of greater future loss; and then this is disapproved as evil, though the first impulse was to pronounce it good. On this latter ground, intemperance and excess are pronounced evil; and here also the will to do that which has been adjudged evil is itself adjudged evil, and the will to do that which has been adjudged good is itself adjudged good. But next,—all this philosophy is modified by the sentiment of indignation, culminating in Vengeance. Pain or evil must be resisted, and, if possible, thrown off; and, in cases where this pain or evil is inflicted by another, the process of resisting generally involves the infliction of pain upon that other. The act of self-protection raises the emotion of antagonism, which develops into indignation; and vengeance is regarded as good because it affords protection against evil. In this way an exception is established to the rule that the will to cause suffering to another is evil. Experience, however, accumulated through generations, shows that individuals are apt to make mistakes in the infliction of retribution; and the reasonableness of remitting the decision as to guilt and the apportionment of punishment to an impartial tribunal comes to be recognized. In this way a distinction is established between private revenge and public justice. The latter is still approved as good, but the former is (in cases where the latter can be attained) disapproved as evil. Eventually, the same process which led from disapprobation of another’s will to injure me to disapprobation of my will to injure another leads also from the approbation of vengeance against another when he injures me to the approbation of vengeance against myself when I injure another; and this feeling, colliding against

my unwillingness to suffer, creates the pang of conscience; while, in the case of intemperance and excess, the regrets which accompany reflection on the consequences (experienced or anticipated) of such misconduct create a similar pang. This theory of conscience is a necessary supplement to the evolutionary theory. According to the evolutionists, the accumulated experience of generations warns us that certain acts are of evil tendency; and so it may;\* but that does not explain why, when we have become convinced that they are of evil tendency, we feel a pang if we do them, and endeavor to avoid them lest we should feel that pang.

The result is that the moral nature of man rests on two bases, sympathy and generalization; the former emotional, the latter intellectual. This latter can be increased by mental discipline—by education in the usual sense of that term. The former can be increased by social intercourse, by example, by persuasion, and (above all) by the active exercise of philanthropy.

The use of one of these means, namely, Persuasion, has hitherto been the recognized function of Religion. And so it is, if we take Religion in a wide sense, if we mean by "religion" that which influences the Will of man to good as Law restrains his Active powers from evil. Religion and Law thus become the two pillars of society. Religion influences those who permit themselves to be influenced, Law restrains those who cannot be so influenced. The theory that Religion is necessary to the well-being of a community involves a deep truth. Its usual application, as meaning that Theology is necessary to the well-being of a community, involves an equally profound error.

This brings us to the second branch of the contribution which Free Thought must make to the wealth of the world, namely, the cultivation of such ethics in all men, independently of their theological prepossessions.

The dogmatic religions employ various methods. Among communities who have much cultivated the principle of obedience, that supplies the principle. Hence, filial reverence forms the basis of the Chinese ethical system. A people habituated to submissiveness find their incentive in applying it to the will of the supreme ruler. Such is the religion of Islam. Some natures are very susceptible of the feeling of Awe toward that which is Vast, dreamy, misty, incomprehensible. This seems to be

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\*The words in the text are not to be understood as an endorsement of the evolutionary theory. If that theory were correct ethical ideals would remain unchanged through the ages. But, although the *principles* of right character, such as justice and love, do not change, ethical ideals do; for they are attempts to apply these principles to varying social conditions. The evolutionary theory, too, teaches that wrong acts are instinctively avoided, whereas the contrary is notoriously the fact.

the religion of the Mystics, found in all denominations, yet not in harmony with any. Most minds are susceptible of gratitude, and Christianity tells them that Jesus offered himself in sacrifice on their behalf and asked in return that they should do good to others. Lastly, threats are made that if anyone shall refuse to believe, or (believing) shall persist in wrongdoing, the Supreme Ruler will cause him to be cruelly tortured forever in the future life.

What motives have we to give as a substitute for these?

The motive of Terror we certainly cannot furnish. We must leave that to the courts of Law, to whom it properly belongs. The restraining influence of a penalty to begin beyond the grave, and to be inflicted by one who does not manifest any desire to connect suffering in this life with either unbelief or wickedness (a few instances such as delirium tremens excepted), is very slight, as experience shows; but the restraining influence of a penalty to be inflicted in this life is very considerable, if it be administered firmly and impartially. The excessive severity of a penalty does not atone for its uncertainty and remoteness.

The motive of gratitude must be left to its natural operation. Indeed, gratitude is too narrow a motive on which to found an ethical system. And gratitude to Christ must be considerably dampened by reflecting on what he says he intends to do to the larger portion of mankind, some of whom may be very near and dear to us.

The best motives, however, by which mankind can be influenced are equally at the command of Free Thought as at that of other systems. It remains for Free Thought to emphasize them. The motives of Pity for the suffering and Indignation against wrong may be dwelt upon and illustrated. But the most potent, and the most useful, stimulus to make the individual a blessing to the community is that of a Pursuit. At the present day the task of ameliorating the organic condition of Mankind affords not only an end noble in itself, but also scope for the highest exercise of the intellectual powers. There are few studies which present problems of equal—none of greater—interest; none are in higher repute, and none are so freely open to men and women in every position in life. And it is a work which, in its various departments, appeals to almost every taste, and almost every mental capacity. Not every mind, indeed, is adapted for planning large movements, or even for aiding in their accomplishment; but those who are not can derive a pure and high enjoyment from carrying out works of benevolence which have individuals for their object.

To plan, to stimulate, and to direct, works of both classes is precisely



the function in which a pastor is useful. When all that is bound up with theological belief shall have passed away, it will still be a necessity of civilization that a class of men should be set apart to organize and guide the efforts of the rest toward ameliorating the condition of their fellow-men. The cultivation of the emotions will be the task of the transformed religion of the future. The custom of gathering together will still continue, but its object will be different. The energy which is now spent in expounding theological points, and in urging us to flee from the wrath to come, will then be used in stimulating our sympathies. And, with the change, we may expect a greater result in increasing happiness and prosperity.

But an increase in happiness and prosperity will not be the only result accomplished. Human nature will rise to a higher level. A fitting object for worship will be set before us. We talk a great deal about worshipping God, but the feat is really impossible. Worship—the attributing of worth-ship or supreme worth—to a person, is impossible. Those who think they worship a person are really worshipping some quality which they believe him to possess, for worth is attributable to quality, not to person. They may be mystified and overawed by his vastness, they may be crushed by the sense of his power, they may be filled with admiration for his justice, or his love, or his wisdom. But, suppose him stripped of the quality which excites such feelings, and where would be the worship? It was the quality they were worshipping all the while, though they thought they were worshipping its possessor. Now, some of the qualities I have named are not fitting objects for the worship of beings possessed of an intellectual and moral nature. The worship of vastness and incomprehensibility is only fit for idiots. One might as well worship a cloud. Power, and even wisdom, are not fit objects for the worship of beings who know right from wrong. And not only are they unfit, but they do a great deal of harm by rendering the worshipers callous, turning their aspirations to qualities not conducive to the cultivation of sympathy, but rather, in the case of power, to that of oppression. We know how this has affected calvinistic theology by giving rise to the doctrine that the sight of the torments of the damned shall greatly increase the happiness of God's servants. Under a transformed religion qualities will be worshiped directly, not through the medium of a person supposed to be possessed of them; and these qualities will be only justice, love, purity, and good faith. And, as Unitarianism led the way to a renunciation of the follies and fairy-tales of Christian theology, and has now leavened the other denominations, so may Free Thought lead the way to the complete abandonment of the theological basis of ethics, and bestow a still higher blessing on the world

Cambridge, Mass.

# LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## CHIMPANZEE "TESS."\*

BY ISAAC A. POOL.



WEIRD as a horrible dream  
are her eyes,  
Glowing and questioning, daily  
surprise;  
Having no language but that of  
the soul;  
Feeling a bondage beyond her con-  
trol.

Helpless, ambitious, impatient she  
stands,  
Strange 'mid the beasts of these  
boreal lands.  
Flashes and glimpses sweep over  
her face,  
Burdened with thoughts of this  
singular race;

Who, in their vagaries day after day,  
Chatter like monkeys with nothing to say;  
Never responding to urgent salutes,  
I can imagine she thinks we are brutes.

Or, with a happy mutation of jokes,  
She may imagine the Gods are we folks,  
Fancy, as Christians, the ending of strife,  
Maybe the waking to Heavenly Life.

That is as easy for monkeys as men,  
If we shall truly awaken again;  
Ours is a similar burden of hate,  
Turning the wheel of a horrible fate.

We are denying these creatures a chance  
Out of their lower estate to advance,  
Just as though Angels should offer a ban  
To the ambition of impudent man.

We in assurance attempt to console  
Man, as the only possessor of soul;  
Better by far that we offer no test,—  
Nature undoubtedly knows what is best.

For in the future we all may find out,  
That the "dear Mother" knows what she's about;  
Learn that the distance from monkeys to gods  
Shortens the trip up to Angels, by odds!

Man, in his vagaries, filled with despair,  
Worships a phantom with praises and prayer,  
Only to find there is nothing to save  
From the corruption and filth of the grave.

Better by far with the monkeys be cast,  
Free in the wilderness silent and vast,  
Than with these dogmas forever be cram'd—  
"Yield in temptation; believe or be damned."

Chicago, Ill.

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\*This lady of the wilds at two months old was captured in 1894 on the west coast of Africa by a hunter named Allan Roche, he having shot her mother. Roche felt deeply moved by his act and at once determined to adopt the baby, naming it Tess. He kept her two years in Africa under careful training, when he returned to civilization to let others see and study her.

Her approach to humanity is so near that we might almost question whether she is one of the Anthropoid apes or, as many of our own race, should be classed as monkey-like man.

Sir Charles Bell says her hand (not paw) is strictly human in those lines that students of palmistry follow.

Tess is now three and a half years old; during three months of her life Mr. Bostock's child daughter, Vera, three years of age, has been a constant playmate, and from her Tess has imitated everything but speech, which is impossible till evolution develops the special organs not now in her possession. She walks erect, is calm, dignified and self-possessed, dresses herself, feeds with knife and fork and spoon, drinks from cups, wipes her mouth with a napkin, embraces and hugs her friends, laughs, romps and plays like any child, pouts,

and cries real tears. In fact, does all a child does, and one thing many children do not: she understands and obeys every command in a marvelous manner.

I. A. P.

Since the above was handed us we learn Miss "Tess" is dead. As to the future state of her soul, if she has one, we leave that to the learned theologians, who know all about such questions.—Editor.

## ARE THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES BENEFICIAL TO MANKIND.

BY MRS. MARY E. MARGERUM.

THE days of my childhood were passed under the impression that the safety of a community depended entirely upon their having at least one meeting-house, standing upon an elevation in sacred seclusion, and by its side, tall, stately trees waving their solemn branches over a silent ghostly graveyard. The more of them a place could afford the safer were its inhabitants.



MARY E. MARGERUM.

I had a confused idea that the steeple had much to do with the power of protection, consequently a neighborhood that had no steeple on their meeting-house was not a desirable place to live in, and a city that I sometimes visited was to my mind a veritable "New Jerusalem," because it contained so many steeples.

Since that time, however, I have "met with a change," and no longer worship church steeples. But there are comparatively few who do not consider a church, either with or without a steeple, an object of adoration, even though it be a simple chapel minus even a belfry. It is supposed to somehow keep constant watch and ward over the welfare of the community.

Every priest and preacher unanimously declare the churches to be the greatest of all blessings to mankind; and that the loss of them would result in the greatest detriment. Even many of these who have come to disbelieve in the old established doctrines seem to think it would not be safe to give them up. The masses are made to believe that they are positively necessary to their eternal welfare; and that it is their bounden duty to help support them, notwithstanding many of them cannot comfortably support themselves.

Their daily burdens are not made lighter, neither are they insured against want, accident or disease, by the church, and yet they think there is nothing in the world they could not better do without. There is a deeply-rooted feeling among them that they cannot even be respectable unless they attend and help sustain some church; and some anxious to make their respectability solid, with no doubt about it, try to help sustain two or three, and even more.

It is thought there must needs be magnificent temples, embellished with clanging bells and towering spires, pulpits, altars, organs and choirs. And there must be a great throng, composed of popes, cardinals, bishops, archbishops, priests and preachers, who must all have fine salaries, live in fine houses, and wear fine linen. This throng must also be exempt from toiling for their daily food, because they are supposed to be exceedingly holy. Their backs are altogether too sacred to be bent by any kind of drudgery, their hands are too holy to be hardened with implements of labor. They claim to be "divinely appointed shepherds," to watch over and feed the people. Those who can be led into the fold and fleeced are their dearly beloved sheep and lambs, those who cannot are contemptible goats and kids. These "divinely appointed shepherds" feed the dear people with a mixture which they call the bread and water of life, and the people in return feed the shepherds with roast beef, tenderloin steak and plum pudding.

The shepherds promise the people beautiful white robes to wear in the "sweet by and by," and the people dress the shepherds here, in robes of the finest broadcloth and patent leather shoes. The dearly beloved sheep are told that some time, in a far better world than this, they can roam forever in "green pastures and beside the still waters." And the "divine shepherds" meander every summer over the green hills and charming seaside resorts of this glorious old earth.

All this is supposed to be absolutely indispensable to the welfare of mankind. It has been estimated that if the millions which are required annually to build and maintain the numerous churches could have been used to establish free colleges for the masses, every one might now receive an education in all the higher branches of learning, thereby vastly improving the present condition of mankind.

But we are told that all the wisdom the world can give, is nothing to be compared with the benefits that can be derived from the churches. If the money contributed to the churches could be expended in parks and breathing places, for those who bear the burden and heat of the day, think how much health and happiness might result from it. But we are told by those "divine shepherds" that the blessings bestowed by the churches, will bring to the people far greater and more lasting joy than the most beautiful parks upon the earth. If the enormous wealth of the churches could be invested for the use of the masses, every poor family might be provided with a comfortable home. But they need a church, it is said, a great deal more than an earthly home, and so the churches increase and multiply.

Now, what is it that makes them of so much value to poor, struggling humanity? Various reasons are offered in reply to that question. The preachers tell us it is because they teach something that is of vital importance. What do they teach? There are many things that mankind ought to know about. We ought to know something about the immutable laws of nature, so as to be able to adapt ourselves to them. We ought to understand the nature and cause of disease, and what to do in order to keep the wonderful mechanism of our bodies from getting out of order. We should have a knowledge of the useful arts and sciences. We ought to know something about mathematics, geography, geology, natural history and astronomy; we need a knowledge of grammar, reading, spelling and writing.

But none of these things are taught in the churches. Oh, no, is the reply; they teach something far more important than any of those subjects; they teach the people all about God, who He is, and where He is, what He has done in the past, and what He will do in the future, and what we must do to merit His approbation or to appease His anger, and how He can be found when He is wanted. All this and much more. Now the question arises, How do they happen to know so much about God, and how do they know there is a God? Where is the proof of His existence, and how is the knowledge beneficial to mankind? The answer of the Christian preacher is, Why, God has revealed Himself to us in a book containing a marvelous collection of inspired writings. It is the only genuine, simon-pure revelation of God that has ever been made to the world. And, furthermore, this particular Book contains all the information that is of any value to mankind. It is perfectly adapted to the needs of humanity, and this Book is the fountain from whence the churches draw the manifold blessings which they so freely bestow upon the people, if they are willing to pay for them. And, moreover, its divine origin is plainly stamped upon every sacred page, from cover to cover.

Suppose, then, we examine a few of these divine stamps. First, there is a marvelous description of God, showing Him to us as three beings, all separate and distinct, while at the same time He is only one. The preachers proudly inform us that we would not be able to form any idea of God but for that blessed Book. And yet, in spite of this graphic description, I never felt quite sure whether it meant three bodies with one head, or one body with three heads. But they say the reason of that is because it is a "divine mystery," and we are not expected to understand divine mysteries. In fact, it is really none of our business what they mean; all that is required of us is to simply believe them; they are what proves the inspiration of the Book.

There is also a description of this three-sided Being's character that is divinely bewildering. He creates life all for His own glory, and destroys life for the same purpose. He is more merciful and He is exceedingly revengeful. Immutable and yet changeable. All things are possible with Him, and some impossible. There ought not to be, says the

preacher, the slightest doubt that this wonderful Book is "divinely inspired," and it is what makes the churches a priceless boon to mankind.

It contains a marvelous description of the home of this triangular Being that brings unspeakable joy to the Christian's heart; a large, square city somewhere, they do not know where, surrounded by lofty walls of stone, with ponderous gates, each made from a single pearl, and within those walls there is an abundance of gold, the very thing which they are all anxiously seeking after, and upon which they can feast their eyes through all eternity. "Oh, it is surely inspired!"

There is a vivid description of another being, an undivided monster, with hoofs, horns and tail, who goes about continually roaring for something to devour. And of his delightful home, also, a bottomless pit, where there is weeping and wailing, forever and ever. "Oh, the Book is certainly inspired!" says the preacher, and is deserving of the highest homage of mankind. And there are many other marvelous creatures described in this Book. It tells about a serpent that walked, and a donkey that talked. It relates an adventure of a great whale and of numerous foxes, tied tail to tail.

There are accounts of many thousand blood-curdling murders of human beings. And of wholesale butcheries of sheep and cattle. Oh, the Book is "most divine!"

It also relates marvelous visions that were seen of wheels and whirlwinds, of cherubs and cherubims, of men having four faces and four wings, of frightful dragons with seven heads and ten horns. Visions of seething bones made into a soup, and of dry bones prancing about in a valley. "It is very wicked," we are told, to deny the divine inspiration of this crazy-sounding jargon.

This divine Book also tells all about the soul, how easily it can be saved, and how much easier still it can be lost. How precious it is and how very important. In fact, with the single exception of the hairs of our head, which are all carefully numbered, our souls are the only thing about us that is worth a hill of beans, according to that Sacred Volume.

Does anybody know what the Soul is? I have always been very curious about it, and have never yet found anyone that could give a very satisfactory explanation. We are informed that every human being has a soul, which it situated somewhere in the body, and occupies that ever-changing residence until this "mortal coil is shuffled off," and then it sails away and lives in happiness or misery through all eternity. But they never have told what the soul really was. A clergyman was once asked how the soul looked after leaving the body. This was an exceedingly difficult question to answer, but he evidently thought that as he was receiving a princely salary for saving souls, he really ought to give some kind of a description of them, so he replied, "that the disembodied soul was a kind of a round ball covered with a sort of a gauzy substance." His astonished questioner then wished to know "how under the sun we were going to know each other there?" This divinely appointed shepherd suddenly thought of some business that needed his immediate attention, so that question remains unanswered to this day.

There is a class who tell us that the soul is a spirit, and that it looks just like the physical body, but is invisible to mortal eyes. They also claim to be able to make those invisible spirits, under certain conditions, visible, and thereby demonstrate the truth of a future life. I confess that I should be very glad to know that this is true. But the preachers frantically deny it, and hurl denunciations at all who accept such a belief. One would naturally suppose that they would be only too glad to have their statements backed up by tangible evidence if it were possible. But they scornfully repudiate demonstrated facts of all kinds, and declare that faith is the only reliable evidence. An ounce of faith is worth more than a hundred pounds of facts, according to the teaching of the Christian church.

And the word of God says that if we have faith enough we can move a mountain, but it does not mention how much dynamite we ought to have to go with it, which seems to be an oversight on the part of the sacred historian.

Chief among the marvelous stories found in that Book, and also, it is said, the greatest proof of its divine origin, is the wonderful dream of Joseph, the carpenter. Of course, we all know that dreams are not at all uncommon, especially if mince pie is eaten just before going to bed. But this happened before mince pie was invented, and then, again, that particular dream, we are informed, actually came to pass. If we ask for proof of it, we are pointed to the Christian churches as a standing evidence that there was a carpenter named Joseph, and that he did have a dream, and that his dream did come to pass. The carpenter dreamed. Whether he was asleep or awake we are not told; people do sometimes dream when they are awake, but perhaps it does not matter; at any rate he dreamed that an angel came to him, and gave him the startling information that he, Joseph, was the husband of the "Mother of God." That would, of course, make the carpenter God's stepfather. This must have been astonishing news, indeed, to poor Joseph. The angel explained that the Creator of the universe was about to transform a third part of himself into a bouncing baby boy, and, of course, a bouncing babe needs a mother's care, and a father's, too. So the carpenter and his wife were selected for that responsible position. The angel left a name for the child, but Joseph and Mary were to furnish all the rest of his earthly wants while they were bringing him up. This baby boy made his appearance, says the story, and a short history of his life is given, but it does not mention any of the diseases incidental to childhood, nor any of the trials that usually fall to the lot of a mother. Nevertheless, we can see with the eye of faith that he very likely went through the usual unpleasant task of cutting his teeth, catching the measles, whooping cough, mumps and canker rash.

The inspired narrative begins a record of His earthly career at the age of twelve, when He ran away and caused His adopted parents great distress hunting Him up. After a frantic search He was finally discovered in a temple, bothering the brains of some very wise men, who were holding a discussion by asking Him puzzling questions. His adopted mother naturally gave Him a scolding for running away; and He told her that He



was attending to his own business, or words to that effect, which shows that He was very much like all boys at that age. Divine history again passes silently over a period of several years, and then records another event in His life. This was at a wedding, where He manufactured some excellent wine, enough to keep the wedding guests all joyfully drunk for a week. After that marvelous feat He became a traveling preacher. He traveled up and down and round about until He was killed, and for some little time afterwards. Then He suddenly disappeared, and has not been seen since, although He has been heard from numberless times. We are told that He now occupies His rightful position as one side of the triangular Being before mentioned, and is constantly pleading with Himself to be decent towards the poor creatures who are stumbling around upon the earth. This is but a small portion of the marvelous collection which plainly shows, we are told, the stamp of divinity.

It is through such mystical nonsense as this that the churches claim God has revealed Himself to them, and thence to the world. Can there be anything more absurd? This is the stuff which they declare to be, above all things, the most important for us to know, and they have managed to make millions of people think they must believe all this rubbish is divine truth, under penalty of endless punishment.

Is there anything more marvelous than that? In what way is this giant delusion beneficial to mankind? We are often told that the churches are certainly beneficial in one respect, that is, as dispensers of sweet charity to the poor and needy. But there is just as certainly nothing done by them in that line, that could not be done as well or better without them, and if there were no churches to be supported, there would not be so much need of charity. They certainly make a large percentage of the poor and needy. The fact is, they are trying to fulfill the reputed saying of Jesus: "The poor ye have always with you." That divine prophecy must not be disproved; there must be plenty of poor always on hand; so, after they have impoverished a large number of weak-minded mortals, they arrogantly give back a very small portion, and they loudly proclaim that they are public benefactors.

They also talk much about another kind of charity, but, "alas for the rarity" of that blessed virtue in the Christian churches. The churches are claimed to be a lasting benefit to the people because they impart to them a "blessed hope" of future immortality, but that "blessed hope" is always overshadowed by an awful fear which makes them have an unconquerable dread of death. A fear that makes them cling fiercely to even the most miserable of earthly existence, makes even the most devout Christian hasten with all possible speed for a doctor, as soon as they feel the slightest danger that this "blessed hope" is likely to be realized. In what way, then, can it be a benefit? Is it beneficial to mankind to be afraid to die because of a dreadful uncertainty of what the future may be?

Supposing the real truth is that "after life's fitful fever" there will be for every one of earth's creatures, a calm and peaceful sleep that "knows no waking," untroubled by terrifying dreams, unbroken by the cruel hands

of injustice? Would it be detrimental for mankind to know it? Why should they be made to have an unspeakable fear of sleep, nature's sweetest blessing?

It is said that the churches are a necessity as a restraining influence over the evil natures of mankind. But if they can restrain evil, how do they account for the fact that nearly all criminals are devotees of the churches, and not a few of them are from the ranks of the preachers? If they can prevent crime, why does the civil law have to be invoked so often to protect society from dangerous characters, who have long been devoted church members? Nothing is more evident than the fact that the churches do not have the power to prevent wrong doing. On the contrary, the doctrine of the atonement has a pernicious effect upon the evil natures of mankind, making them think that any crime they may wish to commit will be forgiven, and their eternal happiness assured by merely bawling out, "I do believe."

The churches claim to be teachers of a high standard of morality. But their lessons are a strange mixture of inconsistency, and they do not seem to realize it. The children are told by their Sunday school teachers that they must not tell lies, if they do God will not love them, while at the same time those teachers are filling their little heads with stories that have not a word of truth in them. The mother's lesson to her little boy is a good illustration of the Sunday school teaching:

"Willie," said the mother, "you have told me a lie. Now I will tell you what becomes of all little boys who tell lies. A great big black man, with only one eye in the center of his forehead, comes along and carries them off to the moon, and makes them pick up sticks all the rest of their lives. You must never tell another lie; it's awful wicked."

The children are taught that God will hear and answer all their little petitions, and that they must always ask Him to help them when they are in trouble. Of course, the children think this is all true.

"A small boy who had been very much impressed with his Sunday school lesson upon the efficacy of prayer, thought he would avail himself of that means to get some assistance about his little sums, which were painfully hard for him. During the morning session his teacher noticed that he seemed to be in great distress, and hastened to find out what the matter was. The little fellow sobbingly told her that the sum she had given him to do would not come right, and, said he, 'I've asked God to help me and He's made three mistakes already.'"

The churches also declare that it is sinful to defraud in any way our fellow-beings, and all the while they are defrauding the public by striving to get as much of their property as they possibly can exempt from taxation. They love to tell the people they must not lay up for themselves treasure upon earth, but lay it all up in heaven, where it will neither get rusty nor be stolen. At the same time the churches are piling up all the earthly treasure they can get hold of. Their temples are resplendent with gold, silver and precious stones; the vestments of their high priests are made from the richest fabrics, and sparkle with costly gems; their homes

are furnished with all the luxuries which the earth can produce. The august Head of the Christian church occupies a palace containing over four thousand rooms, and is said to have enough earthly treasure stored up in his many-roomed mansion to place every poverty-stricken citizen of Italy in comfortable circumstances for the remainder of his natural life, and Italy is called a nation of paupers. It is true the Protestants have not yet accumulated such a vast amount of treasure as the Catholics, but if they can only be allowed to have things their own way for a few years longer, they will be able to exhibit as much earthly treasure as the "Holy Mother" can, and as many paupers also.

Their temples are fast increasing in numbers, and growing more and more costly. A modest, unpretending church will no longer do; it must now be a gorgeous pile of architecture, with stained glass and gilded dome, furnished, lighted and heated by the most expensive methods. Of course they have yet small and rather poorly furnished sanctuaries in this country, and there are localities where the people are too poor to afford very many even of those, some country places are obliged to squeeze along with only two or three, and their pastors have to go to Nantucket or Old Orchard, instead of to Saratoga or to Europe, for their summer outings; but time will remedy those defects. All these costly temples are built for God. The people are told that He desires them to erect beautiful sanctuaries for His exclusive possession. How does He make His exacting wishes known? Not long ago a clergyman preached in one of the local churches upon this subject. He told the congregation "that there should be better houses built for God to dwell in, they could not be made too beautiful." "The church," he said, "should far exceed in splendor any private home." This is consolation, indeed, for poor folks. His audience was composed of laboring people, who had assembled that day to celebrate the re-opening of their church, which had been for some time undergoing extensive repairs, and doubtless many of them held nearly, or, perhaps, quite empty pocketbooks in consequence.

It probably never entered a single head of that audience to wonder why, in the name of common sense and justice, if God must have such magnificent dwellings, could He not erect them Himself. It did not occur to them that if the "whole earth was His and the fulness thereof," He was certainly better able than they were to do it; and of course they did not even dream of doubting His existence and omnipotence. They were arrogantly told, in substance, that they had done very well in improving this house of the Lord, but after all it was very little in comparison to what ought to be done, and, doubtless, they all, with one accord, patiently accepted the ungrateful assertion as a divine blessing which they could not be too thankful for.

It is claimed by priest and preacher that we are indebted to the Christian churches for all the privileges which our present civilization enables us to enjoy. But history tells a very different story, and when the preachers realize that the people have taken to reading and finding out things for themselves, they will doubtless be more careful in making such statements.

The plain, unvarnished truth is that we are enjoying the glorious privileges of our present civilization because the Christian churches have lost their power to prevent them.

If there is any one now who is the fortunate possessor of a telescope which will enable him to know something about the celestial bodies, that make their ceaseless journeys through the heavens, it is because the church has lost its old-time power. Only a short time ago, if any one claimed such privileges, he was cruelly persecuted and compelled to relinquish them. If they were courageous enough to defy the church authority they were chained to a stake and burned alive. It is only because they have lost their power that we are able to enjoy the benefit of the printing press. When that blessing to mankind was invented it was frantically denounced as "the device of the Evil one," and one of the bishops wrathfully declared that it "must be destroyed or it would one day destroy the church." They could not destroy it and that Christian prophecy seems destined to be fulfilled.

If there are physicians to-day that relieve the sufferings of childbirth by the use of chloroform, they enjoy that blessed privilege only because the church has lost her power. When it first began to be used for that beneficent purpose it was severely denounced "as a scheme of Satan to thwart an express command of the Creator." The mother of the human race had been cursed by Him because the first one nibbled an apple, and the church hurled curses both loud and deep at all who were humane enough to remove that divine God-given curse for womankind.

The pages of history show that for more than a thousand years, from the time the Christian religion was fully established by the brutal Emperor Constantine, they tried their very best to crush every scientific discovery.

The Bible was the only authority allowed in settling all questions. Everything must be in harmony with the teachings of that Book, and woe betide the man who made any discovery that disagreed with those teachings, unless he kept it to himself. Now and then Mother Nature produced a daring soul who made a determined effort to bring the truth before the people, but the "Holy Mother Church" promptly produced a thumb-screw or a rack, and said to him, Down upon your knees and recant. If that argument failed they made it exceedingly warm for him with a stake and pile of fagots.

The "Holy Mother Church" undertook the task of extinguishing human brains as fast as Mother Nature could make them, and down through the horrors of the Dark Ages the poor, ignorant masses staggered and stumbled under their load of superstition and fear, unable to read or write even their own names. Generation after generation witnessed and felt the cruel power of the Christian church until their manhood and womanhood was well nigh crushed out of them. They were persecuted for heresy; they were tortured for discovering the truth; they were hunted for witches and tens of thousands were cruelly put to death—

and what was it all for? Why, simply to please God. Human beings must be made miserable in order to make God happy.

If any one would like to know the vast amount of misery that the Christian churches, both Catholic and Protestant, succeeded in making for the sake of pleasing God, I refer them to Dr. Andrew White's "History of the War of Science with Theology in Christendom." You will find that the number of human beings who have been murdered and driven raving, distracted mad by the authority of the Christian church, is beyond the power of human calculation.

If the happiness of Jehovah could be secured by witnessing misery, he must have been drunk with joy during the gloom of those dreadful centuries.

But there came a time at last when Mother Nature seemed to be aroused to the needs of poor, suffering humanity, and commenced to evolve brains faster than the "Holy Mother" could destroy them, and that is the reason why the church has lost her power to torture and kill.

Since they are not allowed to make God happy in that way any longer, they are endeavoring to make it as pleasant as possible for Him by covering as much of His earth with expensive churches as they can. And we find that these many "Houses of God" are not built for the purpose of giving to the people any practical knowledge of this world, but to give them a mystical idea of some other world. A world they know nothing about, or whether there is any other world. A world that is simply guesswork.

They are not established for the purpose of saving our material bodies but to save our immaterial souls, something that nobody knows anything about, or whether there be such a thing as a soul, something that is simply guesswork. They are not erected for the use of humanity, but for the worship of God, a being that they have not the remotest knowledge of, or whether such a Being ever existed, a Being that is simply guesswork. They are, in fact, only for the purpose of dealing out "divine mysteries," something which the people have no earthly need of, and cannot possibly understand.

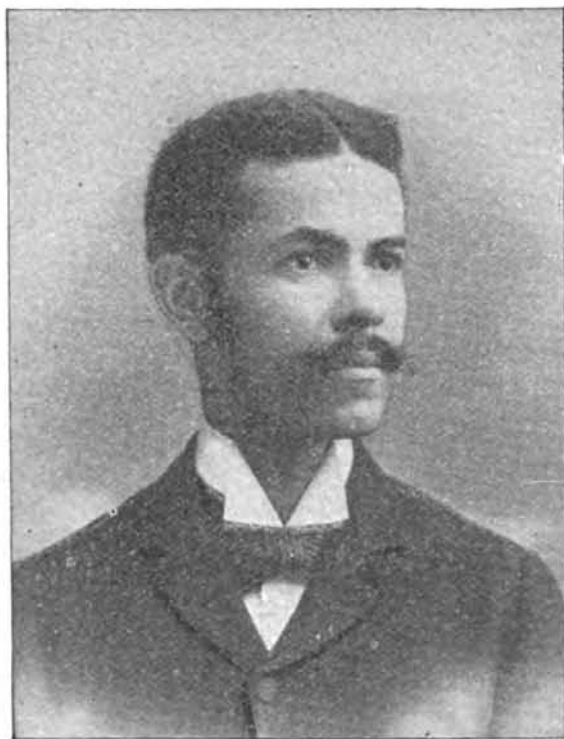
But they do need plenty of wholesome food to eat, pure water to drink, comfortable clothing to wear, fresh air to breathe, and pleasant homes to live in. They certainly need a fearless independence, an unflinching integrity, a love of justice, and a sympathizing nature. They need to have an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and a stern determination to "know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

Divine mysteries do not impart any of these blessings. Of what use, then, are they? And I will finish by asking the question that forms the subject of this paper: Are the Christian churches beneficial to mankind?

## SECRET SOCIETIES AMONG NEGROES.

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER.

IF THE aphorism "in union there is strength" is correct, the negro race, as a class, ought to be the strongest in the United States, for that race supports a greater number of secret societies and benevolent enterprises



CHARLES ALEXANDER.

than any other class of citizens in this country. The initiations into these new realms—these secret orders—seem to have a special and peculiar fascination for them. The strange and irregular situations which characterize these initiations, the gaudy regalia, the brilliant and indescribable combination of color in their manufacture, the odd aprons, cuffs, caps and badges, all seem to appeal to the colored man as to no other.

The negro's taste for the mysterious, the mystical, the unexplainable, the inexplicable, and the high appreciation for the honors to which he may aspire in these diversified secret unions, is a taste and an aspiration which do not appear to enter into the composition

of other natures. He is irresistibly bewitched by the obscure and incomprehensible. Being intensely religious and marvelously superstitious, he finds it necessary to mix a large portion of his religion with the ritualistic doctrine of his secret order.

The societies which boast of the largest following, exclusively among negroes, are the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, with headquarters at Philadelphia, Pa., membership 200,000. The members of this order are largely in the United States, the West Indies and Canada. The Free and Accepted Masons have a membership of 75,000; the Knights of Pythias have a membership of 60,000; the Tents, 50,000; the Sons and Daughters of Tabor, 45,000; the Galilean Fishermen, 35,000; the Grand United Order of Nazarites, 35,000; the Knights and Ladies of St. Paul, 20,000; the Grand United Order of True Reformers, with headquarters at Richmond, Va., 60,000, and over 600 other societies (which we have not

space to mention), with membership variously estimated from one hundred to twenty-five thousand, complete the list.

Of all these societies the Grand United Order of True Reformers is the most progressive and promises the greatest good and largest benefits to the race. This society was founded by W. W. Browne in 1881, and it has accumulated property valued at \$150,000.

Mr. Browne, who died on the 22d of last December, was a man of splendid common sense, but of a very limited education. His followers are made up largely of that type which we style mediocre; still there are hundreds of educated and cultured men and women associated with the order. It is said that many of the educated men of his race looked upon his scheme at first as purely imaginary and impracticable. He gathered about him at the start a large number of that class of gullible and ignorant women who contribute so much to the success of churches, and with their money began operation. Of course there must be some merit in an organization when it is able to get such a grip on the pocket-books of the people as the True Reformers have been able to get. The commendable feature is this: Economy and Temperance. It teaches its members to observe the strictest economy, and each candidate must first pledge himself to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors before he is eligible to membership. The moral force thus put into operation is calculated to do the race inestimable good. This order has succeeded in building up one of the most substantial banks in this country. There are just three negro banks in the United States to-day. The Alabama Savings Bank, of Birmingham, Alabama; the Capitol Savings Bank, of Washington, D. C., and the True Reformers' Bank, of Richmond, Virginia.

The True Reformers' Bank is stronger than both of the others combined. Its capital stock amounts to \$135,000. It was chartered in March, 1888. The receipts and disbursements up to three years ago amounted to \$1,500,000. This order is divided into seven branches, and in each branch practical business methods are emphasized. Young men and women of the negro race are given an opportunity to develop business ability.

Purely political societies do not succeed among negroes. There are too many who want to become leaders. And while it is a fact that they enjoy to be ushered into the realms of the mysterious without any apparent purpose, save, perhaps, to study the scheme of some new organizer, there is the possibility of great good being accomplished for the race. If the negro is ever to gain political recognition in this country he will doubtless get hold of the proper methods to adopt in order to gain it through these unions, where he has an opportunity to thoroughly study himself and to study the peculiarities and idiosyncracies of his race, who have given strength and permanency to these societies.

## FROM METHODISM TO INFIDELISM.

BY FLORENCE SIBLEY.

**E**DITOR FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE: Through our esteemed friend, G. W. Lincoln, of Hartford, Conn., we were made acquainted with your valuable magazine, and have been receiving it since the July number. We await its coming eagerly, and devour its contents greedily, and as I have so greatly enjoyed reading what others have had to say, I am "moved by the spirit, also, to speak;" and if you deem this letter worthy a place in your paper, you are more than welcome to use it, and if, happily, my poor effort may be the means of encouraging some weak, doubting soul, I will feel amply rewarded.

My father was a Methodist minister, and I think I am pretty well acquainted with the "great plan of salvation," as taught by that church. As I look back over my life, I think I must always have been a "skeptic," for I can remember to have made irreverent remarks and criticisms at a very early age, which greatly shocked and angered my religious parents. I cannot remember to have ever had the awe and reverence for the God of their faith and teachings which the constant attendance at church and Sabbath school, and the daily family worship, night and morning, through which I had to sit with meekly folded hands (although I always fell asleep as soon as the portion of Scripture was read and we were upon our knees) would naturally have inspired. Of course, as long as I remained in my father's home I had to dissemble and pretend to a "faith" and "belief" that I did not more than half feel, but as soon as I left home and was freed from the restraint of such a narrow view of things, I began to allow my thoughts more freedom. I read some of Ingersoll's works, and gradually I felt the last sparks of doubt, and uncertainty, fading surely and forever from my mind, until to-day I stand firmly upon the teachings as set forth in your Free Thought Magazine, and I cannot understand how anyone with a particle of intellect or reasoning faculty can read such articles as "The Myth of the Great Deluge," "Blood Atonement," "Theology, Its Origin, etc." and "Our Friends the Reconcilers," and still believe such a mess of nonsense as that taught by the Bible and the orthodox churches. I am so thankful for the light of reason that enables me to read such writings, and understand and appreciate the common sense and truth of them. I would not for worlds have my intellect so darkened, and my reason so clouded that I could believe those old Bible fables.

A short time ago a certain minister in this community, wishing to be considered very wise and witty, made use of the following extravagant logic (?). He said:

"Every time the great infidel, Bob Ingersoll, dates a letter, or heads a document of any business nature, he begins it eighteen hundred and so forth, whatever year it may happen to be, and the time is reckoned from the birth of our Lord, Jesus Christ; now, if he does not believe in Him, why should he recognize the fact of his birth?" That was a poser, and many in the audience considered it a master-stroke of brilliancy, and it was re-



peated by them to doubters as a clinching argument against infidelism. To one hearer, at least, it sounded just about as sensible as for a man to have said, after the last political campaign: "Well, I don't care if the majority did decide that McKinley should be President of the United States for the next four years, I am a Democrat, always have been, and always will be, and I am going to recognize Bryan as my President;" that man would have to have a little monopoly all to himself. There must be some standard for all to follow in such matters, to avoid confusion, and whatever the majority says it shall be, that it must remain for the allotted time; so it is, of course, in "reckoning time;" a standard had to be fixed, and that particular historical period was chosen, and we must all adopt it, whether we believe such a person ever existed or not. Things would be in a pretty state of confusion if Ingersoll and others of his following should have an independent mode of reckoning time, and so date their letters; no two engagements could correspond, and a person would not know if he were in this year or some other.

There is no consistency in religion, anyway; pious people will quote to you, "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and truth," and in the same breath will condemn spiritualists, and say everything that is bad of them, and if the Bible teaches anything at all, it certainly teaches spiritualism; but it is useless to multiply words, the ground has been all gone over so many times and by such able writers, and yet there will perhaps always be some who will not be convinced.

Christian people point with almost reverence to the life of our immortal Abraham Lincoln, and the principal act of his life, that made him so great, and honored, was to abolish an institution founded and taught by the Bible, i. e., the institution of "slavery," and yet they claim the Bible is inspired and perfect. The church cannot claim Lincoln, anyway; he was not a member of any denomination; he did what his higher manhood prompted, and his sense of justice told him was right, without stopping to consider whether the Bible taught it, or the church sanctioned it; without any fear of after punishment, or hope of future reward, save that which came from the knowledge of doing what is right from a moral standpoint, and which will benefit and uplift humanity. Only the other day I heard a man say (and he was an agnostic, too), that he thought we were better off with the churches than we would be without them; he said he was compelled to admit that they did a great deal of good in the way of charity. What other societies, or organizations, he asked, look after the poor and sick of a community, besides the different churches, the "Christian Endeavor," the W. C. T. U., the "Epworth League," and so on? None; "so I would hate to see the churches go;" besides, what good have the infidels really done?

Now, right here is the secret and the trouble why the so-called infidels are not more rapidly gaining ground, and thought better of. Why don't they do something besides simply lecture, and write, and ridicule? In place of that which they tear down, and take away, why don't they give something better? Why don't they build halls and place men upon the

rostrums who will teach charity, kindness, brotherly love, morality, and sobriety, and that the act of crime in itself, and the subsequent punishment in this life by the iron hand of our country's laws is sufficient penalty, without the superstitious fear of an offended God, or appealing to their darker intellect to try to prevent wrong. Let them form memberships and be assessed according to their means, or give voluntarily as their hearts and consciences dictate, or their purses will allow, and, instead of using the money so raised, to send missionaries way off to some benighted (?) heathen, as the churches do, and thus add more superstition to their already darkened minds; let it be used to carry food, raiment and medicine to the hungry, and naked, and sick, in the large towns and cities of our own land, where so many are suffering for the bare necessities of life, and which would do more perhaps than anything else, to prevent crime and wickedness.

What constitutes crime or sin, anyway? Surely not merely a disbelief in an "imaginary being," but that which injures either ourselves or our fellow-beings.

Murder is a crime, because it injures another. Robbery, of whatever form, whether it be of a man's purse, or his honor, or his good name, or his wife, is a crime, for it deprives him of that which rightfully belongs to him.

Drunkenness is a crime because it not only injures the man himself but also robs his family of the comforts and necessities of life; so, to sum it all up, these three sins comprise the whole category, and no amount of "faith in a God" ought to admit a man into realms of bliss after death, if he persists in any one of them during his life here on earth. While on the other hand, if he is entirely exempt from them all, and leads an honest, harmless, life, the fact, simply, of his not accepting the Bible and God, unquestioningly, ought not to plunge him into everlasting darkness and punishment.

Now, suppose a man commits a murder, and is sentenced to be hung; during his imprisonment he is visited by the priest or clergyman and, under the nervous strain and anguish at the thought of certain and speedy death by hanging, he professes religion (?) and is led by the praying band to feel that his sins are all forgiven and he will enter at once into paradise with those who have gone before, who never committed a wrong act, or an unkind deed in their lives, while the consequences of his crime still remain behind, namely, the leaving of the wife a widow, the children orphans, and the community deprived of an honored and valued citizen. Shame on such a religion; rather let it be taught that there is no forgiving God to come to his rescue in the last hour of a wasted, wretched life, but that he must perish for the crimes he has done, and that a pall of shame, disgrace and abhorrence must forever shroud his name.

Some claim that to do away with the teachings of the Bible, in other words, to remove the fear of hell-fire, or after-punishment, would be to throw open wide the avenues of sin and crime, of all sorts; not so, the fear of immediate punishment by our country's laws does more, ten times over,

to keep in check the flow of vice than any imaginary fear of punishment to come after death. A person who is naturally depraved will take his chance a great deal quicker with "getting off hereafter" than he will of getting his neck stretched in the present world.

Rouse! then, ye Free Thinkers, and not only preach the new religion of humanity, but live it as well, and then the question will not be asked, What have infidels done for the good of mankind, or what have they to offer in place of the religion they wish to destroy?

Stafford Springs, Conn.

### THOMAS PAINE'S POEM.

BY J. E. REMSBURG.

**I**N the January number of the "Free Thought Magazine" appears a poem entitled, "An Ode to a Drum," and ascribed to Thomas Paine. Now, I do not like to see a reputed child of the author-hero's brain crippled and compelled to go limping down the ages with such lame feet.

The poem as presented is, I doubt not, a correct copy of the version given in the old newspaper from which it was taken. But Paine did not write it as given. He was familiar with the laws of versification and would not have violated these laws as they are violated here. He did not write the following lines as given:

"To sell their liberty for chains  
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms,  
And when ambition's voice commands  
To march and fight and fall in foreign lands."

Neither did he write the last couplet as it appears:

"And all that misery's hand bestows  
To swell the catalogue of human woes."

The version printed in the old newspaper is doubtless either a reproduction from memory, or an attempt to improve the original by some person unacquainted with the rules of poetical composition. The poem as written by Thomas Paine was probably something like the following:

I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
Parading round and round and round;  
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields  
And lures from cities and from fields,  
To sell their liberty for charms  
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms;  
And when Ambition's voice commands,  
To march and fight in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
Parading round and round and round;  
To me it talks of ravaged plains,  
And burning towns and ruined swains,  
And mangled limbs and dying groans,

1107

And widows' tears and orphans' moans,  
And all that Misery's hand bestows  
To swell the list of human woes.

### JURYMEN MUST BELIEVE IN GOD.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

THE following I clipped from the Chicago Chronicle of Jan. 12th:

A trial by a jury of religious men is demanded by Chris. Merry, the man accused of the murder of his wife. Twice yesterday he rejected from service on the jury candidates who avowed disbelief in a Supreme Being.

Faith in Deity was thus made an indispensable qualification in talesmen examined for the jury that is to hear the case against Merry and Smith. The issue was raised by James H. Davidson, Merry's chief counsel. Judge Horton sustained Attorney Davidson, and when Alvin Dietz and Harvey V. Orr each acknowledged atheistic beliefs they were successively excused by the court for cause.

Neither Mr. Orr nor Mr. Dietz was anxious to raise any questions relative to the denial of their civil rights by the court. Both seemed exceedingly glad to get away. They had impressed the court and the attorneys as men of high character and intelligence.

Dietz gave his business as a druggist and his address as 3901 Wentworth avenue. His examination was proceeding smoothly enough when Colonel Davidson asked:

"Are you, Mr. Dietz, a member of any church?"

"No, sir," was the answer.

"Ever had any religious training?"

"No, sir."

"Do you believe in God, Mr. Dietz?"

"No, sir; I do not."

Colonel Davidson then challenged for cause, the State did not object and Dietz was dismissed by the court.

As Mr. Orr arose to take a place in the box he was in appearance the most distinguished looking man in court. He gave his address as 915 Chase avenue. He said he was born in Ohio and was raised a strict Presbyterian. He graduated in philosophy at Wesleyan University. His answers were so thoroughly satisfactory he was about to be accepted by Merry's attorneys when the information was elicited that he is without belief in a God.

This avowal of disbelief was received with even greater interest than that of Druggist Dietz. Orr was quickly released.

According to the above ruling, in our courts, Faith and Ignorance are superior qualifications to Doubt and Intelligence. For my part I do not believe that the judge had the right, under the present laws of Illinois, to sustain the attorney for the prisoner. But as the judge, I understand, is a very pious man, I presume he holds to a different opinion.

ROBERT N. REEVES.

Chicago.

## THOMAS PAINE AND ST. PAUL COMPARED.

BY JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

IT may seem paradoxical to compare these two men, Thomas Paine and St. Paul,—the one an execrated “infidel,” the other an exalted “apostle.” In some respects Paine and Paul were most diverse, in other respects they were most like. Let us set them side by side and see which shows the most good points:

Paul’s right name was Saul; he changed his name when he swapped religions. Paine never changed his name, but he signed his political writings with a *nom de plume*.

Paul, as Saul, had belonged to the orthodox and strictest Jewish sect, the Pharisees. Paine’s parents were of the most unorthodox but most scrupulous Christian sect, the Quakers.

Paul got converted from Judaism to Christianity, in a fit of catalepsy. Paine used his reason and early thought there must be something wrong with the Christian scheme of godliness, and became a Deist.

Paul ever maintained his old persecuting spirit against whoever disagreed with him. Paine ever advocated freedom of thought.

Paul wrote himself down the chief of sinners, and many never disputed it. Paine had more self-respect and wouldn’t sham humility.

Paul set himself up as the very chiefest of Christ’s apostles. Paine was content to be General Washington’s private secretary.

Paul was an uneasy spirit, a disturber in religion and politics, a traveler, talker and writer, in behalf of the heresy of the time. Paine was the same.

Paul condemned his own people, the Jews, and turned to the Gentiles. Paine condemned the tyrannical policy of his own English countrymen, and came to America to labor for liberty.

Paul quoted, misquoted and perverted the Jewish scriptures, to support his “gospel of Jesus Christ,” whereby he sought to become the head ecclesiastical authority on earth. Paine quoted the Jew-Christian Bible, in his pamphlet “Common Sense,” advocating the independence of the United States.

Paul often “reasoned” on theological questions and quoted Greek poets and philosophers to back up his theses, yet other times condemned their “wisdom” as superstitious and “science falsely so-called.” Paine wrote “The Age of Reason,” in which he condemned the pretense that the Bible was God-inspired and an authority in science, politics, morals or theology.

Paul said, “Be ready to render a reason for the faith that is in you.” Paine gave reasons for getting the faith out of you that was lied into you.

Paul is generally believed to have been an old bachelor, though there is a tradition of his having had a wife, but no account of what became of her. Paine was married, but he and his wife parted by mutual consent and for reasons best known to themselves, and which we may suppose proper and sufficient.

Paul held women in contempt, except when doing for the church, and exhorted them to be obedient to their husbands. Paine respected and appreciated women and opposed sex-slavery.

Paul formed churches to keep men in mental bondage. Paine founded the Theophilanthropist Society, a church for the love of God and man, with no "coward's castle," but a floor for free discussion.

Paul sent the fugitive slave back to his master. Paine held that man could not hold property in man, and was bitter against every sort of bondage.

Paul told Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake. Paine took rum and molasses for his.

Paul was told by Agrippa that much learning had made him mad. Paine was not very short on learning, but no one ever called him crazy.

Paul was, when Saul, a sheriff or constable. Paine was an excise man. Paul was a tent-maker. Paine was a stay-maker.

Paul was falsely accused by the Jews. Paine has been atrociously lied about by the Christians.

Paul was a political prisoner at Rome. Paine was a political prisoner in Paris.

Paul is supposed to have been beheaded by Nero, but the book about Nero's persecutions—"Tacitus' Annals," is now known to be a monkish forgery. Paine died in his bed; of its manner there are false stories afloat.

The place of Paul's bones are unknown. Paine's bones were removed by an admirer to keep them from desecration and no one tells where they now are.

Paul's name is honored by many a temple where bigotry reigns and truth is denied a hearing. There is but one "Paine Hall," and there the motto is, "Hear all sides and then decide."

Paul left the record—"If any man preach any other gospel than that I preach, let him be accurst." Paine's sentiments are recorded in Paine Hall—"My Country is the World: My Religion is to do good."

#### DOCTOR WETMORE VS. REV. HICKOK.

**T**HERE is no better work that Freethinkers can do than to get their views published in the secular journals. For there they reach a class of people who never read Free Thought publications. Dr. S. W. Wetmore, of Buffalo, N. Y., has been doing that good work for many years. Being a man of property and good standing in the community where he resides, and one of the leading physicians of the city, he can get a hearing in the secular journals where many other persons could not. The following very good article from the Doctor's pen we clip from the Buffalo News. This journal has much the largest circulation of any in Buffalo.—Editor.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Editor Evening News:

Let me say a few words in answer to Rev. H. H. Hickok:

The article in the News of the 14th inst. over your signature, entitled

"Somebody Is Responsible—Who Is It?" should be responded to by some one, and I take the liberty to reply.

Doubtless every declaration you have made in that article is true. I have not investigated, but taking your word for it, would say it is a great opprobrium to the city of Buffalo.

Let us make a careful and conscientious inquiry into the cause of this deplorable condition.

Probably you will agree with me when I say that most crimes are due to want and poverty as a predisposing cause, although there are many vile and vicious characters who seemingly do not know right from wrong, due doubtless to an arrest of intellectual development or lack of moral culture.

I should think that you ministers, priests and preachers who have been teaching and preaching the Christian religion for nearly 1,900 years, would become thoroughly discouraged, disgusted, disheartened and despondent, for you must know that our prisons and penitentiaries to-day are filled with Christians. In sixty-six different prisons, jails, lockups, reformatories and refuges, according to the prison reports of Iowa, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Connecticut, Indiana and Illinois, there were 41,335 criminals, consisting of men and women, boys and girls, and every one of them claimed to be Christians, save 118.

Of this number there were Jews, Chinese and Mormons . . . . .	110
Unitarians . . . . .	5
Infidels (two so-called, one avowed) . . . . .	3

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118

What an appalling history of Christians—41,225 out of 41,335 criminals. More appalling still is the statistics of more than 1,000 ministers, priests and preachers in the United States and Canada alone, who were arrested during the last decade, the most of whom were tried, convicted and sentenced to prisons for various crimes, some too revolting to mention. Forgery, theft, adultery, elopement, desertion, assault, embezzlement and intemperance, were charges as common as against the laity.

Such histories show conclusively that some greater influence than Christianity is required to make people honest.

With such a record of facts staring Christians in the face, one would think that of the two, the Jewish religion has set the pace for morality. They are law-abiding citizens, and it is very seldom that one is found in the States' prisons.

Now, let us see how great a factor Christianity, or rather, the churches might be in correcting the evils you have so earnestly depicted.

The religion of humanity would first demand or encourage a philanthropy, diminishing want and poverty. Cease building churches and Young Men's Christian Association buildings; there are altogether too many of them now in this city. Oblige church-goers to pay taxes on churches and church property. Think of the vast amount of money invested in churches and church property in the United States to-day! It is es-

timated that there are over \$4,000,000,000 on which there are no taxes paid.

The Catholics in Buffalo have some \$10,000,000 invested in church property. A Baptist church here just finished has a pulpit which cost more than \$50,000. Somewhere in this city, I understand, there is an unfinished steeple that has cost \$100,000.

With all the ecclesiastical and Christian enthusiasm of the Queen City of the Lakes, it is compelled to yield its laurels to New York City's new protestant Episcopal Church, which cost more than \$10,000,000.

If there is any one thing or condition of things under this broad canopy of ours, social, religious or political, that needs a reformation, it is the repealing of all laws that exempt churches and church property from taxation.

James A. Garfield said: "If you exempt the property of any church organization, to that extent you impose a tax upon the whole community."

In 1875, President Grant sent to Congress a message containing this expression: "I would suggest the taxation of all property equally. Unless it is done it will eventually lead to sequestration without constitutional authority, and through blood." Doubtless he had in mind the religious histories of France, Italy, Germany and Mexico.

The great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, said: "When a religion is good I conceive that it will support itself; when it is obliged to call for help from civil powers it is a sign, I apprehend, of its being a bad one."

"It is wicked and tyrannical to compel any man to support a religion in which he does not believe."—Jefferson.

"All religious organizations should be self-supporting."—Lincoln.

It is a flagrant wrong to oblige the poor man who is striving to pay for his own home to assist in building churches or sustaining them.

If the estimated 40,000,000 anti-churchmen known as humanitarians could hold sway for a time, they would very soon establish an iconoclastic movement by tearing down those meaningless spires, and give them to the poor for fuel. Build in their stead astronomical observatories; equip them with telescopes, spectroscopes and instruments for scientific research. Convert the churches into public schools, academies, colleges and universities. The same social relations might be maintained. Charity organizations, clubs and associations for amusement, debates, lectures, readings, and all literary enterprises might be established a la Hypatia in that celebrated Hall of Science in Alexandria.

Evolution would then be making rapid strides toward the elevation of mankind, by teaching something rational instead of mythical, facts not fancies, truth not fiction, and righteousness in place of faith and a false religion.

From what has been said, none but the willfully blind can fail to see that Christianity has proven a failure in the inculcation of morals, to say the least.

If you preachers would teach science versus superstition and ignorance, and self-reliance, morality, uprightness and righteousness, instead of



prayer to an imaginary higher power, the world would be wiser, purer, nobler, and there would be more useful men and women. There would be happier homes and firesides, fewer murderers and suicides; less want and squalor; fewer cases of insanity, sickness and death.

The folly of prayer is daily exemplified in almost every newspaper. Think of the havoc and desolation of whole families who trusted to Christian Science prayers as a remedial measure. "Whatsoever ye shall ask for in prayer believing, ye shall receive," was never written by Matthew, but it has caused a world of sorrow and disappointment, deception, anxiety, insanity and suicide.

Now, my dear reverend sir, "Somebody is Responsible—Who Is It?"  
Yours in the interest of humanity, S. W. WETMORE.  
Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1898.

### WHO IS THE BRUTE?

("Palne was a brute."—From "Alone," by Marion Harland.)

You have called him a brute, you seventh-rate novelist,  
The common-sense Hero, the true Thomas Palne;  
O shame! shame for your libel, you crude Christian echoist,  
Which malice repeated again and again.

How could he be a brute whose holy religion was,  
Aye, unto all people the doing of good?  
All mankind were his kindred, the whole world his country dear,  
And the aim of his life was to bless whom he could.

Men have called him a "skeptical" who was best of believers,—  
Believer in Reason, in Justice and Right.  
Because faithful to manhood you declare him an "infidel,"  
And bury his virtues deep out of your sight.

But, of such is the kingdom of religious prejudice,  
That hates every truth it won't trouble to know,  
While it lauds to the skies each idle fanaticism  
It chances to harbor in bundles of tow.

If "Tom" Palne was a brute, he had excellent company,  
Such cattle as Franklin, Jefferson, Pitt,  
Allen, Henry and Putnam, Lafayette and Washington!  
For such rare menagerie what Christians are fit?

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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## THYRZA ANN GREEN—OUR SILENT PARTNER.

WE publish as the frontispiece of this number of this magazine the portrait of Mrs. Thyrsa Ann Green, a woman with whom we have been very intimately acquainted for the last thirty-two years, and we shall show that we have properly characterized her when we call her our "secret partner." That, she has been, in every sense, in all the Free Thought work we have engaged in, ever since she became the wife of the writer. And before coming to the gist of the subject for which this editorial is principally written, we will give a very brief sketch of Mrs. Green's life. She was born in London, July 1st, 1834; when nearly two years of age her parents came to America; shortly after their arrival her father died, then her mother married again, and not long thereafter her mother died, and about a year thereafter her stepfather married, and at the age of 12 years her only parents were a stepfather and a stepmother, who were in poor circumstances, and she was compelled to go out and do "house work" to support herself. During the time she lived with her step-parents she had very little opportunity to attend school.

At the age of 15 years Thyrsa Ann Cox, for that was her maiden name, married Alexander Bregg, a liberal-minded, intelligent young man, whose profession was that of school teaching, and she not only became his wife but his pupil as well, and what education she has she is mostly indebted to him for. When the late war broke out her husband enlisted as a soldier in the One Hundred and Eighty-fifth New York Volunteers, and while in the discharge of his duty on the field was shot down. Mrs. Bregg was left a widow with two children. At that time we were in the pension business, procuring from the government pensions for wounded and disabled soldiers, and for the widows of soldiers. The writer was then a widower, having a short time previous lost a most estimable wife, who left him with three small children. And to "come to the important point," as a lawyer would say, we procured the widow a pension, and not many months thereafter deprived her of it by marrying her. Looking at it from a financial standpoint this was a very poor bargain for the widow. Mrs. Green's two sons lived to manhood, when the oldest, then some 30 years of age, died; the other son went to the Colorado silver mines to

seek his fortune. He kept up a constant correspondence with his mother after he left home, until all of a sudden his letters ceased to come, and since then, some fifteen years, we have never heard anything from him. Mrs. Green has had one child since the marriage with the writer, who is known to our readers as H. G. Green, business manager of this magazine, and the present publisher of the "Little Freethinker." When we removed this magazine from Buffalo to Chicago he left a lucrative position to come here to assist us in publishing the magazine, for which he is receiving no financial compensation other than his living. We hope he may be able to keep the magazine running many years after we have passed away.

We now come to the most important part of this article. Mrs. Green has done as much in her way to sustain and maintain this magazine as we have, and without her assistance it could never have been kept alive until now. For the first few years of its existence she not only did all of the housework of our home but spent much time and labor in folding circulars and binding the magazine, and she was our "right hand man" in everything connected with it. Since we came to Chicago her son has relieved her from that labor. But the principal way she had aided the magazine has been with her frugality, with saving the dollars and cents that have come to us from our patrons. No one not acquainted with her can have any idea of her saving capacity. For all of this labor and sacrifice she has never received a dollar as we can remember, but in two instances, which we will here state:

In 1879 the New York State Free Thinkers' Convention was held at Chautauqua Lake. Col. Ingersoll was one of the speakers. He lectured to a large concourse of people under the county fair tent, and the receipts of the lecture, at 25 cents admission, made quite a large sum. After the lecture we were deputed by the Finance Committee, of which W. S. Bell was chairman, to see Col. Ingersoll and ascertain what his charges were for the lecture. The Colonel's answer was: "Not a dollar." But when we reported his reply to the committee they said he must take his traveling expenses, and they handed us \$25 to give to him, and ordered us to leave it with him if he would not willingly accept it. We did as the committee directed. Shortly after Col. Ingersoll, Mrs. Ingersoll and Mrs. Green were taking a walk out in the grove, and the Colonel said to Mrs. Green: "Mr. Green left \$25 with me. I do not want it, and I will give it to you," and handed her the money.

The second instance of her getting a present is the following:

Some six years ago that well-known Free Thinker, D. A. Blodgett, of Grand Rapids, Mich., sent us a letter in which he enclosed a \$50 check to aid this magazine. In the same letter he enclosed a check for \$25, payable to Mrs. Green, and in the letter he wrote a few lines to Mrs. Green, telling her the \$25 was for her individual benefit, and that under no circumstances must she lend or give it to her husband, which request we remember she kept to the letter.

This article is getting too long, and we will now bring it to a close by saying: On the 18th day of this month we shall be 70 years of age, and we cannot expect to live much longer. And we would like to see our good wife receive a little remuneration for her long and faithful services before our departure, and it would relieve our mind of a great load if we could be sure she would not be left homeless and penniless when the hour of our separation came. Therefore, we are going to request every subscriber to the magazine to send to her direct any sum, be it more or less, that he or she may feel it a privilege to send. If the amount received shall be sufficient she will use it to purchase a small cottage within an hour's ride of this city, to be her individual property. The reader may think we are not entirely disinterested in this matter, which we will readily admit, as we have no doubt she will allow us to occupy the cottage with her to the end of our life. If the contributions do not amount to a sufficient amount to purchase a small cottage, then she will use the money as she thinks best. Please address all contributions to Mrs. T. A. Green, 213 East Indiana street, Chicago, Ill. All sums will be acknowledged in future numbers of the magazine.

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#### HOW TO BECOME A YOGI.

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA, the Hindoo monk and Vedantic philosopher, whose lectures before the World's Congress of Religion created much interest, has issued a book entitled "Raja Yoga." The meaning of "Yoga" is a state in which the mind has complete control over the body. This mind is the soul, the eye, the real self. The Hindoo thinkers have long held that by meditation and discipline the mind can reach a point where it is possible for it to detach itself from the body, to suspend animation for weeks and months at a time, and even to leave the body entirely and forming another body for its use. Anyone with a healthy body and a fairly good moral force, it is claimed, can acquire these extraordinary psychic powers. But no person with selfish motives can become a real Yogi, and every person practicing Yoga should have a teacher.

All men, says Vivekananda, have souls, but very few know it from actual experience. Coming face to face with our souls means long and hard psychic practice. There are some so animal and so near the brute that they could probably never reach a high state of psychic experience in this life. But for those who reach this exalted condition of mental control of the body, all misery disappears, and it is said that such are absolutely happy on this earth. The soul has thus gained such power over the body that it has conquered all disease and all fears. It is pure, free and holy.

To rise to this high state of psychic control, to become a Yogi, the mind must, instead of studying the external world, look inward, it must look squarely at itself by concentrating the mind on some real or imaginary objects. By this means the mind detaches itself from the body and for the first time becomes conscious of itself. The body must be carefully trained and purified.

There must be no killing of animals or eating their flesh. There must be perfect truthfulness. There must be continence, refusal to receive gifts, cleanliness, mortification, study and a self-surrender to God. To make the mind introspective a certain posture of the body is enjoined. The head, neck, chest and spinal column should be on a straight upright line, the ribs supporting the body. Next, the first mental exercise should be to fix the mind upon some object, usually the end of the nose. Then comes a series of experiments to make strong nerve current travel up the spinal cord and awaken unusual psychic phenomena in the brain. Rhythmic breathing, and the repetition of some word are to be practiced. After a while the soul is freed and the secret of inspiration is solved!

Far be it from me to claim any knowledge of "Raja Yoga," but I do not see how the extreme subjective life, concentration of mind upon self, watching the end of one's nose, and trying to send currents of nervous force up the spine, can expand the mind, supply it with knowledge or help man to do useful work in the world. Temperance, purity, cleanliness, etc., are of course important, but celibacy, asceticism, mortification, and other monkish virtues are not for the mass of people.

Fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, lovers and sweethearts, the world's workers, have no time and less inclination to follow any such rules as most of those laid down by the Hindoo monk. This system of discipline seems not to have done much for India, certainly has not rescued its people from poverty, superstition and the debasement of woman. Western civilization is far more advanced, and Western methods of intel-

lectual and moral culture are not likely to be superseded by those remon-  
mended by Vivekananda, and some of which seem to be extremely  
childish.

The work of this age requires that men and women of the world train  
the senses and the faculties for dealing with the objects and relations of  
the external world, and there is no place in our industrial civilization for  
the practice of such methods as those which the teacher of the ancient  
Vendantic philosophy has imported into the Western world. B. F. U.

#### PAYING FOR RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

THE Board of Supervisors of 1896 of Saratoga County, New York,  
were prevailed upon by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of  
the county to appropriate a sum of money to pay the preachers of the  
county for attending the funerals of poor people, and also for each sermon  
or prayer delivered or made at the jails or almshouses of the county. This  
proved to be a very good thing for these modern followers of the Nazarene  
who commanded them to "preach the Gospel to the poor," but forgot to  
say anything as regards their compensation, and they were on hand again  
when the board met last year for another appropriation, which might have  
been granted if the following remonstrance had not appeared when the  
subject came up for action:

To the Clerk of the Board of Supervisors of Saratoga County:

Whereas, At the annual session of the Board of Supervisors of the  
County of Saratoga, held at the court house in the Village of Ballston Spa,  
N. Y., on or about the ninth day of November, 1896, a resolution was pre-  
sented to said board by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of  
Ballston Spa, N. Y., asking for an appropriation to pay certain clergymen  
for their ministerial services for fifty-two consecutive Sundays at the  
county almshouse of said county, and also the expense of transportation  
of said clergymen to and from their several places of abode to the said  
almshouse, and a resolution authorizing said appropriation was subse-  
quently voted by the said Board of Supervisors, and became a part of the  
county budget.

Now, therefore, in view of the unconstitutional action of the said  
Board of Supervisors, be it

Resolved, That the American Protective Association, in convention  
assembled, doth hereby enter its unanimous protest against any and all  
ecclesiastical encroachments upon the rights of the people, and we as an  
organization for the maintenance and perpetuation of secular rights and  
religious freedom emphatically disapprove and deprecate the position as-  
sumed by the Board of Supervisors, thereby establishing a precedent by  
which a particular number of Protestant clergymen are selected to perform  
these ministrations, and that if one hundred dollars can thus be voted away

from the hard earnings of the taxpayers of Saratoga County, it logically follows that five hundred or one thousand dollars can in like manner and for the same purpose be taken away from the pockets of an already over-taxed constituency. And be it further

Resolved, That we do most solemnly protest against this unconstitutional infringement of individual rights, as no one can be compelled to frequent, or, directly or indirectly, maintain any religious worship or ministry contrary to his or their conscientious convictions, nor be legally taxed to pay for any sacerdotal rites and prayers in which they cannot participate and have no unity, and it is also in direct contravention of the genius and spirit of our free institutions, and if persisted in will eventually result in the overthrow and destruction of the priceless legacy of civil and religious liberty, which we have inherited from the fathers of the Republic.

3d. Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolution be mailed to each member of said Board of Supervisors and to the president and secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Ballston Spa, N. Y. Greenfield Center, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1897.

Clarence E. Latham, A. J. Day, Henry T. Wing, Committee.

This remonstrance, when published, woke up the Liberals of the county, and remonstrances came in from all quarters. The preachers and religious societies, especially the Woman's Temperance Union, became very active in behalf of the appropriation, but it seems the majority of the board were men of sufficient sense to see it was an unjust, unconstitutional demand, and they gave the victory to the friends of secularism.

When the result was known there was consternation in the ranks of the pious, and a Saratoga Journal says:

At the December monthly meeting of the Ballston Spa Woman's Temperance Union, held Tuesday, the 7th inst., the matter of the continuance of the non-sectarian Christian mission services at the county almshouse Sunday afternoons and of giving Christian burial to its deceased inmates under the auspices of the union, was made the subject of prayer and thoughtful discussion, now that the county board has declined to make the customary annual appropriation of \$110 for that purpose. It was then laid over for action at a future meeting.

At the close of the meeting the lady president recommended that the members should in their daily prayers petition God that he would so enlighten the hearts and minds of the Supervisors that they should be led in the future to prefer unselfish religious personal and political measures and ends.

The following answer to the resolutions of the Woman's Temperance Union is so sound and truly patriotic and democratic that we give it below in full:

THE A. P. A. ANSWER THE W. C. T. U.

"The Woman's Christian Temperance Union" of Saratoga County,

New York, in their resolutions passed February 23d, 1897, in answer to the resolutions of the American Protective Association of Greenfield Center, N. Y., state that said resolutions of the A. P. A. are "based upon error," that the action of the Board of Supervisors (in appropriating money raised by taxation upon the taxable inhabitants of said county, to be expended under the immediate supervision and control of said Woman's Christian Temperance Union for the payment of certain ministerial rites and ceremonies to be performed at the county almshouse in said county), "is not unconstitutional and is not establishing a precedent, since it is customary to provide chaplains in the United States Senate, the army and navy, State prisons, etc., and is in harmony with the teachings of Him who said, 'The poor should have the Gospel preached unto them.' " If this sustaining apology for the action of the Board of Supervisors proves anything, it proves too much; it proves that the Supervisors, whose duties pertain solely to the transaction of secular affairs, have assumed the authority to pass an appropriation by which the taxable inhabitants of said county are compelled to pay the expenses of conducting certain religious rites and ceremonies at the county almshouse in said county. Thus delegating to the W. C. T. U. the power and privilege of the selection for these ministerial services those who are in accord and sympathy with their particular religious tenets, and mode of worship, thereby causing the promulgation of certain religious theories, opinions and doctrines, which, as stated in the resolutions of the A. P. A., is an infringement on the rights of the people. The employment of chaplains in Congress or in any of the departments of the government, is in direct contravention of the constitution, which expressly declares that, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." The practice is without any legal authority, and ought to be discontinued as being pernicious in principle and constituting a pecuniary provision for the ministry. We are perfectly in sympathy with, and approve of, the saying attributed to the Nazarene reformer, that "The Gospel should be preached unto the poor." But there is no evidence that He received any pecuniary recompense for His preaching. When He sent out his apostles to preach, He gave them all this injunction, that "Freely ye have received, freely give." The ministrations to the poor, the sick, and to those that are in prison, should be wholly a labor of love, charity, brotherly kindness, and good will. "Thou shalt take no gift, for a gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous." (Exodus xxiii., 8. There is not a particle of evidence contained in the New Testament, that the apostles ever received any pecuniary compensation for their work in the ministry. Paul says: "I have coveted no man's silver or gold or apparel; yea, yourselves know that these hands have ministered to my necessities and to those that were with me. I have shown you all things, how that so laboring you ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' "

And to those zealous advocates of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who are so anxious to have the "Gospel preached to the



poor," and who claim to be guided by the teachings of Him who said, "My Kingdom is not of this world," we say, in the language of the eminent Apostle: "Preach the word; do the work of an evangelist; make full proof of your ministry," and for your reward, look not to man; for with the unselfish and charitable fulfillment of every duty will be experienced that joy and peace of mind which the world, with all its pecuniary emoluments, cannot give, nor take away.

CLARENCE E. LATHAM,  
Chairman of Committee.

It would seem from the above that the clergy who are so free in offering the people heavenly rewards for their service to the church are not willing to take that kind of coin for their own services. Promises of "Mansions in the skies" for poor sinners who "will work for Jesus" is considered sufficient pay, but a preacher prefers for his services a good mansion on earth, free from taxation.

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#### BOOK REVIEW.

"**STRIPICULTURE**," by Dr. M. L. Holbrook, a book of 192 pages, just issued from the press, is like all the works that Dr. Holbrook publishes, a most valuable aid to humanity. Prof. E. F. Bacon, of the State Normal School, of Oneonta, says of it: "It is the most readable and useful work of its kind I have ever seen, and if I were able, I would put a copy in every public library. It deals with a delicate subject with perfect taste and propriety, and cannot fail to awaken in the mind of every thoughtful reader ideas of race and child culture by wise selection and other scientific means. The chapter on the theoretical baby (really it is an actual baby), would do immense good if put into the hands of every parent. I have had occasion to thank Dr. Holbrook for many books, but never more than for this one." Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

"Voices of Doubt and Trust" is a book of valuable selections from the most noted authors and thinkers of the nineteenth century, compiled by Volney Streamer. It contains 215 pages, and is published in beautiful style. The author says in his preface:

"This little book makes no aim to fill a gap in literature; but it is believed that no attempt has previously been made to collect under one cover such candid expressions of a search for Truth, ranging from the darkness of hopeless Doubt to that radiance that fills the heart in sublimest Trust. It is conceded, by most people, that the honest and sincere expression of opinion—whether one holds with it or not—is entitled to a respectful hearing. Many voices have spoken in no uncertain tones, and many weary Seekers along Life's dusty way have been cheered by the faintly echoed hope voiced by another Seeker a little in advance. The collector's one earnest desire has been to give to a larger audience certain of these clear, strong words that have been hitherto sounded for the few only, ow-

ing to the manner in which they were published, or remained unpublished. And he trusts that, even in this brief volume, the casual reader will perhaps find some new thought, or some new expression of an older hope, that may revive his sinking courage, or give him a moment of cheer."

Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

"Buddhism and Its Christian Critics," by Dr. Paul Carns, and published by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, is a book of 316 pages, that ought to have a very large circulation in this "Christian country." It shows very conclusively that Christianity is not the only great organized superstition, or religion, in the world. The contents of the book is as follows: "Preface;" "The Origin of Buddhism;" "The Philosophy of Buddhism;" "The Psychological Problem;" "The Basic Concepts of Buddhism;" "Buddhism and Christianity;" "Christian Critics of Buddhism;" "Conclusion." Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

### ALL SORTS.

—"The Woman's Bible" is now complete in two parts. The price of each part is 50 cents.

—Reader, have you procured a club of five or over, at the low price of 75 cents, for this Magazine?

—Reader, do not forget to send 25 cents for the "Little Freethinker" for your children. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

—The obituary notice of the late Stephen Brewer, that we promised to publish in this number, is unavoidably put over to the March number.

—"The (London) Freethinker" ought to have a very large circulation in this country. If Free Thinkers, generally, knew its value it would have.

—Moncure D. Conway will receive, everywhere, the sympathy of Free Thinkers in the loss, by death, of his most intelligent, worthy and devoted wife.

—Reader, your special attention is called to the first article in the Editorial Department of this number. You will see by reading it that we have a little personal interest in the subject discussed.

—"Eighty Years and More" is the

title of a 500-page book just brought out by Elizabeth Cady Stanton. It consists of the reminiscences of her long and eventful life. The price is \$2; for sale at this office.

—A Kansas clergyman fell dead while preaching a sermon and a New York woman dropped dead from the effects of dancing. If the woman's fate is a warning against the sin of dancing, what is the minister's?

—"When the World Is Free," a poem that we published as original in the January Magazine, we have since learned, appeared some time since in "The Twentieth Century." It is now in order for the author to explain how it came to be sent to us as an original production.

—Irvin Hecker, Esq., of Whitehall, Wis., is the fourth person who has written to us that he will take ten copies of "The Thanatoikrad" if it is put in book form. He says: "I shall soon have it committed to memory, as I have read it to friends for more than a dozen times."

—"Lucifer," the free love organ, is laboring from week to week to prove what the Christians have long been claiming, that Free Thought leads to free love and anarchy. They are very severe on the

degeneracy of "Green, Ingersoll & Co." We thank "Lucifer" for placing us in such good company.

—James Lewis, who has been for many years our very active agent in Springfield, Mass., we regret to learn, is suffering from severe illness. Still, though not able to leave his room, he has succeeded in procuring a club for this Magazine. He proposes to work for Liberalism to the last hour of his life.

—T. B. Wakeman has furnished three very able articles on Thomas Paine for this Magazine, the last appearing in this number. They ought to be published in book form for general circulation. We earnestly request each one of our readers who will take eight copies and pay \$1 for them, when published, to send us his or her name.

—The Liberal Movement.—"No, sah," continued Deacon Jones, chairman of the committee on church discipline, waving the new pastor to silence. "We likes yo', pus'nully. Yo's a pow'ful good tawkah, sah, but we's all on us b'lievahs in de lit'ry onerrancy ob de Bible, sah, an' 'spects to hear it 'sponded as chero-bim an' terrapin, an' we doan' wan' no sinovations const'tuted in place ob de holy writ, sah. No, sah."—*Detroit Journal*.

—"The Free Opinion" is a Free Thought paper published weekly by Jas. E. Hughes at 512 Race street, Cincinnati, Ohio. It seems to be the Blue Grass Blade resurrected under a new name. It is edited by that able Liberal writer, Dr. J. B. Wilson, who has a valuable article in this number of the Magazine. The price is \$1 a year. Reader, send 10 cents for a sample copy. We wish the new journal the greatest success.

—Chris Merry, who was last month tried and convicted in Chicago for murdering his wife in a most cruel manner and carting her body off in a sack, at night, to a hiding place, became so pious before the trial came on that he objected

to any one sitting on the jury who was not a Christian. As he expected that he would be sent to glory by the verdict of the jury, he did not want the disgrace of being under obligations to infidels for the favor.

—You remember the story of the man in Italy, who asked the priest if he really believed the religion of the country; and the priest said, "Oh, no! we have to go slowly on account of the people; they believe it." And when the people were asked if they believed it, they said, "Oh, no, we are not such fools; but the priests believe it." And so people play hide-and-seek with each other, not daring to tell the magnificent, clear truth of things. —Rev. M. J. Savage.

—Thaddeus B. Wakeman furnished for the November, 1897, Free Thought Magazine the best life sketch that has ever been written of Moncure Daniel Conway. It was a very valuable production, and it seems the editors of the "Truth Seeker" considered it such, for they published some four columns from it in the issue of their paper of Jan. 29; but we regret to notice they failed to give this Magazine any credit for the same. It was probably an oversight which our esteemed contemporary will gladly correct in their next issue after reading this reference to their discourtesy.

—Columbus, Ind., Jan. 16.—Nathan B. Davis, a farmer near this city, has gone raving mad over religion and imagines he is the devil. He is of a large, muscular build, and it is almost impossible to keep him from killing himself and everybody he sees. Last night he broke his bindings and severely injured two of the seven attendants before he was subdued. Davis attended a revival meeting at the Sandcreek Quaker church which lasted all day and all night constantly for a week.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

Such accounts as the above are very common. But who ever heard of a person becoming insane from listening to Free Thought teachings? If Col. Ingersoll's lectures should shatter one mind

how the bigots would harp on the evil effects of "Infidelity."

—"Hamlin, W. Va., Jan. 17.—The Rev. J. C. Enoch closed a revival service in the Baptist Church yesterday, and hundreds of persons gathered to see ten converts baptized in Ten Mile Creek.

"After seven candidates had been successfully immersed in the icy waters, Mrs. Henry Kirk, weighing 200 pounds, was led into the stream. As she was tipped over, the minister's benumbed hands lost their grip, and the woman, apparently made unconscious by the cold water, sank.

"Several men rushed to the rescue, but in the excitement Mrs. Kirk was allowed to drown.

"The other two converts were not immersed."

It must have been a consolation to Mrs. Kirk's orthodox friends to know that she had no opportunity to "fall from grace" after being baptized, and that she went direct from the "Ten Mile Creek" to heaven. But it was very cruel in the preacher to leave the "other two converts" unbaptized and in danger of hell fire. It was lucky for the other seven that they were baptized before Mrs. Kirk, otherwise they might have been left out of the "ark of safety."

—"Much interest has been excited in New York by Mr. Henry M. Taber's agnosticism, as shown in his final abjuration of the whole evangelical scheme of salvation, and the expression of doubt in regard to the future life. He directed his friends to burn his body and scatter the ashes.

"A charge of inconsistency has been brought against him because, up to the time of his death, he was the treasurer of a Presbyterian church. From this charge Mr. Raymond S. Perrin defends him in a letter to 'The Times.' He says that Mr. Taber was a sweet-tempered, modest man, who never forced his views upon others, while he was always frank and outspoken in the expression of his

convictions. The pity of it in the case of such men (and they are many) is that by repulsion from the harsh doctrines of Calvinism they are driven into a dreary world of doubt and denial, which accords neither with their natural temperament nor their moral quality."—The Christian (Unitarian) Register.

Mr. Taber was an Agnostic. That is, he declared he did not possess any satisfactory proof of the existence of a God, or of a future state of existence. Will our highly esteemed contemporary inform us if they have any reliable proof on those questions, and if so, state what it is?

—In the January Magazine, on page 60, we gave an interesting account of the appearance of the Devil over in Canada. It would seem from the following that he has moved over into this country—into Indiana. His mission seems to be to stir up orthodox churches. If some of our Chicago orthodox preachers would announce beforehand, when he would attend their church, we think it would be a drawing card, and that on that special "Sabbath day" the sanctuary for once would be well filled. Here is the report we clip from the "Chicago Tribune":

"Bourbon, Ind., Jan. 17.—The Rev. Mr. Akin, pastor of the flock of Bethel Church, Sunday night took for his theme, 'His Satanic Majesty.' He is an eloquent man, and he painted the arch-fiend in vivid colors. At the climax of the description a being, dressed to represent a devil, with large head and switching tail, ambled up the aisle, blowing smoke from its nostrils and bellowing: 'I am the devil, and I want all of you.'

"The audience became panic stricken. Men, women, and children were hurled to the floor and trampled in the mad rush for the door. In the confusion the stove was upset and the building caught fire. Before the horrified members regained their senses the fire had gained such headway that all attempts to save the church were in vain."

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# FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE

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MARCH, 1898.

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## FALLACIES AND FRAILTIES OF FAITH.

BY JACK KAZAD.

NO HUMAN being, be he sage, savant or simpleton, can form any conception of a God. It is beyond the ken of sense and transcends the power of thought to conceive of a being or substance which has no material existence. The most enlightened and educated religionists tell us that God and Devil, Heaven and Hell, are purely immaterial things, having only a spiritual existence. But when one thinks of God he pictures him in his mind as a big powerful man, sitting on an adamant throne, belted with surpassing magnificence, and followed by a long train of devoted and loving angels, all radiant with spiritual glory. Mentally contemplated the Devil appears a horrible monster with horned head, hands and feet which bristle with deadly claws, and a tail tipped with a fiery fly-brush. Hell always appears to the mind as a gigantic cooking stove heated with burning sulphur instead of coal, and Heaven looms up as a beautiful city immured by a colossal wall of marble and pearl, with wide and wonderful golden streets and castellated buildings.

It is impossible to conceive of infinite magnitude, extension or duration. An eternity contains a thousand centuries as many times as it does a second. For example, imagine, if possible, a straight railroad extending through space a never-ending distance. Now, if you had two measuring sticks, one a mile and the other an inch long, and it were possible for you to measure this road, would not it contain the mile measuring stick as many times as it would the inch one? Certainly it would. Hence it is utterly impossible to form any conception of anything which is infinite; and as God is infinite, it is impossible to conceive him.

Gods are the fickle creation of the imagination, begotten by the passions and longings, the love and the fear which dwell in the human breast. The oppressions and miseries we have to endure on earth to a great extent form our conceptions of a future state of happiness or punishment. If our bodies are afflicted with diseases and pains, we are apt to conjecture heaven as a place where we are to enjoy robust and perfect health, and

conversely our idea of a hell will be a place of diseases, beds of anguish, and afflictions untold. If our lot here below has been one hampered and roughened by poverty and want, we invariably imagine hell is a place where these afflictions are intensified, and heaven a place where we will luxuriate and feast sumptuously, in peace and plenty. The drunkard thinks heaven is a land flowing with wine and whisky; but the prohibitionist declares that no liquids are in that fabled country save milk and water. The drunkard could have no lovelier heaven and the extreme temperance fanatic no worse hell, than to swim forever in a lake of rum. The lazy man dreams of heaven as a land of shade trees, hammocks and hospitals for rest, and of hell as a country bustling with industry and labor, with no time for any one to recline.

The Esquimaux of the frigid zone declare that hell is a region of horrible coldness; and the stupid tenants of the sweltering tropics fancy it a place white with awful heat. Hence man's idea of the supernatural is founded on, and bears a direct relation to, his circumstances and condition. Religion is a direct and logical outgrowth of men's natures and environments, and they that are conditioned differently will have different systems of religion. But the question may be asked, "What has caused the human races to differ so greatly?" Climate is the principal physical cause that has changed and differentiated the human species. Color, shape and countenance are its direct effects. Rotteck wisely observes, "Man's manner of thinking and feeling, his enjoyment and cares, and even his religion are, for the most part, climatic." Every fiber of man's being is controlled by climate. No great man was ever raised in the torrid zone or in the vicinity of the poles. Scholozzer declares that man's language is a product of climate. Thus we must arrive at the positive conclusion that man's conditions are an infallible index to his religion; and as his conditions are mostly caused by climate, hence his religion is, to a great extent, climatic. The most enlightened people always have the most advanced and improved religion, but the people raise and improve the religion, and not the religion them. Europe may adopt Mohammedanism, and Asia Christianity, but Europe would still stand far ahead of Asia in everything which enlightens and ennobles life.

All religions are replete with fables and supernatural happenings, and it matters not how unreasonable or credulous these stories may appear, they defy both science and reason to exterminate them. Theological seminaries are established and maintained not to impart knowledge, but to teach young preachers how to twist the truth and interpret fables so as to make them harmonize with the indisputable decrees of science. All of

these religions have certain books which they claim came from God. The Christians say that their Bible was written through Divine inspiration. If the Bible was written through inspiration, it could be inspiration to them only who wrote it. Thomas Paine thoroughly established this fact, but I have forgotten his illustration, so I give a similar one: The Mormons claim that their Bible was transcribed by Joseph Smith from certain magnificent plates of gold which were unearthed in New York, and which miraculously disappeared as soon as their inscriptions were copied. Now which is the most probable, that the story is true or that Smith told a lie? But suppose that the plates of gold were really unearthed and properly transcribed, would that fact increase the reasonableness of Smith's story? If the Lord wanted to write a book why did not he write it himself? It certainly is far easier to write a book yourself than employ and watch over a coterie of bunglers to do it for you! Why would the Lord belittle himself, and give cause for men to doubt, by employing a lot of ignorant men to act as his amanuenses? Why did not he write it at one time instead of having it written in fragments with hundreds of years intervening? Would not the New Testament be more worthy of belief had Christ written it? Why would he do so important a thing as proclaiming his word and law in a way which man can imitate and counterfeit? Why did he not proclaim his word in his usual arbitrary manner, so that no one could sincerely doubt its genuineness, and those that should would do it from perverse and evil motives? If the Lord preferred to make his Bible through inspiration, why did not he inspire some one to make the earth for him?

One should not deny the claims of the Scriptures from any prejudiced or unreasonable motive. Nothing is so reprehensible as convictions founded on blindness, bigotry and obstinacy. Nothing is nobler than to follow the star of reason and fearlessly maintain your ground, no matter where it leads. All religions are grounded on ignorance and mental servility; hence the devotees of creeds are always intolerable and merciless. To be an avowed freethinker is to set yourself up as a target for all the envenomed darts of fanaticism and tyranny. An intelligent infidel cannot be combated or repulsed with argument. The only way to crush him is to persecute and ostracize him from society. The world always crucifies the men who take and hold advanced views. The iconoclast, the innovator, the man who explodes and overthrows old fallacies, and bursts the bubbles upon which the dust of centuries have fallen, is always hated and execrated while he lives. The funeral dirge of the greatest heroes in the van of human thought has too often been the crackle of deadly fagots and the groans of enginery of torture. Only fruitful trees are beaten. The man who

vindicates his manhood by refusing to stand haltered in the theological stalls and eat orthodox husks, is always anathematized as a moral traitor and irreverent wretch.

As the mother of a deformed and incorrigible child will defend it, and cover its defects with the relucant mantle of love, so do Christians defend the absurdities of the Bible. They cling to its fables and false teachings as the sluggard to his couch. Has dogmatism become so integrated in their beings that they cannot expurgate it from their brains? Why should they so fear the light? Does damnation ride on the shoulders of the truth? If it does, then let it come!

The Bible is a mass of errors. Every page is filled with mistakes. Prof. Ladd, of Yale, declares that in King James' version are 100,000 errors! But as the whale swallowed Jonah, body, boots and breeches, so do Christians accept the Bible, errors, mistakes, barbarous teachings, and all. The Bible was originally written in the Hebrew language. From this it was translated into Greek, and from that into all modern languages. The Latin language is far more perfect than the Greek, and the Greek much superior to the Hebrew. But even in translating the best Latin classics, every school boy knows what a great deal of judgment and guesswork you have to use. Most of the Greek and Latin words have several synonyms in the English language, and in translating the Testament from Greek to English, it is obvious that the construction of the sentences and selection of proper synonyms are matters which rest entirely on the judgment of the translator. The Hebrew language, as anciently used, is very imperfect; therefore its translation into the Greek language, many centuries ago, was largely guess-work; and, moreover, the men who did it, from the age in which they lived, must have been very ignorant and unskilled. The Hebrew language is very imperfect; it contains no vowels, and is very meager of expressive words. It consisted, when written, of certain almost indecipherable characters, hieroglyphs and mural inscriptions; hence its translation into Greek must at best have been very imperfect. Also it must be remembered that the Hebrew Scripture, from which the Greek was taken, was lost or destroyed about the time of Christ. Like knowledge, music and art, language has been a slow growth, and the nearer we approach its origin the more defective and imperfect it becomes. Language of every kind is the transmitter of thought and feeling. The grunt of a savage, the cry of a child, or the wild gesticulations of the cannibal, may be pregnant with meaning, and such modes of expression are the parents of all languages.

We have already shown how the translation of the original Hebrew



into Greek must have been very imperfect and full of mistakes, but we cannot investigate that matter, as the Hebrew manuscripts have been destroyed. But we have the Greek version, and the English translation of it (our Bible) contains 100,000 errors. For example, here is one, "The love of money is the root of all evil." Now the proper translation would have been, "For a root of all evil is the love of money." The mistake is a serious one. The first sentence declares the love of money the only root of all evil, and the second makes it only one of the roots of all evil.

But there are many other reasons why the Bible is not now the Word of God, even if it were such originally. The work of the translator under the most favorable circumstances is fraught with difficulties and uncertainties. Two learned English scholars once translated Rousseau's "Emile" into English, and their productions varied so greatly that they had to leave the work of correction to a third party. Max Muller says: "There is no task of scholarship so uncertain as the work of the translator, and particularly is this difficulty intensified when we translate from a barbarous, imperfect or dead language." Nowadays we have learned proofreaders, and printing presses which almost have a conscience, yet under these favorable circumstances, it is almost impossible to print a book absolutely free from mistakes—what then must have been the result when there was no art of printing, or arbitrary method of spelling, capitalizing, punctuation, etc.?

The Bible was first printed in the year 1488. Before that there were but few Bibles, and they were in the possession of the priests. Imagine the awe with which the illiterate and superstitious peasantry of the Middle Ages looked upon these books! At that period only one man in about every 20,000 could read, and they that could were mostly priests. Now, when these priests could not find in the Bible a text sufficiently horrible with which to frighten their hearers, what was to prevent them from making one and inserting it in the holy writ? When they wanted to justify themselves in their debauchery, libertinism and holy extortion, what was to prevent them from manufacturing and interpolating scriptural passages suitable for the occasion? If the Bible ever was a respectable book, by hook and crook, craft and cunning, these blood-sucking vampires have vitiated and corrupted it until now it is surfeited with hideous dogmas, senseless jabberings and villainous obscenity. Yet we are asked, not only to place the most implicit confidence in this book, but to believe that it has come to us from the spotless hands of an all-wise, merciful, loving and Almighty God! They tell us that it is the literary masterpiece of Him whose touch could encinder a planet, and whose breath could form a universe! We are asked to renounce our reason, to stab our convictions, hug this im-

postor to our breasts, shut our eyes and shout, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." If there is a God, such mockery, such desecration, such a travesty upon the name of the most Holy, is enough to make curses blaze from the lips of the most apathetic, and cause the angels of heaven to enshroud their faces in shame! For my own part, I prefer to go to hell clinging to my conscientious beliefs, than enter heaven espousing that which my reason scorns.

In the first centuries of the Christian era the bishops and priests had considerable trouble deciding which books were written by inspiration. At that time there were about twenty Christian Bibles in existence. These bishops voted certain books inspired and the minute they voted them such, they became such, for all time. They voted certain books uninspired, and the books immediately became such forever. Had these all-knowing bishops declared by vote that the Book of John was not inspired, John to-day would have not a single inspired word in its chapters!

Like the thief in the fable, the Christians become entangled in their own nets. They teach the doctrine of eternal damnation, and immediately dilate on the doctrine of repentance and forgiveness. Two more incongruous ideas could not be couched in the same book. If God is such a forgiving creature, why does he not make some provisions for pardoning the poor convicts in hell? Both of the above-named doctrines are illogical, and one cuts the throat of the other. The first represents God as a hideous, heartless and unjust demon, and the second as a silly and stupid dupe who is easily tricked, and who has no idea of justice. The principle of absolute forgiveness is an encouragement to sin. It teaches men that they will not reap what they sow. It is at deathless hostility to all the laws of cause and effect. It leads men to believe that their evil deeds are trivial and will beget no bad results in this life or the life to come. It is diametrically opposed to every law of the universe. It is a childish subterfuge through which men can dodge the results of their evil deeds, and cheat justice of her dues. It is the pious legerdemain, the simple-twist-of-the-wrist, by which the adept can pass a counterfeit quarter on St. Peter and slip through the pearly gates. Suppose the United States Congress and all the States would pass a law like this: "For the next one hundred days, all the crimes and violations of the laws which are committed, upon the earnest repentance of the perpetrator, will be freely forgiven." Would not this enactment encourage refractions of law? The profligate idea of forgiveness should not be inculcated in the minds of men, for it destroys their personality, removes all responsibility, and leads them to be diffident as to their morals, for they believe that, come what may, they will be saved. But

Christians tell us that the blood and suffering of Jesus Christ is sufficient to obliterate the sins of every creature; or, in other words, God has vengeance for the sins committed by men by inflicting on Christ the punishment which deservedly should be inflicted on the evil doer. This dogma is contrary to every precept of justice. If for some dastardly deed I were to be hanged, would it satisfy justice for my brother to be hanged in my place?

But no church dogma is so repulsive to reason and libelous to the name of God as the doctrine of endless torment. A virtuous, loving God could not damn his children to endless hell for their shortcomings and weaknesses. We are told that God so hated sin that he drowned this world; why, then, does not he destroy hell? An avowed prohibitionist would be branded as a canting hypocrite if he were the proprietor of a saloon. Could a merciful, evil-hating God permit a hell to exist by his own patronage? Would he allow the devil to regale his nostrils with the deadly stench of burning sulphur and frying bodies? If God does inflict punishment on his children he certainly does it himself and does not allow them to be outraged and maltreated by an insensate demon. God would no more send one of his children to hell to be punished by a heartless devil than a mother would send her wayward child to a madhouse to be flogged by maniacs and shrews. We are told that God cast Satan out of Heaven for his refractory habits; why, then, did God assign him a job in which he has taken the greatest delight ever since? This was certainly a poor way to punish, for Satan, no doubt, is much enamored of his work.

I freely admit that a more beautiful dream was never born in the brain of man than the hope of immortality in a land of peace and happiness. Heaven is at least a beautiful myth, and we should not oppose anything which is beautiful. Love is the parent of the dream that we shall meet again beyond the shadowy river of death, and live forever in a land of beauty and glory, with no pains to burden the body and no sorrows to rack the brain. How beautiful! A land where the air is wooed with melody soft and sweet, coming from the throats of a million happy choristers playing on harps of a thousand strings, and wafting the weary to the echoless realms of rest by angel voices chanting mellow and low! Angels to stir the endless depths of ether with their heavenly wings! Where the unhallowed flames of earthly passion shall blend into the holy fires of love; where every base desire shall die and over its grave shall be planted the cross of duty and devotion! But Christians mar this beautiful picture by placing at its side a vision of hideousness, more horrible than was ever born in the dream of a distracted fiend. The Christian hell is the most awful and grewsome delirium that was ever born in the night of

human ignorance, despair and degradation. An ingenious French mechanic once made of glass a miniature hell and exhibited it in Paris. People gazed at it by the hour, until finally the authorities had to stop the exhibition, as a great many fanatics were demented by the sight. How dreadful, then, must be the real hell! Think of this awful place! A tremendous cooking stove! Think of the millions of wretches infesting that lurid and ghastly region! Think of them writhing in the boiling sulphur, like worms through a dead body! Think of the dryads and dragons and gigantic bats with eagle wings! Think of the howls and groans and screams of the helpless inmates, and the hiss of fiery vipers, whose tongues are tipped with the venom of death! Then there are the demons of beast-like form sending forth wild, demoniac yells. There are fiends with gloating eyes and sardonic grin. And the surface of this lake, as far as eye can reach, is filled with human bodies frying, squirming, stewing and writhing in misery, and enduring the poignant pangs of agonies worse than ten thousand deaths. There are the unfortunate rich men begging in vain for a drop of water to cool their parched lips. There are the little innocent babes, mingling their pitiful screams with the wild and awful chorus—babes that had harmed neither God nor man—that were once but tiny blossoms of love to sanctify and bless the hymeneal altar. Then there is the Devil, stalking spectre-like through the hot, heavy and sulphurous air, tiger-like licking his blazing and bloody fangs, smacking his lips in ghastly and ghoulish glee, and churning and stirring with his brazen pitchfork his stenchful mess of human hash. And all this takes place in a pit of impenetrable darkness—blackier than stygian gloom; but above, around and over all are the deadly, hissing and creeping flames—a strange paradox! Oceans of flame without any light is quite an anomaly!

Now this picture is not overdrawn a whit—this is the Bible hell. But seeing how ridiculous this doctrine appeared to the eyes of every thinking man, and knowing that the advancement of learning and the untrammelled use of reason would eventually overthrow such a grewsome doctrine, the Christians have carefully avoided a decisive defeat by saying that, "There is no literal fire in hell, it is only metaphorical; the fire spoken of means the burning of your conscience." Now if you interpret the meaning of the Bible figuratively in one instance, it gives you the right to translate it figuratively throughout; if you have the right to distort and misinterpret the plain language of one chapter, you have the right to do the same to all chapters. Here Christians are again in a pitiable plight—trapped by their own stupidity.

But some of the less dogmatic Christians say that the idea of a hell

is being surrendered, or at least modified, by the leading preachers. Here are two passages, from two of the world's greatest preachers, which must forever destroy that hallucination. Henry Ward Beecher says: "The floor trembles to deep thunders which roll below. Here and there jets of flame spout up and give a lurid light to the murky hall. Some would fain escape; and flying across the treacherous floor, through pitfalls and treacherous traps, with hideous outcries and astounding yells to perdition! Fiends laugh! The infernal laugh, the cry of agony, the thunder of damnation, shake the very roof and echo from wall to wall. See the blood oozing from the wall, the fiery hands which pluck the wretches down, the light of hell gleaming through, and hear its roar as of a distant ocean chafed with storms!" Upon this subject the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon speaks no less positively, "Some theologians tell you that the hell-fire spoken of in the Bible is not literal but metaphorical fire. Ah me, suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by those who wish to dodge God's vengeance! On every link and chain in hell is writter the word 'forever!' In the fires there blazes the word 'forever!' It is a place where there shall be 'wailing and gnashing of teeth!' Mothers gnash their teeth at their children and curse, and the children do the same in return! Fathers, sons and daughters, and even babes curse and howl and gnash their teeth at each other! The body in hell becomes as asbestos and burns forever, but never is destroyed!" Thus the very leaders of orthodoxy persist in teaching the existence of an eternal cooking apparatus for human beings; and that the merciful God created an infinite Devil, robed him with powers which would honor a God, and turned him loose into the world to seduce the unwary and decoy the innocent into the path which leads down to fire and fury and flame. Yet the Bible for twenty centuries has been instilling this cruel and destructive dogma into the minds of every generation. It is the labarum of the Christian faith. They commence indoctrinating it into the minds of children before they have left the cradle. When the child becomes older, and begins to ask questions about the this and that of religion, he is told that it is not to be understood; and if he should become too inquisitive in all probability he gets a thrashing, for that is the way the Christians prefer to propagate their religious tenets. But as the foot of the Chinese belle, after continued effort and pressure, becomes permanently dwarfed and deformed, so does the mind of the child finally succumb to the process of dwarfing and becomes orthodox. If a child ask the reasons for certain things in arithmetic or grammar, the Christians declare that it is no sin to tell him; but let the child inquire into the "reasons" of religion, and how quick he is told, that, "You must not allow such thoughts to enter your

mind. It is impossible to understand the wisdom of God. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth.' What appears foolish to us may be glorious in the sight of God. It is not necessary for us to understand such things. When such questions enter your mind again, stamp them out with vengeance, for it is only the Devil tempting you."

To teach a child the existence of supernatural beings and things is to ingrain stupidity and fear into its mind. It makes it afraid of its own shadow. It sees the likeness of God or Devil depicted on the clouds, and hears him in the rustle of the leaves and the moaning of the wind. Moreover, it stultifies the mind and impedes the healthy development of the reason. If a boy were to ask you what caused the change of the seasons, you would take a globe and explain to him the cause, which is the inclination of the earth to the plane of its orbit. If he were to ask you what caused the winds to blow you would explain the unequal heating of the atmosphere and the tendency of heated air to rise and colder air necessarily rushing in to fill the vacuum. If he were to ask you why water runs down hill, you would explain to him the law of gravity and the tendency of the earth to draw all things to its center. Now, in each of the above answers and explanations you have broadened the mind of the child; but suppose you had answered these questions by telling the child that "God" was the cause of these phenomena! Not only would you be telling him wrong, but you would be giving him an answer which would stun his reason, bewilder his senses, and becloud every mental faculty with senseless and useless mysticisms. This practice of teaching human beings the existence of a monster in the skies and a monster in the interior of the earth, was born of fear and nurtured by ignorance; it is one of the gray-headed descendants of ancient savagery. But the buttress of the modern church is fear, its tactics is to terrorize and craze, and it prefers to defy and baffle progress rather than yield its dogmas or surrender its power. It demands that its votaries shall stifle their reason, ask no questions, blindly believe, and explain the idiotic riddles and absurdities of the Bible by saying, "It is impossible for us to understand the word and works of God."

Destroy the brutal doctrine of an eternal hell and the Christian church will fall into decay. What few sincere followers the church has are those who are trying to miss the gridirons of hell. Drive this inhuman idea out of the mind of man and dirt and cobwebs will cover the benches of every "divine sanctuary," and the dust of years will rest on the lids of the "Holy Bible." Kill the Devil or soften the hardened visage of frowns and scowls on the Almighty's face, and the Christian church will totter to ruins. The less a man knows the bigger his God. Among the ignorant,

the falling of rain is not due to certain atmospheric conditions but to the direct command of God; hence the origin of the long-established custom of praying for rain during a drouth. Educate a man and you take a great deal of the "God" out of him, for he will then understand the cause of things he would otherwise attribute to the supernatural.

"We know but little of nature,  
The grass on which we trod;  
That which we understand not,  
We worship and call it God."

One of the things which betray the inherent weakness of the Christian faith is the tremendous asperity with which Christians denounce the custom of reading liberal books. When a young Christian contemplates the legal maxim of justice, "*Audi alteram partem*," and concludes to read an infidel book, some consecrated pulpit-pounder or faith-flinger at once tells him, "You must not allow your hands to touch such books. It is only the Devil tempting you, and trying to lead you to the lowest depths of ruin and perdition." I never have talked to a Christian who would admit that there is no harm in reading an infidel book. Like the owl, the church cannot endure the light—like the bubble, it cannot be touched. The man who declares that his faith is as plain to his mind's eye as the noonday sun, and yet refuses to read a reasonable argument against the tenets of his faith, is a consummate bigot; and his eschewing of argument exhibits the weakness of his grounds, and his lack of confidence in his belief. Such premises are as untenable and presumptuous as those of the man who asserted that his ox weighed ten tons, but who persistently refused to place the animal on the scales. Men who are conscientious in their beliefs never fear opposing arguments. Only error hates the truth. Darkness cannot exist where there is light, but light can shine in darkness. The death, or at least the total revolution of all religions is not far distant in the future; trying to prevent this revolution, attempting to obscure the sun of progress, or endeavoring to bolster the already tottering dogmas of a dying religion by stuffing the mind with ridiculous dogmas, is as preposterous as trying to make the earth drunk by pouring whisky in a crab-hole.

But some say, "The church has lived for thousands of years." So have liars, hypocrites and knaves, but that fact does not prove that they are an indispensable blessing, or that they will always be. The strength of the church does not lie within itself, but in the power and numbers of its defenders. Religion exists the same as some thieves exist—by not being hunted down. In the West, in an early day, certain daring and dangerous men would organize into a band of robbers, kill or bribe all the offi-

cers, and then they thrived; but the fact that they thrived does not argue that they were right or that their deeds were commendable. The church exists and prospers much the same way; it heaps calumny on every one who thinks for himself; it stamps as a heretic who differs from them; it boycotts and terrorizes all who would otherwise entertain liberal views—and then it prospers. It destroys the flowers to let the weeds flourish. The politician coddles to the church to win its favor and accomplish his ends, just as the money-loving dude woos and weds the wealthy widow to get her gold. The business man respects a church the same as he does a rattlesnake—he would rather step out of its way and court it a little than have it mad at him; he would rather bow than have it bite him. Every truthful man admits that the church is powerful, that it is a controlling factor in our government, but does this signify aught? So were the Jacobins and the Ku Klux Klan powerful! Is power the synonym of virtue and truth? If 5,000 armed men were to surround a house built of chaff and feathers, and vow that no one should touch it, it is very likely that the house would continue to stand until it fell to pieces by its own weakness. But would this argue that the house was strong? Would this prove that it was a genuine structure of stone and wood? Under such circumstances a palsied cripple would be as strong as a Samson.

Such are a few of the many fallacies and frailties of the Christian faith. Superstition is the only thing that refuses to keep pace with progress. Other things may revolutionize; old things may die and something newer and better take its place. Man may burst the fetters from his hands, penetrate the draperies of darkness which ignorance and bigotry have cast around him; he may rise from the dungeons black with woe, and mount on eagle wings to the empyrean of greatness and power; he may master the mysteries of the elements and make their unseen forces serve his will; he may listen to the whisperings of nature, grasp the murmured secrets, and keep them as his own; he may conquer the realm of knowledge, rob nature of her richest treasures; he may with prophetic eye pierce the shaggy, dreamy mists of the future and read his shining destiny on curtains now unseen; he may subdue every wicked passion of his own heart, and become pure in spirit and noble in thought; he may span the abyss of time, or navigate the circumambient air; he may understand and govern the wondrous working of the mystic spindles of the brain; he may become pure, noble, magnificent, humane, sincere and uniform—but superstition, that serpent of stagnation, that enemy of all progress and humanity, will alone remain unaltered, unimproved, the same as it was when first it came from the fecund womb of the Dark Ages!



What has it done in the past for humanity? Has it soothed the bed of anguish or softened the tongueless silence of the tomb? What tyrannical empires has it wrecked and what despots has it dethroned? What shackles has it burst from the limbs of the oppressed? What torch has it ever carried into the lampless dungeons of despair? It has ever been the pillory of human oppression. It has always been the friend of the tyrant and the upholder of debauchery and crime. It has sanctioned the infamies of kings. It has robbed the poor to enrich the coffers of kings and heaven. It has been and is yet the superserviceable tool to gull mankind. Let progress relegate to the rear this last relic of barbarism!

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## DOCTRINE OF ORIGINAL SIN.

BY E. CAPLAN.

A CORRECT interpretation of Nature is of vital importance. Civilization in its deepest sense is the result, embodied in human thought, belief and action. Each civilization had an interpretation of its own, i. e., its own religion, art, and literature. The manner of interpretation was distinct with each civilization. Ancient man interpreted Nature in the terms of his own experience. His moods were also Nature's. His desires, his hopes, his aspirations were blended with Nature's. Imagination was the sole guide of antiquity. The faculty for details, the cool, impartial observations of the various manifestations of the phenomena of Nature, which has produced Science, is only possible to-day. Imagination is no longer robed in garments of reality, but is relegated to the nursery, where it still delights the youthful brains and may, now and then, serve the purpose of recreating the wearied intellects of the more mature. Thus do we smilingly regard the efforts of our ancestors and, if we are imbued with the spirit of the age, scorn those individuals still held in bondage by the fetters of the past. Why, then, do we still desire to be versed in the thoughts of the past and are delighted when we notice faint resemblance? Because the past is the prototype of the present; because we only differ from our ancestors in the method of interpretation. The thoughts that have agitated the minds of the philosophers of Hindoostan, the vexing problems that stirred the intellects of the Greek and the Semite—still present themselves to us as though never before attempted. The evidences of the past wither and die in the uncongenial (to them) soil of the modern science.

The measure of the civilizations of antiquity was in their capacity for interpretation. For art, literature and religion, in their broadest sense, signify the attempt of man to put himself in vital relationship with Na-

ture and his fellow-beings. The clearer the insight the higher the civilization. Different as the results were the methods were more or less similar. This explains the kinship of all the ancient theories, and why modern man still fondly looks back, as if in search after something lost on the way of progress. For let us not be deceived in believing that we are entirely freed from tradition. Its roots have implanted themselves far and deep. Cast off the superficial robe in which the average man parades on the avenues of science and reason and the grim face of credulity and superstition will greet your astonished eye. These surviving tendencies of the former ages are still factors in civilization. This explains the desire to harmonize theology with science, faith with reason. And theology hopelessly vanquished has changed its tactics and boldly declares that nearly all the natural laws as taught and discovered by science, were expressed in the Bible, witness the history of creation: Each day means an epoch, hence Genesis is the mother of Geology. It is true it has not yet found a place for the Sabbath, but this is because Science is not worthy of it. We must, however, acknowledge that religion was an honest endeavor to explain Nature in its relations to man, and is thus to be regarded as highly as literature and art. But when the adherents endeavor to claim for it a supernatural origin, and render it the standard of all future thought, then the evil becomes manifest, and the sooner such a religion is abolished the better. This criticism, however, does not apply to the founders of beliefs. Thus we can not but admire the earnestness of such men as Moses, Christ, Paul, Buddha, Confucius—different as our views may be. Their morality was high; their teachings pure. The ideas of justice and righteousness were elements in nearly all of the ancient beliefs. Early in civilization man has realized the usefulness of these sentiments toward the maintenance of the community. These were the essentials of progress, of culture, of morality. But it was also perceived that these tendencies toward perfection were not universal, that the many were, on certain occasions, but too willing to indulge in vice and crime. These were often punished. The tendencies of unbridled self-assertion were denominated as sins, and the community regarded the possessors of them as criminals. God's anger and revenge were invoked upon the transgressors, in the firm belief that Nature was governed by the same sense of justice, as conceived by them. But the thoughtful could not but observe the contrary. They saw and dimly perceived the indifference of Nature. The criminal was not killed, the wicked was not unhappy; the sinful often lived in palaces—while the righteous begged at his door. The storm destroyed the fields of the righteous, as well as of the sinful. Destruction visited both without discrimination. The guilt of unworthy

parents was visited upon the innocent children. This was as clearly felt then as now. And Job and Hamlet are, indeed, brothers in suffering, helpless tools of nature, grand figures in the history of human tragedy—conspicuous owing to the clearness of the sentiments they embody. Nature was thus perceived to be unjust. But the ancient man, ignorant of its laws, firmly believing in the justness of all natural events, endeavored to find fault with himself in order to justify the Cosmos. And by the aid of imagination he peopled the world with demons and angels, gods and spirits, heavens and hells, believing that the equilibrium could be restored only in this manner.

If man suffers, though he be apparently virtuous, he, nevertheless, displeases his Creator for some reason known only to his Maker; if the wicked prosper, he will surely suffer for his sins in the other world—while the righteous, the meek, the suffering will inherit the kingdom of heaven. Thus the Brahminist, the Christian and the Jew, widely differing in the means, reach practically the same end, differing only in the energy with which they damn to everlasting punishment the unbelievers and infidels. The Christian conception of sin proceeds from a fundamental error that underlies the ancient, especially the Christian conception of nature and man. God, the Creator of the Universe, is all-merciful and just. Man is created in His image. All the virtues emanate from God, the creator. Vice, crime, egotism, savagery, all evil is the result of human transgression. It is true some would-be philosophers write volumes to prove that the former cannot be denied by any man of sound understanding, and the latter signifies ignorance of natural laws, and emphasizes the doctrine by inserting the following lines from Pope:

All partial evil, universal good,  
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
One truth is clear: whatever is, is right.

We admit that there is an element of truth in this famous saying, but, if carefully analyzed, the whole will inevitably resolve itself into empty sentiments, not having the least of a scientific basis. Thus, man, if he sees evil facing him, should worship it, and if he is endowed with a creative imagination, should, if logical, compose songs and offer praises, as a fitting commemoration of a universally happy event.

"Evil does not really exist, and if it does, it is the result of ignorance. Good alone is Truth!" our philosophers exclaim, smacking their lips with inward delight at having solved the problem.

Man, according to the Christian theology, was born sinless. He had, however, the choice between bliss and damnation, and he, originally a

sinless creature, fashioned in God's image, chose deliberately to be damned. God, however, in His infinite mercy, could not endure this state of affairs. And after thousands of years of patient waiting, he, like a prudent father, finally sent his Son to save the world from eternal damnation. A fit conclusion to a happy beginning. It is not only a dream, but a nightmare. Science reverses the order. And evolution, its fairest offspring, guides with an unerring hand to the altar of truth and exact knowledge. Biology, the science of life, recognizes the individual alone. "The individual feels at first that he is the only thing existing and the only actual reality, and not until he has received a higher training does he become aware of the fact that certain necessary relations exist between himself and the beings like himself. The sense of fellowship is thus not an original impulse like the sense of individuality or egotism, but is the acquired knowledge that altruism is not contrary to but a deepening and a broadening of egotism."—Nordau.

Thus ethics is an acquired sentiment, is human in its origin; individual desires are natural and organic. Nature is neither cruel nor tender-hearted. It is governed by immutable laws which are mechanical in principle, not spiritual in the accepted sense, i. e., meaning thereby perfect goodness. In the distant past the natural man, the parent of the civilized, shared with all the living beings in the grand phenomenon of the struggle for existence. He was the survival of the fittest, owing to his egotistical impulses of destroying everything opposed toward his development. In the natural state, when anarchy prevailed, man had to rely upon his own individual resources in order to survive. Mercy was unknown. The enemy was vanquished and destroyed, or vice versa. Brutal strength, such as the conditions then demanded, and which was consequently the outcome of selection, prevailed. These tendencies, through constant repetition, became organic in man. Thus, through his inherent desires for self-gratifications, his unlimited self-assertion, which every man manifests in the beginning of his life, and which later training modifies, man is united with all of the living beings. Thus far he is the product of Cosmos, of Nature; to this extent is he a "natural man," contrary to the opinion of the sentimentalists. But, as in the course of evolution, man gradually rises out of anarchy, of individual law, and becomes a member of a tribe, a clan or a community, he acquires new characteristics, new traits, useful not only to self-maintenance but to the preservation of the community or race. New conditions arise, demanding a new selection. Those most capable to adapt themselves to the change in the environments survive—the others perish. And just as Nature, working through selection, demanded from

every human being almost unlimited self-assertion to maintain existence while in a savage state, so does it to-day, in virtue of the change in the conditions, demand more or less self-restraint to maintain order and render progress possible. The former are the results of Cosmic energy, the latter are largely the outgrowth of human necessity, and are often in direct opposition to Nature. According to modern science man has to thank himself for his ethical ideals, while his sins, so-called, are the inheritance of a savage ancestry. And thus, instead of being a fallen creature, the unhappy victim of Eve's curiosity, he is developing into a better and higher being.

We will now proceed to examine into the special relations existing between the doctrine of original sin and Christianity.

Philosophically this doctrine may be regarded as an attempt to reconcile Nature with man; from a theological standpoint it is in reality a justification of God's ways to man. These two views, though apparently similar, differ in the essentials. Philosophy is the result of human speculation and, hence, is and must be liberal. Theology is human in structure based upon a Divine foundation, hence the confusion, the innumerable errors and the dogmatism of the worst kind. Man, having sinned in the beginning, suffers and would suffer, unless he finds rest in Christ, who alone could save him, whose special mission it is. This doctrine has filled the world with untold misery, increased suffering, crippled for centuries all that was best and purest in man, retrograded civilization and progress; it has peopled the world with demons and evil spirits, who, appearing in men, gave rise to most horrible persecutions for witchcraft, whose victims are numbered by the thousands; it looked upon enjoyment as a sin, pleasure as an evil; it gave rise to asceticism and monasticism—hideous, unnatural offsprings, infinitely worse in their influence than any image of Paganism; for ages it taught that the body is an unclean, unworthy vessel—thus making life a burden and a disease. Pessimism and Christianity, which is in reality the outcome of the doctrine of original sin, are twin sisters, as Shopenhauer, the great exponent of this system of philosophy, had acknowledged. There is this difference, however, it is full of promise. Everlasting peace and love will be the reward in the next world. The more suffering in this, the more bliss in the next. There will the equilibrium be restored, and the righteous, the faithful, resting under the mighty wing of immortal love, will calmly look down on the suffering of all who were sinners in the mundane world. In this promise lies the strength of Christianity. Take the assurance away and what is left? Delusions of the worst kind as they are unpleasant, a system of living that,

if strictly adhered to, would destroy society. Pessimism is the pervading element in Christianity. Christianity is prominently a religion of the future world, of which it is a preparation. It does not concern itself so much with relations of the present as with the hereafter. Immortality, endless happiness—these are to be sought, for these one should believe. All desires and hopes, all that is of real importance to man while on this earth, are subordinated to the former, as the only means of salvation, which is, in fact, at once the base and the summit of Christian life. To the earnest Christian this is a world of sin, of misery, of unhappiness. Virtue, unless wearing a Christian cloak, is a snare; righteousness is a delusion, for none is righteous before the Lord. Thus does Christianity become the ally of Pessimism. Thus does it emphasize the necessity of salvation as the panacea for all evil. And, affecting to despise this world, beckons us to follow her to the next. For this world it has no hope. In Matthew we read: "And every one that has forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold and shall inherit everlasting life." Man's life is secondary, his desires are of little importance; even his virtues, unless Christianized, are denominated as splendid sins. Huxley, in his essay on Agnosticism, says: "The great good which has been effected in the world by Christianity has been largely counteracted by the pestilent doctrine on which all the churches have insisted, that honest disbelief in their more or less astonishing creeds is a moral offense, indeed, a sin of the deepest dye, involving the same future retribution as murder and robbery. Man is thus a spiritual slave. He must look for knowledge, for hope, not in himself, but from above. Woe to him who denies his Maker or the Savior—he is doomed to everlasting punishment. And all because he has originally sinned, as theology explains it. This doctrine has filled the world with horrible deeds and crimes; an inquisition could only be possible on such a platform; persecution found in it justification; the awful tragedy of St. Bartholomew's eve; the martyrdom of the best intellects of the time—were effected by this monster—the hideous nightmare of an ignorant, bigoted imagination. We are commanded to observe the good it has done. We cannot but fail to notice the evil it has caused. The heroic fortitude of the early Christians, the humanizing tendencies of the times, are pointed out to us. But we see only the human figure of Christ, who endeavored to reform man and who has no share in the theological honors of mediaevalism; of Paul, his most enlightened disciple, whose fervent humanity we admire, in spite of his errors, which were inevitable and can be explained in terms of human finiteness; of Luther, who was

sincere, brave, heroic, but full of theological errors; and last, but not least, of Lamarck, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, who freed themselves from tradition and from whose genius a new world was produced, who made science possible. And Science, giant-like, towers above all systems, demanding no altars, no dogmatism, no persecutions, but a hearing, a calm investigation into the facts of life. It teaches no Heavens and no Hells; it recognizes no authority; tradition is to it a meaningless phrase. It fills the world with new hope, inspires with new courage, gives us new desires. It promises no millenniums, it dreams of no peace in the hereafter—but teaches that man should make life a worthy struggle, an honest endeavor for the realization of truth; a noble effort for self-development. In the shadow pictures thrown on the wall by the magic lantern of Science, we behold the wonderful panorama of life. We behold with awe the phenomena of nature manifesting themselves in innumerable diversities of form. We see life developing from the lowest organisms. We see in matter and energy the potentialities of life. Nothing is inert. Rest is nowhere. In the great workshop of nature all must toil, each has his assigned task. Everywhere is there life. We see it in the drop of water, in the speck of dust. And true science robes the whole existence with a new garment, the fairest of any, and beautiful to the eye of the lover of Nature. In this mighty manifestation all are united. To it we all pay homage. And the whole universe, from the microscopic protoplasm to the innumerable heavenly bodies, becomes the expression of one purpose—life.

We see man a savage, an active participant in the struggle for existence, a blind factor of Cosmos. We see him slowly emerge from anarchy, as a member of the community, tribe, state, and nation. We behold his inward struggle, his efforts for self-restraint, battling against the natural tendencies inherent in him by virtue of heredity. We see him as he builds new civilizations upon the ruins of the old, creating literatures, arts, religions; a slave, a servant, a master. And freeing himself from tradition's yoke, ashamed of his superstition—the modern man offers homage to science, the mother of future civilizations.

# LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## CREEDS.

BY ALONZO LEORA RICE.

So many gods, so many creeds,  
So many paths that wind and wind,  
While just the art of being kind  
all the sad world needs.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



ALONZO LEORA RICE.

THE human heart in dark, mysterious ways  
Must worship something; always seeking aid  
From distant sources, leaving daily paths  
Where many walk with lame and bleeding feet,  
Or sit with lips too dumb to plead their woe,  
Or faint beneath their burdens; knowing not  
One man can be another's savior here;  
That we need never bear in lands remote,  
A perilous enterprise to render aid,  
For by our gateways famished hands reach out.

We do not need some supernatural dawn,

Nor sound of mighty trump, to know we walk  
On holy ground; no pilgrimage we need  
To view the shining fields where Peace is found,  
For like an angel clothed in spotless white,  
She walks attendant in our common ways.  
We daily pass her in the paths of men  
And heed her not, as we our search pursue  
For saints crowned with fair aureoles of light!



The Aztec temple with its gilded gold,  
The Inca shrine with its mysterious rites,  
The babe's sweet cry that by the Ganges' stream  
Went out in darkness, or where lips grew pale  
Beneath the Juggernaut's broad, grinding wheels,  
But tell how human hearts have sought to find  
One star, and blotted out the noonday sun.

This life we have and bounded by a sleep.  
What lies within our ante-natal clime  
We long to know, and what succeeds our day.  
Astrologers have sought to fashion out  
From starry signs the fate decreed to man:  
The heavens keep their secrets well; the winds  
Return fresh from the great wide world;  
The clouds float on their far discursive way;  
And, from the sea, no knowledge does there come.  
The questions that we daily ask, receive  
At nightfall, only empty echoes back.

'Tis ours to live so that the world may be  
The better for our being, knowing that  
A wrong to one concerns all fellowmen;  
Preparing well the soil for wisdom's seeds  
That none may fall upon the barren rock,  
Or be the food of feathered pilferers;  
And guarding well, that no one comes to sow  
At nightfall, tares of discord and regret.

Kind words we have should be our daily speech.  
And carved not in the cold, unfeeling stone:  
Too long delayed, the marble dove that wings  
Its sculptured flight, bears no sweet messages  
Beyond the barriers set by time and fate!  
When lips are dust they will not need the kiss  
That might have been the sesame in doubt,  
To widen out the paths to peace and light.  
No use to place the broken harp of flowers  
Beside the palsied hands that never knew  
What cunning diction lay therein to build  
A wall to hedge them from the ills of life.

Where the red beacon-light of danger burns  
 Along a pathway where some one may fare,  
 The darkest night should find our ready hand  
 To warn him ere the boundary be passed:  
 There is no help that bears such helplessness,  
 As that which reaches out to rescue him  
 Who sinks in sight of harbor-lights and home;  
 The life-line that we throw should circle all,  
 And gird the world with love's circumference!

Ray's Crossing, Indiana.

### "WILL THE OLD BOOK STAND?"

BY GEORGE ALLEN WHITE.



GEORGE ALLEN WHITE.

drunkenness, of Abraham's deception, of Lot's disgrace, of Jacob's cheating, of Paul and Barnabas' quarreling, of Peter's lying, cursing, or dissembeling? Not at all."

According to this gentleman, stories of debauchery, obscenity, and all varieties of folly, are proof that the Bible emanated, not from the finite mind of man—which might be tempted to reject such things, from supposedly sacred books, at least—but from an infinite understanding whose ways are past finding out. It becomes evident, then, that a perfect book, without descriptions of vice and without error, would not be likely to be

ON page thirteen of his pamphlet entitled "Will the Old Book Stand?" a pamphlet said to have already attained a sale of over three million copies—H. L. Hastings, of Boston, says: "There are certain things in the Bible which, to my mind, bear the impress of divinity. A skeptic will tell you what a race of old sinners we read about in the Bible. Noah got drunk; David was guilty of adultery and murder; Solomon was an idolater, and wrought folly; Peter denied his lord, and Judas sold him for thirty pieces of silver; all these people that the Bible talks to us so much about are a pretty set of men! \* \* \* Do you suppose that if the Bible had been written by some learned doctor, revised by a committee of eminent divines, and published by some great religious society, we should ever have heard of Noah's

of God. In all probability, the clergy of every age have secretly bewailed the existence of many features of the Bible; and would have given, most of them, a year's salary, if it might have been expurgated without danger of discovery: but Mr. Hastings has now shown how erroneous such desires must be, and with what serenity it will, henceforward, be possible to view even the most exceptionable passages.

The divinity of all sensational papers is thus clearly established. The New York Journal and World, the Sunday papers generally, the Police Gazette, and other sheets too numerous to mention, have only to claim a divine overshadowing, in order to escape the wrath of the better classes, which has hitherto been directed against them. Take the most exciting and fascinating dime novel, interpolate cruelty and lechery here and there, print the word "Bible" on it, and disseminate it among the heathen; and it would be a hot race between the rival bibles, with the untutored mind wavering in the balance before deciding which was more entitled to reverence as the book of books.

Many of the narratives discarded from the canon in the early days of the Christian religion were refused admittance because, as it was said, too many absurdities and conceits and even indecencies honeycombed the writings. If Mr. Hastings' disclosure is worthy of credence, the readings not at present regarded as canonical should be made the subject of an investigation by ecclesiastical councils of revision; to the end that if, in reality, accounts of events not humanly supposed to appertain to the highest morality are unmistakable evidence of divine work, the questionable readings may be given, at any rate, a fair showing, in the full light of the latest Nineteenth Century scholarship. Perhaps the Bible, as we know it, is wrong. Perhaps God wrote the books which fragile, finite creatures have been accustomed to keep under the ban; and filled them with so much which passes comprehension, that he never, for a moment, doubted their reception by his children with open arms and contrite hearts. Perhaps the usually received Bible is a snare permitted by the Almighty for the purpose of testing our discrimination, which, possibly, he has overrated. Let Anthony Comstock beware. Some day consuming anger may descend upon him from on high, like lightning upon an outhouse, as a return for his prosecutions of what he has mistakenly considered immoral and objectionable, but which, as a matter of fact, may have been figuratively reeking with all that is holy and divine. Who can tell? "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

The liaisons and other peccadillos of modern priests and ministers are usually given the cold shoulder by the religious press. At times, it is even denied that such things can be. Rev. Mr. Mahin, of Richmond, Ind., some time ago denied that there was any truth in the pamphlet, "Crimes of Preachers in the United States and Canada." To certain people it seems all right to hear about the frailties of God's followers two thousand years back and ten thousand miles away: such accounts are inspired. But to hear about like conduct on the part of religious neighbors and countrymen seems not quite so entertaining: such accounts are published, not in

inspired books, but only in "sensational" newspapers! And the sensational newspapers, of *id omne* genus, singularly enough, are not conceived to be inspired by God, but by the devil. The opposition to them finds its source in theological and kindred quarters, among those who sometimes pretend to be convinced that error and wrong point to scriptural inspiration. Rehearsals of ancient wrongdoings are inspired of God: rehearsals of modern wrongdoings are inspired of the devil!

Says Mr. Hastings, on page sixteen of the above-mentioned tract: "You find a man who will tell the truth about kings, warriors, princes, and rulers, to-day, and you may be quite sure that he has within him the power of the Holy Ghost." Socialists, engaged in telling the truth about Emperor William, are locked up for terms which, if applying to one man, would aggregate thousands of years. The nihilists of Russia have told a great amount of truth about their rulers; Siberia is the reward. The best that can be said for the Holy Ghost is, that if those who tell the truth about rulers have within them his power, something must be wrong with the machinery by which such power is applied; or else the whole apparatus goes by wind power, which is fast getting out of date in this country.

But Mr. Hastings is a trifle obscure. On page twenty of his "Skeptical Objections and How to Meet Them," he speaks of "the beastly nastiness of the unabridged originals" of the sacred books of the East, "which no publisher in a Christian land would dare to issue for fear of the fines and imprisonments provided by law for the corrupters of public morals and the publishers of obscene literature." It would appear to the average intellect that if the Eastern exegetes had in mind the compilation of a bible, they would purify it, as much as possible, of all stain; but that, if the gods of that locality wanted to communicate with their creatures, they would mix in enough vulgarity to prove their communications to be divine. The East being, so far as concerns temperature, a hotter country than ours, it might naturally be expected that God would devote a little more attention to the erotic proofs of divinity than would satisfy denizens of the temperate zone. At best, we are left nothing better than guesswork. Exactly how much obscenity is necessary for plenary proof of inspiration is difficult to determine. It must be for each, individually, to decide. A total lack of obscenity proves a book to be human; too much of it proves a book to be of the devil. A happy medium must be struck somewhere.

It would be interesting to see what, out of all the sacred writings, would be pronounced worthy of acceptance and fit for the canon, by a person brought up on an island of the Pacific, unbiased by agnostic or theological prejudice, and entirely ignorant of religious belief and controversy. Would he, after a close acquaintance with the thoughts of the world's greatest profane thinkers, be so irrational as to reject any portion of the Bible? Would he accept a single sentence of the Apocrypha and the rest of the uncanonical biblical riffraff? Would he be so shortsighted as to affect to find anything good in the Koran, the Zend Avesta, or the Book of Mormon? Let us have some such test as this, and ascertain facts in regard to the subject.

Suppose we take Shakspeare as the author of the greatest transmitted mental effort, and the possessor of the most exalted genius that has ever yet appeared. It is not so very hard to conceive of the character of a book that would be conceded by the deepest and most penetrating intellects as transcending Shakspeare as much as Shakspeare transcends the common ministerial sermon of our time. Would the character of such a book demonstrate its divine authorship? Certainly not; no more than the complicated mechanism of a watch, inexplicable to the savage, demonstrates it to have been made in the sky, instead of in the watch factory of civilization. What, then, shall be said of a collection of books having the history known to attach to the Bible? What shall be said of a work, whose authorship is unknown, whose subject matter is arbitrarily voted into it by men; which arose from obscurity, no one knows how; and which appeared over one thousand years before the art of printing was discovered? Shall we say that its obscenity indicates its divine nature? Shall we say that, in case the ministers of God had originated it, they, almost barbarians though they were, would have had the decency to blot out from the record all that tended to debase and degrade man? Shall we place God below his chosen ones? Whatever the religiously inclined may decide, I shall never consent to prostitute myself in the worship of anything that relies on indecency and inconsistency to make its way in this world and prepare man for another. I shall hold out for intelligence. I shall inculcate purity. I shall stand by honesty and righteousness. Superstition must vanish, and error must die; and those who live to hasten the fruition can face their own end with a smile of peace, without fear and without reproach.

Framingham, Mass.

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#### SCIENCE AND DOGMATISM.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

IN your issue of September, 1896, you was so kind as to copy my essay on the "Law of Gravitation," published in *Notes and Queries*, of the same month. By way of introduction to the essay (which strongly attacked the fundamental principles of our present physical science), you stated in substance that scientists did not fear, but court, investigation; that while the critic who clearly pointed out an error in religion was not thanked but frowned down for his pains, the scientific man was a far different sort of a being from the religionist, and would only be too glad to have any and every error in his scientific view of things plainly pointed out by anybody whatsoever.

When I read these remarks of yours regarding scientists, I began to feel rather ashamed, because I had just commenced to entertain notions of a very different character regarding them. The reason why I entertained these notions was because I had for the preceding six years done all in my power to obtain some discussion, some approval or disapproval, from scientific men, of a work published in 1890, which, I still firmly believe, successfully attacks about all the present teachings of physical

science; but that all my efforts to obtain any notice whatsoever from that direction were almost wholly without avail. A copy of the work was sent for review to all the scientific journals of this country, to some in England and France, to the Royal Society of London and the Academy of Sciences of Paris. The editor of the *Revue Scientifique* sent to the publishers for a copy specially for review in his journal, promising to send a copy of the notice back in return. But all that resulted from this outlay of time and trouble, so far as known to the writer, was three little notices of the book: one from *Science* (Jan. 13, '93), speaking somewhat favorably of the array of facts brought in evidence, but stating that the work could hardly be true because the author, being only an amateur, had not acquired that right of prophecy which belongs solely to the full-fledged, college-bred professor; another in the *Pop. Sci. Mon.* (April, '91), some five or six lines in length, stated the general object of the work and that "the author's handling of the subject gives evidence of much ability;" and the remaining notice, of some ten lines, was from *Nature* (Aug. 13, '91), and simply mentioned a small portion of the ground covered by the book, and nothing more. All the other journals, scientific men, societies and institutions wholly ignored the book; and, when further appealed to by the author, some of them promised they would eventually notice the work fully, but still they never noticed it at all.

This, then, was my reason for entertaining so illiberal an opinion of scientific men. But your remarks in their praise made me think that perhaps I had misjudged them, and so I thought I would try them once more before I would say anything further on the subject elsewhere. I took the essay, which was printed in your magazine (and I may state here that the *Detroit Free Press* of Oct. 1, '96, in a long review of that essay, headed "Removing a Landmark," said that it does, to all appearances, wholly disprove the Newtonian theory of gravitation), and I wrote a synopsis of a series of such essays, covering the whole ground, and sent them successively to the scientific and astronomical journals of this country, asking them, in justice to the vast importance of the subject and to their own reputation, to publish or in some way discuss the matter, absolutely free of charge or any restriction whatsoever, so far as the author was concerned. One by one during the past year the answers came back, all in the negative, mostly without thanks, and generally about one line in magnitude. There was one exception, however, to the general form. The editor of a prominent astronomical journal wrote me in part substantially as follows: "You may be right—I will not undertake to say as to that; but you will find that astronomers are a very lazy and a very prejudiced set of men, and are shiftlessly inclined to accept Newton's law because it saves them the trouble of doing any more thinking. Then, too, your views, if adopted, would do away with the entire body of astronomical literature, which would be a pity, even if it is all wrong. I am ashamed to make these admissions."

Now, Mr. Editor, what do you think of that? And does it not seem reasonable that these sentiments were equally behind the briefer replies,

though the courage or the hardihood to express them was not equally present? It is admitted that quite possibly I may have the truth, but of what value is truth, it is asked, or who cares for it, in comparison with the fame and reputation of scientific authors and the financial interests of these and their publishers in a vast body of erroneous literature? And what a great pity it would indeed be to remove the error thus brilliantly arrayed and supplant it with the plain and simple truth of Nature!

Are there, then, an infallible papacy, and an authoritative doctrine of science as there are of religion? Are the teachers of science interested in the maintenance of this infallible scientific papacy and doctrine from motives of pride, self-glory and emoluments as the teachers of religion are accused of being interested in the maintenance of their religious prototypes, for these motives and the nobler one of the love and glory of God? And are heretical works sought to be effectively gagged by a conspiracy of silence in the former case, as they were in the latter by torture and proscription?

I still hoped and believed that it could not be. I wrote to the head of the Smithsonian Institution, the noble object of whose foundation was solely the promotion and distribution of useful knowledge among men. I told him of my previous experience among the scientists, and of the remarkable reply one editor had sent me. I inclosed the same papers. I appealed to him to publish the series of articles and distribute them the same as other papers are by that institution, excepting at my expense, if necessary. He said he regretted that he could not undertake to do so. I begged that he would at least appoint a committee, still at my expense if he wished, to investigate the claims I brought forward. But still the same and only the same answer. And can I really be blamed if I have now given up as absolutely futile all further efforts in this direction?

I am well aware that there is a great deal written in criticism of present scientific views that is so undigested and premature as to not justify any attention from scientific men. And as the reader cannot be blamed for believing, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that this is very possibly what ails my work, I will now be justified in bringing such evidence to his notice. In the first place, if this is the cause of my failure, is it not strange that even one scientific authority should have described my work as giving evidence of much ability? And in the second place, is it not also strange that every lay authority who has reviewed it, so far as the writer is aware, has invariably pronounced in its favor—with, perhaps, the single exception of Mr. B. F. Underwood, in his nearly full-page review of the work in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* (April 1, '93). But even by him it is admitted that "the real basis of distinction between the old and the new theories lies in the special connections insisted on by Mr. McLennan, and here he is probably on the right track. \* \* Mr. McLennan's criticisms are very ingenious and his work, which is highly suggestive and original, deserves to be read with attention as a very thoughtful contribution to a very difficult and important subject and for the large amount of

information, not readily accessible to the ordinary reader, it contains, apart from the author's special views."

Mr. L. K. Washburn, then editor of the *Boston Investigator*, wrote of the work (Dec. 17, '90), as follows: "The author of this work is not a crank nor a hobby-horse rider. He has a theory, it is true, and he fearlessly expounds it, no matter what or whom it opposes. He follows the sublime words of Spencer, which he adopts as a motto for his volume—'To the true reformer no institution is sacred, no belief above criticism. Everything shall conform itself to equity and reason; nothing shall be saved by its prestige.' It is not the concern of Mr. McLennan what has been said heretofore, or who has taught it, but rather what is true; what are the facts! He places facts above authority, truth above authors, and he has advanced his theory in a way to command the attention and respect of the thinking portion of his race. There is much in this book which the average man would be interested in, as well as the student and scientist. It is written with a high purpose and is in sympathy with all progressive thought."

The *Boston Daily Advertiser* (Feb. 28, '93), says of the work: "It is the outcome of careful study and thought. \* \* The author shows extraordinary knowledge of the facts of nature, into all departments of which he enters, and displays much ingenuity in discussing the bearings of his truths upon his hypothesis."

The *New York Commercial Advertiser* (Jan. 14, '93), in a column and a quarter notice of the book, says: "Enough has been said to show that, unless scientists dissenting from it can refute its arguments, or disprove its statements of fact, it must have a very profound effect on beliefs as to the mode of evolution. \* \* It must be the task of scientists to study it and decide if it has any scientific basis, but a layman may be permitted to say that on its face it comes nearer to satisfying a lay view of what is necessary in any theory than any of the earlier hypotheses."

The *Review of Reviews* (February, '93), says: "'Cosmical Evolution' is a serious scientific study of the discrepancies of the present generally accepted 'gravitation' theory of the universe. The author seems to our non-technical eyes to be thoroughly familiar with the ground over which he is traveling. \* \* We cannot judge of the importance of his discoveries, but \* \* his work has the non-personal tone of genuine investigation."

And the last testimonial that I shall now trouble you with is that of the late Prof. David Swing of Chicago. Immediately after the work was out of press, he sent me a letter, dated Oct. 28, 1890, which is in part as follows: "On the publication of your volume, I put all other books aside that I might read your arguments and conjectures. Your book is one more valuable study, at least, and is more valuable than many of its predecessors, because it springs up in an age of more thought. Your theory that the solar system is all under the influence of bonds or cords, along which pass power and light and heat, cannot well be refuted. Your chap-



ter on the 'cooling' process which begets 'heat' is very fine; only equaled by the discussion of the tides, in which it is shown that one Moon-Horse ought not to lift the sea very high when twelve million Earth-Horses are pulling the other way. You may well feel a degree of pride in the work, because it tells the public how much it has been deluded by many of the star-gazers of the past. I do not write as an astronomer, but only as one who is thankful for each new and deep investigation. And you have certainly performed well a part of the great task which rests upon the students of the sky."

Now all this is given merely to indicate to the reader the character of my work. And I might add more of a like tenor. But I think this quite sufficient to show that the work deserves better treatment than the apparently contemptuous silence it has so far received from men of science. It is far from pleasant to contemplate such treatment and its apparent motive from such a quarter. But I am afraid, in view of the foregoing facts, that neither the one nor the other can any longer be denied. If, however, these suspicions should, after all, prove to be groundless, no one would be more ready and willing than the writer to remove them and obliterate all effects they may have caused. But, on the other hand, if scientists, entrenched behind their numerous and powerful institutions, societies, universities, colleges, and vast ramparts of erroneous literature, really think that they can, solely for their own glory and gain, continue to uphold a false and pernicious doctrine and squelch the opposing truth and its supporters, even by the most powerful and most cowardly means at their disposal, profound silence, they will find in the writer a life-long and active antagonist, who is finding and will continue to find powerful allies from a quarter they probably do not suspect. And they will find, also, that, despite them, the truth will ultimately prevail.

I have the fullest confidence that the Free Thought Magazine will not refuse to aid in the cause of truth, so far as to publish this statement, even though, perhaps, reflecting on some of its own friends and supporters. It has already furnished noble evidence of its own ability and willingness to rebuke wrong, even in its own household, and when the infliction of rebuke was far more painful to it than any correction could be in the present instance.

I confess I felt surprised when my former essay passed wholly unnoticed by the readers of this magazine; but I hope that those of them who are interested in this subject, and do not choose to support existing views by a policy of silence, will discuss and air this matter as much as they conveniently can. In the interest of truth and real science, I also ask other journals to copy this article and place it before their readers for still wider discussion. I may again return to the subject in your columns. In the meantime, trusting that this effort will prove of more avail than its predecessors of the past fifteen months, or, rather, seven years, I am, very sincerely yours,

Evan McLennan.

Brooklyn, Iowa.

## THE WETMORE-HICKOK DISCUSSION.

THE reader will remember that on page 102 of the February Magazine we publish a very interesting letter from Dr. Wetmore, in answer to a



DR. S. W. WETMORE.

question put by the Rev. H. H. Hickok—"Somebody Is Responsible—Who Is It?" referring to the immorality of the city of Buffalo. This reply brought out a letter from Rev. Hickok and a number of other orthodox defenders—all who came down on Dr. Wetmore in true Christian style, but without making any attempt to refute the doctor's statements with facts or arguments. In the letter we publish below Dr. Wetmore "sums up the case."—Editor.

## DR. WETMORE'S SECOND LETTER.

Editor Evening News:

If the evidence is all in in the case of Hickok vs. Wetmore I shall assume the privilege of "summing up." In this case the editor of the News should be the judge and the public

the jury—who will doubtless disagree.

Many, many years ago—1851-2—I was a student in the law office of that world-renowned "Old War Horse," Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio, who was in the Senate twenty-three successive years. My first case was my Alpha and Omega, "so we won't count this in." The lamented James A. Garfield and the father of W. D. Howells, the novelist, were also interested. I became convinced that there was no equity in law, and dropped it for my present profession. Now, if I plead my own case in this instance, probably some will reiterate the old saying about "a fool for a client." The principal object of my first article was to call attention to the necessity of repealing all laws that exempt churches and church property from taxation, intimating to church-goers methods that might be adopted whereby their philanthropy might be publicly demonstrated. The paucity of arguments elicited, however, do not call for any extended controversy. No one seems inclined to discuss the practical and philanthropic part of my paper whereby humanity might be benefited. No one admits the extravagance in the expenditure of millions upon millions of dollars upon churches, which the true Christian should use for the relief of the poor, worthy and starving portion of the human race. They are all ready, however, to quote Scripture and combat the mythical part to which I referred, "By their works ye shall know them." How is a Christian to be known, if not by his character, his integrity, his honesty and righteousness. Rev. Hickok calls me a—well, no, he did not say I was a liar, but said I was not truthful and

was unjust when I said there were more than 41,000 Christians in our States prisons, penitentiaries, lockups and jails, and more than 1,000 ministers, priests and preachers confined in prisons during ten years. Now, my dear, reverend sir, I drew it very mildly in that article, for I did not care to hurt your feelings, but the truth of that instead of 1,000 of that class of gentlemen the statistics show that there were 2,008 in a period of seven years instead of ten. Your only argument is that these men were pseudo-Christians; that "they might or might not have been church members, but they were not Christians." Would it not sound better and nearer the truth to say they made mistakes, just as everybody does? Supposing that some eminent landscape artist, by accident or mistake, daubed and spoiled a very valuable picture. Would he not be an artist still? Supposing that some renowned and skillful surgeon should, by mistake, in a very delicate operation on the brain, kill his patient, would he not still be a surgeon? Supposing that a world-renowned and eminent lawyer, by some inadvertence, accident or mistake, lost a case that was of great importance to the nation, who would say he was not a lawyer still?

The same argument applies to Christians, whether they be preachers or laymen, for they are just as liable to accidents and mistakes as any class of people on earth. And sometimes I think they are particularly unfortunate. Now, what constitutes a Christian? You are familiar with the Nazarene story, even from protoplasmic life, and I have no disposition to narrate it. We are told if we believe that story we are Christians; if not, we are infidels and will be damned. I am frank to say that I had rather be damned with the infidels than to say I believe it. Many say they do, because it makes them popular, for it is a popular fad. When agnosticism becomes popular—and it is sure to follow—there will be a greater rush of the elite than has ever been demonstrated in Christianity, because it is rational—no myth or miracle connected with it. And yet, it seems the most mysterious and absurd dogmas are most readily pretended, preached and practiced.

It should be conceded, however, without any very great stretch of the imagination, that each may be perfectly conscientious in their convictions and should be permitted to prevail without serious impugning notions. Ambiguous expressions, frequently repeated by ministers, finally become positive facts in their minds. For instance, Rev. Hickok seems perfectly positive that he is personally acquainted with the "higher power" to whom he prays. Now, my dear brother, use your own thinking powers for a moment; reason, be honest and acknowledge that you don't know what you "know," or think you know.

"It is an impossibility for any man to know God. He never saw Him, touched Him, heard Him, tasted or smelt Him"—Huxley.

It is simply another Christian mistake. It is imagination or a delusion, and not knowledge; hence you are an agnostic and still probably a Christian.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott says: "There is no reason why agnostics should not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." His statement is corroboration.

rated by Revs. Frances Poulson Upham, North Lloyd; MacArthur, Savage, Heber Newton and hosts of other distinguished divines.

What strange ideas some people have of agnostics, liberals, freethinkers, atheists or infidels. Someone criticising my former paper says: "He is not an infidel, for he is no fool." Such an expression shows a limited education, if not a warped intellect. Epithets and innuendoes are never arguments. The debt of gratitude that this civilized, enlightened and scientific world owes to the infidels can never be paid. They have done more for humanity, more for the prosperity of every race, more for the welfare and happiness, culture and civilization of the entire world than all the religions combined.

My critic should not forget that infidels or liberals are classed among the most distinguished, honored, learned, scientific teachers, historians and investigators the world ever produced. It is only necessary to mention the names of some of those great thinkers to thrill the soul with admiration of every lover of humanity for education, freedom, liberty and science. Among those world-renowned teachers we might mention the names of Voltaire, Galen, Spinoza, Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno, Hypatia, Descartes, Rousseau, Gibbon, Volney, Newton, Leibnitz, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Goethe, Thomas Paine, our own Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln.

Students are familiar with those who have moved the world by their great discoveries, by their scientific attainments and profound research. We might mention Humboldt, Haeckle, Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Mill and Spencer, with hosts of others less distinguished, who are striving to enlighten the world in the science of evolution. Who did more for human liberty than Voltaire, Spinoza and Paine? Who did more to enlighten the world and solar planetary science than Copernicus, Galileo and Newton? And yet ignorant Christians defame their names because they did not believe that Jesus was the eternal son of God. Like Servitus, they preferred to say he was the son of an eternal God. Many of the above were murdered in cold blood by Christians; some were imprisoned for years, and Bruno-like, Servitus was burned at the stake. Still, science has slowly progressed in spite of the great barrier, Christianity, which has been the greatest obstacle to scientific progress the world has had to contend with. Sister Armstrong, one of my critics, thinks that "there is no knowledge, education, light or truth in the world but the love of Christ; all else is ignorance." If that be true, what could have been the condition of humanity before Christ or before the Dark Ages, which the Christians produced? Or what is the condition of countries that never heard of Jesus? The above is hardly a *fin de siècle* or up-to-date criticism. Do not forget, my dear Christian friend, that we have the histories of not less than sixteen crucified Saviours, with all of whom there is connected in some way the same old mythological story of an immortal father, a virgin mother, the star in the East, the manger and the shepherd episode.

The histories of Apollonius and Plato are essentially the same as that of Jesus. Four hundred years before Christ Plato was said to have been

born of a virgin named Perictione, who had suffered an immaculate conception at the touch of the god Apollo. "His religion was believed and taught at the time of Christ," says Ladd. Buddha is said to have been born of a virgin amid great miracles. Space will not admit of a detailed account of the various Messiahs whose lives were very interesting. The truth is that every nation has its God, its bible or book, and its subjects are taught the peculiar religion of each country. Persia had its Zoroaster, China its Confucius, Greece its Socrates, Mexico its Quetzubcotal, Rome its Marcus Aurelius, Arabia its Mohammed, India its Buddha and Palestine its Jesus. Doubtless if we had been born in Arabia we would have believed in Mohammedanism; in India we would have been Buddhists, etc., etc. The histories of these national representatives, these gods or men, are all very similar. While living, each was persecuted, and after death they were overlaid with marvelous tales. Every one of them was considered a prophet and noble character, and each profoundly influenced ethical life, yet all were martyred for the cause of humanity. If but one of these religions is right the others are all wrong. Some influence is responsible. What is it?

Now, my dear judge, adieu, "but not good-by," in the interest of truth and a "higher criticism."

S. W. Wetmore.

Buffalo, Feb. 3, 1898.

#### A GOOD LETTER FROM HON. A. B. BRADFORD.

Sunday morning, Feb. 20, 1898.

**M**Y DEAR MR. GREEN: I have received your letter of the 6th inst., requesting me to read the two articles in the last magazine, written by Mrs. Margerum and Mrs. Sibley, and then tell you what I think of them. The first I have done, and I now proceed to do the other.

The clergy, on the authority of the Apostle Paul, whom they have been taught to believe was divinely inspired, have, for 1,800 years, made such Gibeonites of Christian women, that it attracts notice when we read such utterances as these women have made. Even now, when a good listener can hear the death-knell of the organized body called the church, which has had its cold, iron heel on the neck of woman for so long a time; and a good eye can see that the tide has turned in her affairs, it requires intellect, a good deal of reading and reflection, and courage withal, for a free-thinking woman to express her opinions on the religious question. She must lose caste among the saints, be discriminated against by her old associates, and thus become isolated; and this, for women of a social nature, is a heavy burden to bear. She must possess self-respect, self-reliance, and plenty of brains, to live, and be happy, with those that agree with her in a world of her own. Most women have no individuality of character, and no intellectual resources of their own to depend upon for their happiness. But I have been corresponding many years with women, most of whom I have never seen, nor expect to see, but whom I love with that purest and most unselfish of all human affections—platonic love. As a general rule,

and by a very wise arrangement of nature, women set a high value on their personal attractions. But these, like flowers in full bloom, with few exceptions, soon fade away, with sickness, or the lapse of time. But, before reading the articles of Mrs. Margerum and Mrs. Sibley, I looked at the photograph of your "silent partner," which forms the frontispiece in this month's number of the magazine. I got out my magnifying glass—for I have only an eye and a half—so that I might study the features of her character, as they appear in her face, although a photograph, taken in a state of repose, never gives the expression of the countenance, particularly the eye, which is the window of the soul, as a painting does. She solves a question, however, which has often arisen in my mind, in past years, where you got the pluck and perseverance which enabled you to conduct successfully the difficulties of all kinds you had to meet, in conducting the magazine. I often feared that you would have to strike your colors and give up the ship, especially last year, when you acted so judiciously and nobly in the Putnam affair. But, in studying the countenance of Mrs. Green, I am convinced that you owe much of your success to the silent influence she has had upon you, as every good wife always has upon a husband she loves, and who, she feels, is conscientiously devoting his life to the furtherance of a good cause.

I have several government bonds, presented to me some years ago, by a devoted woman friend who has passed off the stage of life, the interest of which helps my little farm in supporting me and my family. The coupons I cut off and convert them into money. This I do, generally, in July. Give my profound respect to Mrs. Green, and tell her that, when the time comes it will give me much pleasure to send her five dollars toward the building of the cottage, with the wish that I were able to multiply it by ten, and with the hope that she will spend her declining years happily under its roof, and then die, with the agreeable feeling that she had no rent to pay. But there always have been, are now, and their number is constantly increasing in this country, women whose attractions are purely moral and intellectual, and never lose their hold on the most sincere esteem and admiration of both men and women who are capable of appreciating such lofty character. The press, I notice, in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the woman's suffrage movement, are about publishing a volume of reminiscences of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and her alter ego, Susan B. Anthony. These women are now up in years, but are still young in spirit. I have seen them, however, in their prime of life, when, acting as attorneys for three millions of enslaved clients, they stood before an audience of three thousand persons, in the city of New York, and by their eloquence and knowledge and statesmanship, moved them as the trees of the forest are gently moved by the winds of heaven. These women are as much admired and loved as they ever were. They are both Freethinkers on all subjects, and their example should encourage their younger sisters to follow in their footsteps.

## PAINE CELEBRATION.

**M**R. WILLIAM LAMBERT, Secretary of the McMinnville, Oregon, Secular Church, has furnished us with the following account of a Paine celebration held by said church, Jan. 29th:

A Paine memorial entertainment was held at the First Secular Church of McMinnville, Oregon, Sunday evening, Jan. 30. The program, in which fully thirty young people and children participated, consisted of patriotic songs, recitations, and declamations, and a short address by the lecturer, Nettie Olds-Haight. The children were well trained and rendered their parts admirably. One of the prettiest features was a song by eight little ones, during which they carried flags and marched around the picture of Thomas Paine, which rested on an easel in the center of the stage. The words, set to a familiar tune, were as follows:

We're a band of loyal children, the right to proclaim,  
Singing the good old song of freedom;  
We have rallied from the hillside, and gathered from the plain,  
Singing the good old song of freedom.

Chorus—

Freedom, forever, sing it again,  
Won by our hero, our grand Thomas Paine;  
We're a band of loyal children, the right to proclaim,  
Singing the good old song of freedom.

As we rally round our hero, rally once again,  
Singing the good old song of freedom,  
We remember how our nation was saved by Thomas Paine,  
Urging the people on to freedom.

Now older folks and children, from Oregon to Maine,  
Join in the good old song of freedom,  
While we celebrate the birth of our honored Thomas Paine,—  
He who was author of our freedom.

The curtain was called up the second time, and the children responded to a hearty encore.

Mrs. Olds-Haight's address upon the subject, "The Life, Works and Influence of Thomas Paine," briefly reviewed the life of the author-hero, dwelling especially upon his services during the American Revolution. "It is largely to his genius, courage, and self-sacrificing efforts," she said, "that we are indebted for the freedom we enjoy,—for our government without a king, and our Constitution without a God. With eloquence and pathos the dark scenes of the war were recounted, when discouragement was upon every side, and defeat seemed inevitable; and then came the 'Crisis,' which could be likened only to a flash of the noonday sun upon the dark-

ened night. The influence of Paine's works," she said, "is seen in the rapid progress of human liberty since his day. In him more than any other man do we see the glorious principles of that government which is 'of the people, for the people, and by the people;' and of that religion which knows no creed but Justice, no priest but Reason, no class but Humanity. Let us honor him by cultivating our own minds so that we may be capable of performing those deeds of justice, charity and truth which shall add to the summary of human happiness."

The stage was handsomely decorated in national colors, and the entertainment throughout was one of the best ever held here.



# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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## STEPHEN BREWER—OBITUARY NOTICE.

STEPHEN BREWER died at Lockport, N. Y., at the home of his sister, Mrs. Spooner, on the 24th day of October, 1897. Since we heard of his death we have been trying to obtain some statistics connected with his life that we might incorporate into a short obituary notice of him. But we have entirely failed in the attempt, for the reason, probably, that most, or all, of his relatives, are orthodox people.

In 1849 we entered the law office of Judge Henry Stephens and R. Holland Duell, in Cortland Village, N. Y., for the purpose of studying law. And right here we will give the reader a short sketch of Judge Stephens, as he was a very prominent figure in what we will hereafter relate. Judge Stephens was what might be called a "gentleman of the Old School." He was very polite and affable—a man of more than ordinary intelligence and education, and was known as a "man of property and standing." He had been Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Cortland County. He was at the time we went into his office the President of the Syracuse and Binghamton Railroad, then in course of construction, from the city of Syracuse to the city of Binghamton. In religion he was a Presbyterian of the bluest type, and the leading elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Cortland Village, where his word was law with the preacher and the congregation. In politics he was what was then known as an "Old Hunker Democrat," who believed that slavery was a divine institution. But after all he was shrewd and cunning. To illustrate: While we were a student in his office, Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published. Everybody was reading it. Mr. Duell, who was a Republican, obtained a copy and he and I read it with great interest and satisfaction, but the "Judge," as we called him, indignantly spurned the detestable work, written, as he declared, by an "old hussy of the female gender." He declared the book was treasonable in its character, and that he would not read a word of it. One day we rather suddenly went into the office, when the Judge was alone, and we saw him shove some book into his desk drawer very quickly. After he went out our curiosity caused us to be a little impolite; we took a glance into the drawer and there, to our surprise, lay

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," opened at about the center, where the Judge had left off reading. He was reading the "pesky thing" on the sly.

We first came to know Stephen Brewer shortly after we went into the law office. He was a most excellent young man. He had the respect of all who knew him. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, a leader in the religious societies connected with the church, a strict attendant at church and prayer meeting, and was soon, therefore, elected "Sabbath school superintendent." In 1852 we were admitted to practice and left Cortland to open an office in another place, and we lost sight of this honest young Christian. Some five years thereafter we returned to Cortland Village, when we learned that young Mr. Brewer had been elected an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a very high honor for a man so young.

In the village of Cortland, at the head of Church street, some fifty or more years ago, the Universalists built a large stone church—the best church edifice then in that town. But previous to the time we are now referring to, the church society had dwindled down so that they were unable to sustain regular services. Rev. William H. Fish, an independent preacher of the Theodore Parker persuasion, came to Cortland, took possession of the old stone church, and soon built up quite a large independent society. He was an earnest, brave, able, honest man, but he soon became a terror to orthodoxy in that town. They had before fought the Universalists, but after the advent of Mr. Fish, the straight-out Universalist preacher became a saint beside Mr. Fish. We became a member of that church, and there was where we got the start on the road to "Infidelity."

Mr. Fish organized a lecture society in his church, of which we had the honor of being secretary. Horace P. Goodrich, one of the most respected citizens of Cortland, was the President, but Rev. Mr. Fish really did all the work. Every winter for a number of years he had a course of lectures in his church. He engaged the very ablest lecturers in the country to occupy his pulpit, and soon the Old Stone Church came to be known, as Mr. Fish characterized it, "The Rock of Offense" to orthodoxy in Cortland. The following were some of the lecturers that he engaged: William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Horace Mann, Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Thomas Starr King, George William Curtis, Rev. E. H. Chapin. These were among the most popular lecturers of that day, and if Mr. Fish had only engaged them to deliver their ordinary lecture on a week day evening, there would have been no trouble. But this was his custom: He made an engagement with each lecturer to deliver his popular lecture Saturday evening, in the stone

church, and then on Sunday morning to deliver his "unpopular" lecture on Religion, Anti-Slavery, Women's Rights, or any other heretical subject. And that was what caused the great commotion in the village of Cortland and vicinity. On Sunday morning, loaded vehicles came from all the adjoining towns, and the church was filled to overflowing, and there they listened to the Gospel of Humanity from the great "inspired apostles" of that day. The little God-ordained preachers of the various orthodox churches of Cortland were greatly alarmed, and their hearers were warned to avoid the stone church as they would the gate to Hell. Such a commotion was never known in a country village before as these terrible "Boston Infidels," as the speakers were called, created in Cortland and all the country for thirty miles round about. The "Ark of Safety" seemed to be in danger and every "shepherd" was vigilant in watching the gospel sheep, to keep them from being led astray. But there was one sheep in the Presbyterian flock who had more honesty and brains than his associates, and he would occasionally leave the fold and for a Sunday join the stone church flock and listen to the apostles of Liberty. His name was Stephen Brewer, the young and beloved elder. Something must be done to save the young man. A committee was appointed to labor with him and warn him, that if he persisted in his course he would be punished. But the young man insisted that they did not know what they were talking about. That at the despised church he had heard preached a better religion than he had ever heard before—that he had met with a real "change of heart" since he went there, and that in obedience to his conscience and best judgment he should continue to listen to such men as Emerson, Parker, Garrison and Phillips, when they spoke in the stone church, whether on Sunday or a week day.

After a "prayerful presentation of the question at the Throne of Grace," led by Judge Stephens, it was decided that Elder Stephen Brewer must be put on trial before the Presbytery for heresy. Soon the trial was under way. Judge Stephens, with his mouth full of tobacco, was the court and the prosecuting attorney, all in one. It lasted for a week, and the result, of course, was that Stephen Brewer was expelled from the congregation of the Godly and cast out from the assembly of the faithful into "outer darkness."

A few days after Elder Brewer had been expelled from the church a vacancy occurred in the office of County Judge and Surrogate of Cortland County, and as it happened Mr. Horace P. Goodrich, a member of the stone church society, was the President of the Cortland County Republi-

can Committee, and the writer of this notice was the secretary of the committee. So soon as the vacancy took place the committee was called together and a petition was drawn up and sent to the Governor, at Albany, requesting that Stephen Brewer be appointed to fill the vacancy. The request was immediately granted, and before the bigots knew anything about it Stephen Brewer was the County Judge and Surrogate of the county. And it was now "Judge Brewer," as well as "Judge Stevens."

From that day to his death Stephen Brewer continued to "grow in grace and the knowledge of the truth." He continued to advance. Some years after he removed to Ithaca, where he became a member of the Ithaca Liberal League, made up mostly of the professors of Cornell University. And in that league no member was more highly respected than Judge Brewer. For a number of years he was one of the Vice Presidents of the New York State Freethinkers' Association. He was never a rich man, but his name was always found on nearly every subscription that was to aid the Free Thought movement. He was a man of the purest character, and no one could really know him without highly respecting him. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word, and if there be a future life, which he was a believer in, he was prepared at death to take the very highest position in that "undiscovered country," if an unblemished character and a life spent in behalf of humanity are qualifications for preferment there. In our humble opinion no better man than Judge Brewer ever lived, and we most sincerely mourn his departure from a world that he has made better by his constant labor in behalf of Humanity.

P. S.—Some years ago we were coming down Washington street, in Boston, and saw Wendell Phillips enter a store. We followed him in and introduced ourself to Mr. Phillips by saying: "We used to hear your lectures in Cortland, N. Y." Mr. Phillips replied: "Yes, that was the place where a Mr. Brewer was turned out of the church because he came out to hear me lecture."

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#### PARKER PILLSBURY—A MODERN APOSTLE AND HIS BOOK.

PARKER PILLSBURY'S portrait appears, without his knowledge or consent, as the frontispiece of this number of the magazine. Some years since we requested him to allow us to publish it, but his modesty caused him to refuse our request, but as we see that his likeness has recently appeared in two or three publications, we take the liberty to pre-

sent it to our readers, knowing there are so many of them who will like to see it.

And one of the reasons why we now give Parker Pillsbury's likeness this publicity, in this number, is because we desire to call our readers' special attention to a book he published a few years ago, entitled "Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles." What gives this book intrinsic value is the fact that, unlike the Acts of the Bible Apostles, it is known to be written by one of the anti-slavery apostles who knows whereof he speaks. We can think of no book that has been written on the anti-slavery conflict more valuable than this one, especially to the young people of this country, who have come to the age of understanding since the late war.

The "anti-slavery apostles," in our humble opinion, were the grandest, bravest, and most uncompromising class of reformers that the world has ever known, and their "Acts" ought to be learned by heart by every person who desires to labor for the benefit of Humanity. What the Free Thought Cause needs to-day, more than anything else, is such men and women as were William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, Gerrit Smith, Frederick Douglass, Lucretia Mott, Ernestine L. Rose, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Aby Kelley Foster, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy N. Colman, and their co-workers—men and women of the purest characters, of the highest aspirations, willing to sacrifice everything that is held dear by the great multitude of common people, for the sake of benefiting Humanity. In this book, written by Parker Pillsbury, the reader will learn very much about those apostles of Freedom and of the grand work that they accomplished.

Parker Pillsbury is now living, at the age of eighty-eight, at Concord, N. H., with his worthy and devoted wife, and his intelligent, highly accomplished daughter, Mrs. Helen B. P. Cogswell, a widow. He is about the last one of the great anti-slavery agitators still living, and he is receiving, in his old age, what he is justly entitled to, the gratitude of every lover of mankind, for his splendid life work. There is nothing we prize more than the friendship of such a man; it is worth more than silver and gold or political preferment, and it more than pays us for what little sacrifice we have made in the cause of human progress—which has been very insignificant, we are compelled to admit. A few years ago Mr. Pillsbury suffered a stroke of paralysis, since when he has written very little for the public, but occasionally he has a few words to say through the pages of this magazine. Below we publish a private letter we received from him a few days since.

## LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

Concord, N. H., January 30, 1898.

Dear Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Green: It is a long time since we exchanged signals. Let me at least break the silence. I have not wholly broken off correspondence with friends, though my gospels to the public have pretty much ceased since my unfortunate paralysis of three or four years ago. But it is now many years since our acquaintance began. We have fought a good many battles together. If Mrs. Green did not take the field with Mrs. Foster, Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony, and others, we always knew where she was at heart, and her aid, in her way, was sure. And your son, too, I remember when he was a little boy, laying out railways and other engineer work. You lived at that time away down somewhere, I think south, or southwest, of Syracuse and Rochester; but the name of the town has escaped me with most of my memories.

It seems the intrepid old Investigator has changed owners and proprietors, and gone wholly out of the modern name, where it had been so long. But what wonderful changes it has seen: Garrison besieged the hosts of slavery in 1830, when every interest in the whole nation, governmental, commercial and religious, was pledged to its support. In 1839 arose another crusader, Abner Kneeland, challenging all the devotees of bigotry, despotism and priestcraft to mortal combat with truth and argument, and from that time to this there has been no peace in church nor state, nor could be until slavery went down in cataclysms of blood and fire to rise no more! And the mighty changes in the Kneeland conflict have been such as almost to ensure a triumph equally as great, only give us time. It seemed needful and appropriate that slavery should drag the North into sharing the penalty, for the North was almost equally guilty of the horrible sins and crimes!

It need not be so in the Kneeland and Investigator controversy. True,

"Cannon balls may aid the Truth,  
But Thought's a weapon stronger;  
We'll win our battles by its might,  
Wait a little longer."

Only behold what victories have been won in the spiritual and religious world, and they mainly, if not wholly, by argument. And how gloriously, too, the work is going on! I look and labor for a day,

"When all the Nations shall be merged in Peace;  
"And all the sounds of war and strife shall cease;  
"And 'neath the dome of Heaven and 'neath the sun,  
"There shall be none outcast, O no, not one!  
"For 'tis the utterance of the Eternal Word,  
"The Church is Man, and Love its Law and Lord!"

Nor do I see that in my religion there is either mystery, bigotry or superstition. But a brother's love to you both.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

## PROFESSOR NEWMAN AND HIS CRITICS.

PROFESSOR is a good name when a man has something to profess—and Professor Frances William Newman had. He was distinguished in many things and excelled in most. One conspicuous excellence was his scrupulous fairness towards opinions he did not share, and his courage in assisting opinions which he thought had truth in them, regardless of friends he shocked, or lost, by taking sides with the right. In the January number of this magazine I gave an account of his last work and the fates that befell it at the hands of the Unitarians, to whom it was addressed. The only minister, of that persuasion, who noticed, in any organ, Mr. Newman's "Mature Thought," was the Rev. John Page Hopps, whose bright and salient pen, and general liberality of thought, command readers and regard. Yet he had no word of respect or reverence, for the last words of the great Theist. He said his "Mature Thoughts" were "shreds and patches." Yet St. Paul never wrote anything else. He was largely incoherent, beyond all doubt ignorant, and often coarse and insolent. Certainly he sometimes spoke with noble energy and insight. Yet there is no writing in all the literature of divinity so shoddy and patchy as Paul's; while Newman's are distinct thoughts, detached but logical, always sagacious, modest and devout.

Unitarianism in England is not so bold nor so liberal as it is in America, nor has it been during this century distinguished by great ministers as the Unitarian Church in the United States has. Preachers of great mark appear on their side in England whom English Unitarians do not recognize. W. T. Fox, who next to Edward Irving was the greatest pulpit orator of this century in England, was not to their minds, nor was Dr. Moncure Conway.

"The Inquirer," the organ of the Unitarians, made in reference to what I had written the following reply:

"Mr. G. J. Holyoake contributes an article on 'Professor Newman and his last Work,' viz., 'Mature Thoughts on Christianity.' He makes a special point of the refusal of the 'Essex-street authorities' to publish the pamphlet, and suggests that this refusal was due to the author's opinions being in 'advance' of theirs. Mr. Holyoake also mentions the fact that no review of the work appeared in the Unitarian journals. It is no part of our duty to defend the case of 'the Essex-street authorities;' but we may say in reply to Mr. Holyoake's suggested stricture on ourselves that our impression of the tract was such that we wondered how any one calling himself a friend of the venerable author could consent to its dissemination. Mr. Marshall has already pointed out the unfortunate lapse of memory

which by mistake allowed the author to attribute a very discreditable action to the managers and the printer of 'The Inquirer,' and this is but one of the many signs of ill-health and decay of faculty that appear in the pamphlet. Whether in regard to this matter or in the notices which have appeared in our columns we have failed in respect for the author, or whether we are, to use Mr. Holyoake's expression, afraid of 'advanced truth,' we must leave our readers to judge."

"The Inquirer," which has just influence in the Unitarian body, expresses the opinion that Mr. Newman's final work was "unworthy of him," forgetful that Christ's last words on the cross, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me," were "unworthy of him," for they contradicted, in the hours of death, what he had declared in the days of his strength. Has this a sign of "decaying faculty?" His mind was never brighter, for he saw truth, hidden from him before, that help did not come from Heaven as he had taught, and believed himself it would. On reading the remarks above quoted, I addressed the following letter to "The Inquirer," which appeared in that journal November 15th, with the note the reader will see, appended to it:

"Sir—I never conceal my opinion anywhere that the Unitarian body (among whom I have many friends I value), is the bravest and most advanced of all Christian communities. It was this sentiment which made me wonder that their representatives at Essex street did not accord courteous publicity to the dying message Professor Newman addressed to Unitarians. They might, for reasons good to them, dissent from it; that was no reason for refusing to make it known to those to whom it was addressed. The justification you make you found upon Mr. Marshall having pointed the 'unfortunate lapse of memory by which Mr. Newman attributed a discreditable action to the managers and printers of "The Inquirer,"' and this you say, in words I think you will, upon reflection, regret having written, 'was one of the many signs of decay of faculty which appeared in the pamphlet.' You forget altogether that you published from me, on July 24 last, a letter, which informed you that there was no 'lapse of memory' on Mr. Newman's part, and that the 'mistake' was not his. He never made the allegation.

"How highly Mr. Newman thought of the Unitarian body was shown in the message which he had printed, and the anxiety he had expressed that they should know it. With that intrepid honesty by which he was always actuated, he devoted his last days to informing them of the conclusions which his research and experience had taught him were true. If so signal an instance of courage and conscience be a sign of 'decay of faculty,' any church, I think, would be the better for that defect.

"G. J. HOLYOAKE.

To which the editor appended the following note:

"We deeply regret our own 'lapse of memory,' for which we have not



the pathetic excuse of ninety years, and must abide under our correspondent's censure. But it is fair to say that the pamphlet in question reached us without Mr. Holyoake's explanation of the reference to this journal, and had to be judged as it stood. We need not repeat our expressions of reverent esteem for the good man who has gone; we are sorry not to have recalled Mr. Holyoake's letter at the time of writing last week.—Ed."

The note has that candor and fairness which friends of "The Inquirer" like to recognize as its characteristics, and I will only add that I retain in my mind nothing but a certain sense of wonder that an official journal of Unitarianism, which professes every week to be the "organ of reverent Free Thought," could have been betrayed into the expression that, being "a friend of the venerable author," it could not consent to the dissemination of his dying thoughts. Where could it find a philosopher in church ranks or out of them more reverent than Francis William Newman?

G. J. H.

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### THE NEW WOMAN—A LIBERAL!

"The new woman is the old woman awake."

NOT a few were the pleasant thoughts and memories which floated through the brain when we looked through the splendid contributions of liberal women to the February number of our magazine. In what, we asked, does the real precedence and glory of our country consist?

The true answer is, in the increasing number of such women—emancipated, healthy, strong-minded, tender-hearted, glorious women! They are the outbursting flower of our America, and of its Liberal Institutions and freedom of thought. Other countries may have similar specimens and be proud of them, but the New Woman as such is the product of the great Republic founded by Thomas Paine. We have never properly realized and appreciated this fact. We have come to take it for granted, so that when we look at the fair, open, noble, sympathetic countenance of Thyrza A. Green, and read the splendid emancipating articles of Mary A. Mangerum and of Florence Sibley, or applaud the graceful way in which a lady drives off (page 105) that Theological Donkey of a "brute," who was trying to give one more kick to that dead lion, the "Author-Hero" of our Revolution, we take it as a matter of course that such women should be, and do grand work for Liberty and Humanity, among us.

But where else, among all of the millions of the human race can any considerable number of such emancipated feminine specimens of new life

and light be found? The new woman cannot be except she is a Liberal! Think of the horrible slavery, religious, mental, social, and even physical, to which the masses of the women of our race are doomed by birth! Think of it in Asia, Africa, under Mohammedanism, or the Papacy, or even in partially enlightened Europe or Mexico,—and we cannot but see that the exceptions only prove the rule, that the only home of the New Woman—the Liberal Woman—is, and must long continue to be, “the Free and United States of America.” Let, then, every Liberal and American heart bid her welcome!—with all the joy and help he can. For she has come to lift us, and finally the whole race, upward with herself!

“Who would thrive  
Must ask his wife,”

said Poor Richard, or, as Goethe put it in sublime instead of homely phrase:

“The eternally womanly  
Leadeth us heavenward, on.”

Which means that we shall become the leading people of the world just as we know enough to emancipate our women, and to sustain, respect and protect them in their educated and upward evolution of liberty, knowledge, independence and welfare. Let them have all of the rights and privileges that men have, and then in addition any other protection, reverence or support that may be necessary to enable them to fulfill happily, nobly and gloriously those functions of life, love and hope, which alone make human existence possible or tolerable. There will always be something for American men to set right as long as American women wish they had been born men. But there are indications of a change. That was, indeed, a red-letter day in the history of our country when the thousands of the Liberals and Reformers of New York met in a grand theater to congratulate Elizabeth Cady Stanton upon achieving her eightieth birthday. She—the first citizenship of the great Republic—the model liberal new woman of our age!—long may she yet live to inspire her own sex with the aspiration for a higher life of liberty and progress, and ours with the helpful homage, support and admiration which that aspiration should command.

T. B. W.

New York, St. Valentine's Day, Era of Man, 298.

## INFLUENCE OF MIND UPON BODY.

Says Dr. Daniel Hack Tuke: "The emotions powerfully excite, modify or suspend organic functions, causing changes in nutrition, secretion and excretion, and thereby affecting the development and maintenance of the body."

MANY of the claims made by "Christian Scientists" and "mind curists" are too extravagant to be accepted by any careful thinker without verification, but in their statements respecting cures by means of mental influence, there is a modicum of truth. In many diseases imagination and faith are of more value than medicine, and in the recovery of patients generally, mental influence is an important factor. The first thing to be done in treating one who has a persistent impression that he will not get well, is to remove that impression and replace it with the conviction that he is improving and will recover. Belief in the potency of a drug may produce the effects expected by a patient, when the physician has administered in place of it bread pills or some other similar neutral substitute.

Well-authenticated accounts are given in medical works of cases in which death resulted from a fixed belief in the fatal termination of a disease, rather than from the disease itself. "A simple prediction without any remedial measure," says Dr. Carpenter, "sometimes works its own fulfillment."

To what extent can the structural parts and organic conditions be changed by mental influence? It may stimulate or paralyze the processes of nutrition and secretion, produce convulsions, destroy the power of the voluntary muscles, or, in disease, restore functional activity and nervous power. It may do even more. Some years ago a Belgian peasant girl exhibited the phenomenon of "stigmatization." She bled periodically without any wounds, from the forehead and side, and from the hands and feet—parts which, it is believed, were pierced in Jesus when he was crucified. By Catholics it was declared to be a miracle; by Protestants it was denounced as a religious fraud. The testimony of numerous witnesses, including physicians who were on guard against any deception, seemed to leave no ground for doubt as to the reality of the phenomenon. It was neither a miracle nor an imposture. It was a natural local effect, the cause of which was prolonged strong concentration of the attention, with faith in the results, while under the influence of powerful religious emotion.

The subject was dominated by one thought, "the Saviour's passion," on which her mind, closed to the outer world, dwelt continually, with periodical ecstasy, followed by exhaustion. "Her current of thought and feeling in this state," says Dr. Carpenter, "uniformly ran in the direction

of the Saviour's passion, the whole scene of which seemed to pass before her mind, as might be judged from her expressive actions, and a strong evidence of the reality of the condition was afforded by the fact that, according to the medical witnesses, each fit terminated in extreme physical prostration, which could not have been simulated—the pulse being scarcely perceptible, the breathing slow and feeble, and the whole surface bedewed with a cold perspiration. Now the transudation of blood through the orifices of the perspiratory ducts under strong emotional excitement, being a well-authenticated fact, there seems to be nothing in the least degree improbable in the narration; on the contrary, any one who accepts the charming away of warts and the cure of more serious maladies, as results of a strongly excited, expectant attention, will regard the stigmatization of an ecstatic as the natural result of the intense concentration of her thought and feeling on a subject that obviously had a great attraction for them."

When facts like this are considered, it can readily be seen that the condition of the body is affected, and life may be prolonged or shortened by our thoughts and feelings, to a degree little suspected by people generally. Under the influence of strong faith the sick may experience effects which to them and to observers appear miraculous. This is known to occur. Physicians are coming to rely less and less upon the therapeutic value of drugs and more upon the natural recuperative powers of the human organism. It is probable that the influence of the mind in producing changes in bodily conditions will be given more prominence in medical practice in the future than hitherto, and the mind cure theories and methods, in spite of their follies and extravagances, will, no doubt, have contributed to this result.

B. F. U.

#### AN IMAGINARY AND OVERDRAWN PICTURE.

JOHN VAN DENBURGH has been for a number of years the agent for this magazine for the city of Milwaukee, Wis. He is now over ninety years of age, but still able to get around and procure subscribers for the Free Thought Magazine. He has been a Free Thinker for one-half a century, and to that cause he claims to give the most of the credit for his living so long. He has never had any trouble as to what would become of his soul, as he never believed he had one. He has never had any fear of God or the devil, or of the orthodox hell, for they are all myths to him. He has not the least fear of death, as he considered it nothing more than nature's sleep when we get too feeble to longer remain on earth. As he has

spent no time or labor in trying to save his "soul," he has had much time and energy to bestow in trying to save humanity from the evils of this world. He has worked for the anti-slavery cause, for the woman's rights cause, for the temperance cause, for the amelioration of the condition of criminals, and in behalf of our dumb animals. The amount of money he has spent to save the heathen in foreign lands has been very small. When he has a dollar to spare he can find "heathen" enough in his own neighborhood who need it. This philanthropist sends us the following communication, which he requests us to publish in the *Free Thought Magazine*, and we can do no less than grant his request:

## MR. VAN DENBURG'S LETTER.

To Mrs. Thyrsa Ann Green—Greeting:

The most interesting item in the February Magazine was the proposition of the editor that the friends of the magazine purchase for you a cottage. In fancy I see it all. You on the front porch awaiting Mr. Green's return from the great city—all around the cottage shade trees, and underneath their waving branches a beautiful lawn, with here and there shrubbery, vines and flowers. Overhead, in the trees, birds piping their melody:

"Sonnetts with unnumbered notes,  
The cuckoo billed with two,  
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,  
Bid the setting sun adieu."

Such a home as you would make, Mrs. Green, we can well imagine. Out a little back of the house, in the shrubbery, there would be a snug retreat, filled with choice chickens, fed and made fat with the crumbs from your table, not the course, clumsy kind, whose morning salute is like the bray of the donkey, but happy little beauties, with sweet voices.

But you may say this is only a fancy sketch. Granted, but I have formed a plan to make it a reality. Not by praying. If I had a fraction of the influence with God that Brother Moody has, who, by praying, kept a ship from sinking, I would pray a week for your cottage. But here is my plan: Everybody knows that Free Thinkers are the most generous and liberal people in the world, and now I am going to petition each and all of them to raise the amount at once, and within three months have the cottage purchased, have Mrs. Green, and the editor, and their son move into it, have placed over the door in gilt letters: "The Home of the Free Thought Magazine," and then I know, Mrs. Green, you will have the home dedicated to Free Thought, and cordially invite every contributor

and all other good Freethinkers, to attend the dedication. You may be sure, even at my advanced age, I will be there. Your friend,

John Van Denburgh.

Milwaukee, Wis.

P. S.—A word about Mr. Green. He is trying to think because he is seventy years of age that he will not stay around much longer. I can remember a conversation between his grandfather and my father before he was born about his father, and should we ever meet I will repeat it to him

#### COL. INGERSOLL'S RECEPTION IN NEW ORLEANS.

A FEW years ago there was scarcely any Liberalism in the South. Orthodoxy had the whole field. But a great change has recently been going on in that section of the Union. Orthodoxy is dying out and Free Thought is spreading. For the last two years our subscription list has been greatly increased from the Southern States. Col. Ingersoll has recently been doing a splendid work in that section. Everywhere he has had large audiences and has been applauded to the echo. No man, since the days of Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, has so charmed and delighted the good judges of oratory in the South as has Col. Ingersoll. A friend sends us the following account of his reception in New Orleans.—Editor.

##### INGERSOLL IN NEW ORLEANS.

Col. Ingersoll lectured in New Orleans last Sunday night, Jan. 30, on "Liberty of Man, Woman and Child." I had the pleasure of again hearing the same lecture, but it sounded entirely new. He touched it over in places with new stories and added changes to suit the time and place. The Colonel has said so many hard things against the South on account of slavery, democracy and the subjugation of the negro, that I looked for a cold reception—but oh, Lordy! Chicago never gave him such a welcome. When he first appeared on the stage at the Grand Opera House the applause was long and loud, and during the progress of the lecture he was applauded every few moments. To me—a Northerner—it was a peculiar sight; the people elbowed each other and would not, if they could help it, allow any one to applaud, fearful that he might say something they would not hear,—but it would break out at times and places, and I doubt if the police could have stopped it. When he told the story of Adam in the Garden of Eden without a helpmate—how all the animals were passed in review that he might find a comforting partner—but none suited, how God then took from Adam's side a rib and with it made a woman, then pronounced it a masterpiece of workmanship—"even considering the material he had to work with, the time and place he made it," then pronounced his eulogy on woman—one lady who sat in front of me nearly wore her hat out beating on the back of the seat ahead. (City ordinance requires all

ladies to take off their hats in places of amusement in New Orleans.) The newspapers treated the Colonel royally. The Picayune paid him many handsome compliments. The clergy never opened their faces. They never wrote a letter to the press denouncing the lecture or its evil (?) influences. His lecture did a vast amount of good for Free Thought in the South—it has awakened the people from their religious lethargy and started them to thinking anew. When Lincoln's name was mentioned one would think they were in Chicago or New York, the applause was so enthusiastic. Sectionalism in this country is dead. Its bones are bleaching in the sun of intellectual liberty. Religion is rapidly following in the footsteps of sectionalism. No more South—no more North. The press, the intolerance of the pulpit and the free schools are the pallbearers which are surely and swiftly tramping toward the religious boneyard.

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BOOK REVIEW.

**E**IGHTY YEARS AND MORE.—Reminiscences of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, is a new book that has just been published by the European Publishing Company, of New York City, which will doubtless have a large circulation among progressive people.

T. B. Wakeman, in an editorial on another page, says: "Elizabeth Cady Stanton is the first citizeness of the great Republic, the model Liberal new woman of our age." The President's wife, by virtue of being the wife of the President, is called "The first lady of the country," but that distinction is only an accidental one, and lasts but a few years. But Mrs. Stanton is acknowledged by all thinking people to be the first woman of this country by reason of her superior qualifications and labors in behalf of Humanity. And we might truly say she is the leading woman of all countries, for we know of no woman, living or dead, who has done more than has Mrs. Stanton to liberate her own sex from all kinds of bondage. In publishing the "Woman's Bible," as the last great work of her life, she has become the woman Thomas Paine of her day and generation.

Now, when we realize that this book is the "reminiscences" of such a life as Mrs. Stanton's has been, we can have some idea of what its value is, especially to young reformers, and how interesting it will be to older ones. As to its contents, the reader's attention is called to the advertisement of the book in our advertising pages. We will only say here that it is a book of some 500 pages; illustrated. The price is \$2.00, and it can be had at this office.

"BIG BIBLE STORIES," by W. H. Bach, is a beautiful little volume that every Free Thinker will desire to own, and as the price is only fifty cents, it is in the reach of all. On another page the reader will find a page advertisement of this book, that we ask you to read before you forget it. We all know that many advertisements greatly exaggerate whatever they introduce to the public, but after reading the book we are prepared to certify that this advertisement does nothing of that kind; it really

fails to do justice to the book, and we cannot wonder at that, as the book is composed of "Divinely Inspired" stories, which are void of truth.

The author informs us that he is already getting thousands of orders for the book that he has not been able to fill. The class of persons who are not ordering many copies are orthodox clergymen and orthodox Sabbath school teachers, just the people who ought to read it. We therefore recommend that Liberals everywhere do a little missionary work, by putting this selection from "God's Word" into their hands.

Col. Ingersoll was presented with the manuscript of this book by the author, and, after reading it, wrote in reply:

"Thanks for the Quails and Jonah and the Whale. Your treatment of these old stories is splendid. You ought to publish these things in book form. You make the absurdities plain. Go ahead. I wish you success. The best I ever read. Yours always,

R. G. Ingersoll."

The book is beautifully bound in cloth, contains 134 pages, and is for sale at this office. Price, 50 cents. Send us your orders.

### ALL SORTS.

—We are under obligations to T. B. Wakeman for a club of twenty-two paid-up subscriptions from New York and Brooklyn.

—The poem we published in the February magazine, entitled "Who is the Brute?" was written by John Prescott Guild and not by Marion Harland, as was stated by mistake.

—Mr. William Thomas, of Owatonna, Minn., one of the best friends this magazine ever had, and a noble and grand man, we just learned, passed away Dec. 27, 1897. Peace to his ashes.

—Charles R. Boerger, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., writes: "Send me one-half dozen copies of February magazine, as I think Mrs. Margerum's article therein is one of the best to set the orthodox people thinking."

—The reader will notice that this issue of the magazine is copyrighted. It is not done to prevent any journal copying from our pages, for we shall gladly permit any paper to do so that will give us due credit for the same.

—John Prescott Guild writes in a private letter: "The February magazine is

a gem. Wakeman cannot be beaten in writing on Paine. Constructive Free Thought is good, but the writer thereof forgets that it is in construction of the sciences which destroys the superstition of the churches."

—One of the principal financial supporters, and one of the ablest writers for this magazine, is now on a visit to Egypt and the Holy Land, and on his return we hope to publish from his pen a full report of what he sees there. One not colored with Christian prejudices and orthodox superstition.

—Dr. S. W. Wetmore writes to us in a private letter: "The Free Thought Magazine for January was all right; in fact, it is always all right. It is the cleanest, brightest and most interesting free thought journal published in the United States or any other land. I wish I were able to do more for its sustenance."

—D. C. McMath, of Lenoxburg, Ky., a young man 18 years of age, sends us a club of six paid-up subscriptions from that town. Among the number is Mr. L. G. Ihrig, of the same age. These two young men, before they are 21 years of age, we predict, will possess more real



knowledge than a whole church full of young "Christian Endeavorers," who have determined to "know nothing but Christ and him crucified."

—We desire to most sincerely thank the many good friends of this magazine who have during the last sixty days sent to this office financial aid in paid-up subscriptions and contributions. Mrs. Green also requests us to thank the friends who have so generously remembered her. We will report fully in April magazine.

—We must sincerely regret to learn of the death of Rev. S. C. Adams, of Salem, Ore. The reader will remember him as the person who furnished for the late June magazine the article entitled "Religion and Righteousness." If all the pulpits of the country were filled with such men as was Mr. Adams there would be no need of special Free Thought organizations. He was a brave, intellectual, honest man.

—Alonzo Leora Rice presents our readers with a valuable poem on "Creeds." One who can extract poetry from such a subject must be an adept at the work. Mr. Rice has heretofore contributed poems to Judge, Leslie's Weekly, New York World and Peterson's Magazine, and has had two volumes of poems published. We are pleased to add his name to our list of able contributors.

—New Brighton, Pa., Feb. 1.—Jacob Guffy, a farmer living near Unionville, on his way to town to-day found the dead body of a man almost covered with snow. The fellow was about 40 years old, wore a barred suit, a brown overcoat and had on three suits of underclothes. A Bible, a deck of cards and a bottle partly filled with whisky were in his pockets. There was nothing on his clothes by which he could be identified. It is supposed he was a tramp. From the appearance of the body the man had evidently been on his knees praying and succumbed to the blizzard.  
—Chicago Chronicle.

The friends of this frozen man will be

in some doubt as to the future home of the deceased. The Bible and prayers would indicate he was prepared for the heavenly regions, but then the deck of cards and the whisky bottle goes to show he was booked for a warmer country. This case will be a difficult one to decide at the "judgment day."

—C. K. Tenney, Esq., of Madison, Wis., in a private letter, writes these encouraging words:

"I think you look on this matter entirely from a wrong standpoint. Our movements, like all others, require money, and in contributing to the cause we do so freely and cheerfully. We certainly have not the fear of hell as an inducement to our action. This magazine is of such high order and doing such excellent work that it must not be embarrassed. When you need help do not hesitate to call on your friends, and I am certain they will promptly and gladly come to your rescue."

—Chris Merry, who so brutally murdered his wife, and who was such a Christian that he objected to having any man on the jury who was not a Christian, and who was convicted, has obtained a sixty-day stay of proceedings. One of the grounds upon which the stay was asked for was, "That he might have time to prepare for death," and now he occupies himself in reading prayers and singing:

"I want to be an angel  
And with the angels stand."

And some claim his wings have commenced to grow. His poor wife, whom he choked and beat to death, had no time to "get religion," and has gone to hell, but Chris proposes to have a good time in heaven, and it will add to his happiness seeing his wife enduring the tortures of the damned.

—E. D. Northrup, Esq., a New York lawyer, sends us the following item:

"You see, by the reports of so many sudden deaths in churches, that the Persian Devil that the Jews adopted for a god, and Constantine sanctified to com-

memorate his own pardon for his numerous atrocious murders, has gone back on 'the elect,' and is destroying the force of 'his terrible examples' of 'striking blasphemers dead on the spot.' It is sad and humiliating to know, at the close of this century, in a land where fabulous sums are wasted on 'temples of god,' that the 'godly' folks of Toledo, and its 'holy' mayor, are deprived of the 'blessed' privilege of dragging the 'offenders' to the Inquisition, for torture, and then to the stake, to burn them alive, while old Spain has so well preserved her primitive Christianity!"

—The New York Voice is engaged in a good work in trying to drive what it calls "the Drink Devil" out of the orthodox colleges, and it is entitled to the thanks of all friends of sobriety and decency. It gives the following as quotations from the college students' songs:

"Here is good old Yale,  
Drink it down, drink it down."

And another:

"How dry I am,  
How dry I am!  
God only knows  
How dry I am."

These students hear the Scriptures read at their chapels each day and they have learned from Paul that "You should take a little wine for the stomach's sake," and also that Jesus made wine for a drunken wedding party, who probably were singing, "How dry I am, God only knows how dry I am."

—Preacher Henson, of the First Baptist Church, of Chicago, according to the Tribune, answers Ingersoll's Thanksgiving sermon in these words:

"Man must worship something, be it sun or moon, or stars, or a stick or a stone, or a calf or the devil. And even when he calumniates his soul by calling himself an atheist he must needs make an apotheosis of himself and put his imaginary self on a pedestal and put a halo around his head and fall down and worship himself. And in this view the recent sacrilegious preacher of a so-

called Thanksgiving sermon in this city is perhaps the most devout indolator the world ever saw."

That is argument for you. No public speaker ever uttered, in so few words, such a conglomeration of senseless twaddle as the above. But, then, preachers feel compelled to become fools for Christ's sake.

—There is something left on the political bargain counter for poor old Pennsylvania. It is that precious and saving remnant the Honorable John Wanamaker, erstwhile Postmaster General in the cabinet of Benjamin Harrison. He's a guid mon, an unco guid mon. He keepit the Sabbath day and, like an excellent banker of Milwaukee, he kept pretty much every other d— thing in a political way he can lay his hands on.—Chicago Chronicle.

It looks hard to see this very good, pious Sabbath school teacher talked about in this manner. To be sure, the New York World proved, a few years ago, that he kept his shirt-making girls to work on starvation prices while he was prating of his religion on the "corner of the streets" for business purposes. but, nevertheless, of such is the kingdom of heaven composed according to orthodoxy.

—J. L. Bean, of Rock Island, Ill., in a private letter writes:

"I have passed my eighty-fourth birthday, and at least for seventy-four of those years have been what the church stigmatizes an 'infidel.' I became a disbeliever in the Christian religion by reading the first five books of the 'Holy Bible.' My sense of justice was greatly shocked by what a so-called infinite and all-wise God had done, and I gave up all hope of ever having any admiration for such nonsense."

We think we have on our subscription list fifty names of subscribers whose ages are from 75 to 85 years. We often hear from them—most of them enjoy pretty good health—are happy and contented and have no fear of death, and

certainly not of the hereafter, as they do not believe in one. They look on death as nature's sweet messenger that comes to their relief when they become too feeble to enjoy life. We certainly believe there are no people who live so long, and enjoy life so well as do atheists and agnostics. The "horror of death" is the product of Christianity, used by the clergy to frighten people into the church.

—J. E. Remsburg, the new President of the Secular Union, made us a very pleasant call when in Chicago a few days ago. He is going to do all in his power to make that organization a success. We learned from him that he intended to labor to unite the Liberals of the whole country in the movement to secularize the State. Without the least disrespect to those who honestly differed with him on that occasion, he stated as evidence of what he thought the character of the Union should be, what we well remember, that he went out of the Union with Col. Ingersoll and others, when the Union passed resolutions, at the Chicago Congress, in favor of the entire repeal of what is known as the "Comstock laws" (laws to prevent the circulation of obscene literature). We predict that Mr. Remsburg, with his sound views of what Free Thought is, and his long and successful labors in the Free Thought cause, will do as much as any one person could do to place the Secular Union and Free Thought Federation on a sound basis. We wish him the greatest success, and will do all we can to aid him.

—A friend sends us the following notice of a Paine celebration held in Pittsburg, Pa.:

"There was a sound of revelry by night, for Allegheny's capital had gathered there her beauty and her chivalry, to celebrate the natal day of the author-hero of the revolution, Thomas Paine. On Sunday evening, Jan. 30, 1898, at the residence of Harry Hoover, 2 Sixth street, Pittsburg, Pa., about forty people gathered to renew old associations, en-

joy a pleasant evening and at the same time discharge a sacred duty. The program, in part, consisted of the following exercises: Overture, by Prof. Grau and Maennerchor; address of welcome, Prof. George Taylor; Paine oration, George Seibel; Ode to Paine, Harry Hoover; recitation, "Pluck," Miss Paff; declamation, "Robbing the Mail," Mrs. Hughes; address, "Reminiscences," Prof. Seymour, Dr. Ludwig Buechner, George Seibel; "Good Night," German Maennerchor. The music, vocal and instrumental, was furnished by Prof. Grau and his able assistants, and was highly appreciated. The walls of the parlor were decorated with excellent portraits of Thomas Paine, Charles Darwin, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Voltaire, de Cleyre and others. Harry Hoover presided, and everybody went away happy.

—How about the woman in the case? Rev. C. O. Brown, who has been averaging a confession a day during the last week, is in a fair way to be rehabilitated and again allowed to minister to the spiritual needs of his congregation. He has been asked to occupy his old pulpit next Sunday. But how about the woman? Is the mantle of Christian charity to be thrown over her sins also? Has any one taken the trouble to extend the hand of fellowship and forgiveness to her? Have the brethren—and the sisters—who accept the penitent professions of Mr. Brown any word of comfort or consolation for Miss Overman? If confession is a prerequisite to forgiveness she is entitled to the first consideration, for she confessed two years ago, while the contrite Brown felt the prickings of his conscience only a week ago last Sunday. Previous to that time he lied about the matter fluently, fervently and artistically. Is he now to be clothed in purple and fine linen and set at the head of the feast while the other penitent is cast into outer darkness? Let the brethren think this matter over.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Chronicle is one of the best papers in Chicago, but it does not understand the Christian religion very well.

It will be remembered that old Father Adam charged on Mother Eve his crime of eating the forbidden fruit. The old scoundrel said: "The woman thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." That doubtless was the case in the Brown-Overman episode; Miss Overman tempted the godly man into trouble and therefore is not entitled to forgiveness, either in this world or in the next. Women were created to be help-meet for men, especially for the clergy.

—Rev. M. J. Savage is surely a grand preacher of Free Thought. We clip the following from one of his late sermons:

"Think, for example, if during the last two thousand years all the time and the money, all the intelligence, all the consecration, could have been spent on those things that would have really helped men to find out the meaning of life, and to il-

lustrate that meaning in earnest living; suppose the money that has been spent on the cathedrals, on the monasteries, spent in supporting hordes and hordes of priests, spent in all the endeavor to save men in a future life,—if all this had been used in educating men and training them into a comprehension of what kind of beings they really are, what kind of a world this is in which they have found themselves, spent in training them into mastery of themselves, spent in teaching them how to understand and control the forces of nature in order to serve and develop the higher life,—think what a civilization might have been developed here on this poor old planet by this time! How much of the disease, how much of the corruption, how much of the unkindness, how much of the cruelty, how much of all that still remains in us of the animal, might have been outgrown, sloughed off, put underneath our feet!

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- XV. Women as Patriots.

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## WOMAN CARVES HER OWN WAY TO FREEDOM.

BY HARRIET STANTON BLATCH.

**I**T is often urged that women stand greatly in need of training in citizenship, before being finally received into the body politic. This argument is usually put forward, in a tone of weighty wisdom, by the opponent who thinks his demand is only prompted by a question of national welfare, but which, in truth, results from never taking cognizance of the fact that women are the first class who have asked for the right of citizenship, after their ability for political life had been proved.

I have seen in my time two enormous extensions of the suffrage to men—one in America, and one in England. But neither the negro in the South, nor the agricultural laborers in Great Britain had showed, before they got the ballot, any capacity for government; for they had never had the opportunity to take the first baby steps in political action.

Very different has been the history of the march of women towards a recognized position in the State. We have had to prove our ability at each stage of progress, and have gained nothing without having satisfied a test of capacity. The history of the conferring upon women of the right to vote for and be elected members of School Boards in England, illustrates this point, and is typical of our political achievements in other lines. Before the Education Acts of 1870, women were appointed here and there as School Managers, because some local circumstance made the need of them felt. When the new departure in education was made, and election boards established, it was but a natural development, a conservative recognition of their usefulness, for women to become elected representatives on the new educational bodies. By proved worth in the first position, women gained popular assent to the exercise of a further privilege of citizenship. And so in America, after having been appointed or elected to small township offices, they have passed on to wider spheres in county or State, and finally have been elected to Legislatures. In England there are to-day over 2,000 women sitting as popularly elected representatives on School Boards, Boards of Guardians, on Parish and District Councils. These women are elected to perform these important

duties of citizenship, time after time, and are almost invariably returned at the head of the poll. All this surely is a quiet, steady, reasonable verdict upon how women carry out their work as administrative officers.

The right to vote has always been considered more sacred than the right to be elected to office, and has consequently been more guarded, and more cautiously conferred. Therefore, to urge that women have proved useful to the community as officials, does not convince a political student that they are fitted to be electors. Nor do I wish to claim their fitness on such grounds. I rest our demand here, as in the other case, upon the safe foundation of proved ability. We were given a small local vote here, or the School Suffrage there, and wider and wider duties were conferred only after capacity for government was shown in the narrow sphere. Nowhere has complete enfranchisement been conferred on women, as it was on negroes, with the stroke of the pen. Slowly, step by step, women have gained every vote in England except the Parliamentary Suffrage; just as slowly, in America, they have made their way, until, in a few States, they are now full citizens. The last franchise in England will be conferred, when public opinion is fully convinced of the conscientious manner in which women are exercising the rights they have, and the older and more conservative States of the Union will give vote after vote to us, as we prove the value of our work in political life. The contention of our opponents, then, that we must get political training before claiming citizenship, is but a display of ignorance regarding the history of our emancipation; for our political evolution has not come through abstract reasoning about man's natural rights, but as the result, if I may be permitted the phrase, of a Civil Service Examination of a searching nature, into our capacity for citizenship.

Now, as "proved worth" has been the rule of our progress so far, it is evident that along that line future efforts must be made. The value of a voter depends largely upon the conscientious manner in which he endeavors to inform himself upon public questions, and, therefore, such associations as the League directed by Dr. Jacobi and Mrs. Sanders in New York, in so far as they are forming a scholarly habit in the study of political questions among women, are building up a class which will prove in time of the highest value to the State, and which will have on that account an irresistible claim to citizenship. When the various clubs of women the country over have developed more thoroughly their study of political and economic problems, they will have educated all their members into seeing that a republic must have from each and all of its citizens self-de-



nial and devotion ; that there is no room for the shirk except under a Russian despotism.

The public demand for "proved worth" suggests, too, another, and what appears to be the chief and most convincing argument upon which our future claims must rest ; I refer to the growing recognition of the economic value of the work of women. I intentionally do not say an increase in their work ; for it is a popular mistake to suppose that women are rushing, in large numbers, into gainful pursuits. This false impression has come about by women of the well-to-do class taking it for granted that the doings of their tiny body are of great importance and typical of all classes. For instance, because women architects increased from one to twenty-two in the years between 1870 and 1890, chemists, assayers and metallurgists from nothing to forty-six, and women in the ministry from sixty-seven to 1,237, it has been hastily concluded that these enormous percentages (though, mark you, absurdly, small absolute numbers) were characteristic of industrial employments. But no less an authority than Carroll D. Wright truly says: "The proportion of women laborers is increasing a little less than three per cent."

However, although it is a mistake to say that women are adopting gainful pursuits in largely increased proportion, and although we cannot claim for them any great advance in efficiency, there has been a marked change in the estimate of our position as wealth producers. We have never been supported by men ; for if all men labored hard every hour of the twenty-four, they could not do all the work of the world. A few worthless women there are, but even they are not so much supported by the men of their family, as by the overwork of the "sweated" women at the other end of the social ladder. From creation's dawn our sex has done its full share of the world's work, sometimes we have been paid for it, but oftener not.

Unpaid work never commands respect ; it is the paid worker that has brought to the public mind conviction of our worth. The spinning and weaving done by our great-grandmothers in their own homes was not reckoned as national wealth, until the work was carried to the factory and organized there ; and the women who followed their work, were paid according to its commercial value. It is the women of the industrial class, the wage-earners, reckoned by the hundreds of thousands, and not by units, the women whose work has been submitted to a money test, who have been the means of bringing about the altered attitude of public opinion toward women's work in every sphere of life.

If we recognize the democratic side of our cause, and make an organized appeal to industrial women on the ground of their need of citizenship, and to the nation on the ground of its need that all wealth producers should form part of its body politic, the close of the century might witness the building up of a true republic in the United States.

Basingstoke, England.

### THE MERITS OF SKEPTICISM.

BY ANSON G. OSGOOD.

Who shall forbid a wise skepticism, seeing that there is no practical question on which anything more than an approximate solution can be had?—*Emerson*.

**W**HATEVER is known is not doubted. Doubt arises where knowledge is lacking or at least uncertain. This being the case, we will be better prepared to pass judgment on that state of mind which is called skepticism after we have in some degree attempted to answer the much canvassed question, What can we know? But according to Huxley the solution of this question constitutes the whole business of philosophy, so that we will not presume to meddle with it but lightly lest we plunge too far into that mighty labyrinth and find ourselves lost, and that, too, without the hope of assistance from any Ariadne's clew line.

"Knowledge," says Locke, "is the perception of the agreement or disagreement of two ideas," and Hume impliedly accepts this definition by not calling it into question, nor is he altogether silent on this subject. He makes his position by no means doubtful when he tells us that there are seven kinds of philosophical relations, namely, "resemblance, identity, relations of time and place, proportion in quantity or number, degrees in any quality, contrariety, and causation. Of these," says he, "there remain only four which, depending solely upon ideas, can be the objects of knowledge and certainty. These four are resemblance, contrariety, degrees in quality and proportion in quantity or number." From these two definitions it will be readily seen that either excludes those simple sensations of pain, resistance, etc., from any claim to certainty, a fact that Prof. Huxley notes and criticises warmly. He remarks: "It really matters very little in what sense terms are used so long as the same meaning is always rigidly attached to them, and, therefore, it is hardly worth while to quarrel with this generally accepted though very arbitrary limitation of the signification of knowledge, but on the face of the matter it is not obvious why the impression we call a relation should have a better claim to the title of knowledge than that which we call a sensation or an emotion, and the restriction has this unfortunate result, that it excludes all the most intense

states of consciousness from any claim to the title of knowledge. For example, on this view, pain so violent and absorbing as to exclude all other forms of consciousness is not knowledge, but becomes a part of knowledge the moment we think of it in relation to another pain or to some other mental phenomena."

In reply to this it may be argued that pain cannot be known without its opposite, pleasure, has been experienced, but though we concede all this, still pain and pleasure having both been experienced, either becomes as certain and knowable as the difference between the two. As Huxley adds: "There is only a verbal difference between having a sensation and knowing one has it; they are simply two phases for the same mental state."

Thus accepting the definition of Locke and Hume with Huxley's amendment, we conclude that all the contents of the mind are known and certain. And the contents of the mind being known, we are also certain of our own existence, a certainly that Descartes recognized and founded his philosophy upon, translating the idea into the famous phrase, "*Cogito, ergo sum*" (I think, therefore, I am). Nor can one's existence be doubted because to doubt it is only to make it more certain, for unless one existed he could not doubt. But clear as this truth may be, it is only apparent upon reflection, and, like other knowledge, must be preceded by ideas. So, having assigned a position of certainty to the contents of the mind, we will next inquire, without attempting to advance too far in our investigation, what is meant by the contents of the mind.

Hume divided them into two categories, ideas and impressions, but Locke includes them all under the first term, namely, ideas. Hume's distinction, however, seems more justifiable and less confusing. To him ideas and impressions are nearly the same, the latter differing from the former only in their degree of vivacity or liveliness. Thus it is seen that by impressions he means what we commonly call sensations, or those states of feeling which come to us through the senses, of which he goes on to say, ideas are but copies, and he proves conclusively that ideas are derived from impressions, not impressions from ideas. The reasons for this conclusion are obvious; let any one but reflect and he will readily admit that no idea ever occupied his mind until the advent of the impressions it resembles. But when we seek for the origin of our impressions here, if we are thoughtful and honest, we meet with our first difficulty, and find ourselves crossing and penetrating beyond the confines of knowledge and certainty; and yet were we to ask this question to ordinary minds, all would be quite ready with an answer, and would tell us that our impres-

sions are derived from certain external objects, composed of matter or substance. Nor would we be prepared to deny this statement; nay, more, we might even agree with them, and nevertheless we are compelled to doubt this and to assert that for aught we can prove to the contrary, these impressions may equally well be considered as generated by the mind itself.

With this doubt we plunge into a whirlpool of skepticism and find that many things which we are accustomed to consider true beyond a doubt, are in reality very uncertain. To illustrate, let us first take the question which borders on the very one we have been considering, that is, Have we any idea of matter? Let us see. If we have any such an idea it must come to us through the senses, as they are the only inlet to the mind. But does any idea of matter reach us through these inlets? If it comes in at the eye it is a color or form; if through the ear it is sound; if it enters the mouth it is a taste, nor would we be willing to call either color or form or sound or taste, or their combination, matter. Our senses, therefore, can furnish us with no coherent idea of this marvelous fiction in which we trust so implicitly and talk about so freely.

Again, there is nothing in which the thoughtful and intelligent put more trust than the relation of cause and effect. But when we come to consider why we infer this relation of cause and effect, or why we believe a cause to be necessary, we are truly surprised with our conclusions. If we examine our various ideas separately, however closely, we will search in vain for any inherent peculiarity which entitles some to be called causes and other effects. Regard them as we will, no such cause for distinction is apparent. It is only when we observe their contiguity, their succession, their consecutive relation, that the idea of cause and effect arises. Nor is it at all evident why, merely because one idea follows another, the first should by any process of reasoning be called the cause of the second, or why we should look for any cause at all. The inference of cause and effect rests upon no better foundation than mere habit or custom, we are told by Hume, and he gives us his reasons as follows:

"When any natural object or event is presented, it is impossible for us by any sagacity or penetration to discover, or even conjecture, without experience, what event will result from it, or to carry our foresight beyond that object which is immediately present to the memory and senses. Even after one instance or experiment, where we have observed a particular event to follow upon another, we are not entitled to form a general rule or foretell what will happen in like cases; it being justly esteemed an unpar-

donable temerity to judge of the whole course of nature from one single experiment, however accurate or certain. But when one particular species of events has always, in all instances, been conjoined with another, we make no longer any scruple of foretelling one upon the appearance of the other and of employing that reasoning which can alone assure us of any matter of fact or existence. We then call the one object cause, the other effect. We suppose that there is some connection between them; some power in one by which it infallibly produces the other and operates with the greatest certainly and strongest necessity. But there is nothing in a number of instances different from every single instance which is supposed to be exactly similar, except only that after a repetition of similar instances, the mind is carried by habit upon the appearance of one event to expect its usual attendant, and to believe that it will exist."

Once more, we are accustomed to call our repeatedly verified experiences a law and to infer that the order of nature is unchanging and ever the same, but when we look into the matter more closely, we can not help seeing that there is no absolute justification in asserting that because certain things have always transpired in a certain way, that they will continue to adopt this course in the future. Thus we know that in our experience water has never run up hill; that fire has never burned water; that stones have never tended upward instead of downward, but can we positively declare that any or all of these events will never happen, or that they are impossible. I think not. The most we can say is that their occurrence is not likely or probable.

Other instances might be given in which what is commonly considered free from doubt and well established is shown by skepticism to be quite uncertain, but the above illustrations will suffice.

Now, from what has been said, it should be plainly evident that skepticism is not a position assumed merely by those who delight in destroying all those theories that positive philosophy has labored to establish, and in which so many find rest and contentment; on the contrary, all penetrating thinkers must recognize the necessity of this stand. For if the fundamental principles of argumentation and reason be doubtful, what certainty can we attach to the greater and more intricate problems. But here another question arises: since we cannot arrive at certainty, shall we abandon inquiry altogether and be content to remain in gross ignorance? Most assuredly not, for, although our faculties will not permit us to attain positive knowledge, yet they are all that we have, and we should make the best possible use of them. As Locke says: "We shall not have much reason to

complain of the narrowness of our minds if we will but employ them about what may be of use to us, for of that they are very capable, and it will be an unpardonable as well as childish peevishness if we undervalue the advantages of our knowledge and neglect to improve it to the end for which it was given us, because there are some things that are set out of the reach of it. It will be no excuse to an idle and untoward servant who would not attend to his business by candle-light to plead that he had not broad sunshine. The candle that is set up in us shines bright enough for all our purposes."

Neither should this lack of positive knowledge cause us to reject all theories without thought, for, as the same writer observes, "If we will disbelieve everything because we cannot certainly know all things, we shall do much what as wisely as he who would not use his legs but sit still and perish because he had no wings to fly."

Although we cannot attain absolute certainty we can yet see greater or less probability in all things, and this should guide us and skepticism itself should teach us to be content with it. For no matter what benefits are to be derived from doubt and inquiry, skepticism itself is not a position that the mind can occupy permanently, and sooner or later it inclines to that theory of things which is most reasonable, if, indeed, it ever wholly abandoned it. Nor can we be justified in forming our opinions rashly. Because we cannot be certain that the order of nature is uniform or draw unerringly the line between the possible and the impossible, we are not obliged to believe in miracles. We should at least ask those who assert the occurrence of these prodigies to give us as good evidence as we demand in ordinary cases. Nay, more, for such extraordinary events we are entitled to extraordinary evidence. And they can give us neither.

Nor should we accept the free will doctrine or believe in chance, because we cannot thoroughly comprehend the nature of cause and effect. If we did not rely upon this relation in the various succession of occurrences we could neither provide for the future nor act intelligently in the present. Finally, no one will be foolish enough to rush to Idealism because he cannot understand the ultimate nature of matter. Materialism is subject to the same limitations as science, but it is the best positive philosophy of which we know. It is the practical philosophy; the philosophy which we live by. It underlies all science. We meet it face to face in our daily affairs. By means of it we are able to answer the greatest number of inquiries and by relying upon it we attain the greatest happiness. Few, if any, of those who outwardly deny the existence of matter can inwardly

withstand the conviction of its reality. Hume, though he denied that we can know anything of substance, nevertheless held theories that were decidedly materialistic. Huxley, in his *Agnosticism*, said: "A brain may be the machinery by which the material universe becomes conscious of itself," and both of these great skeptics gave the best arguments in favor of Materialism.

By examining into the nature and foundations of knowledge we have shown that skepticism is a necessary position, by showing that absolute certainty is not indispensable to the enjoyment of life we have proved it a harmless position. We will go a step farther, and assert that it is a beneficial position.

We should certainly consider that man much more fortunate who started off on a journey knowing that he was not altogether certain of the way than he who went the same way in equal ignorance, but thinking all the time that he was well informed. For he that is not sure of his course will be apt to be cautious and to make inquiries, but he who rushes off imagining he is well informed, will neither inquire nor take suitable precautions, but will wander far from his objective point, and cause himself much annoyance, if not injury. Thus he who is of a skeptical nature will not ally himself too readily with every new theory which the time produces, thinking that he has found the truth. The skeptic will be wary and cautious, not ardent and reckless, and will not only save himself but also his fellow-beings, that discomfiture and even suffering that his more thoughtless and credulous friend may occasion. How often do we see the honest and well-disposed urging along with clamor and din some half-conceived plan, without a thought as to its consequences, and all because their first impressions of it were pleasing. With the skeptic such conduct is impossible. His doings will be characterized by caution and deliberation, nor will he fall a victim to the zeal and emotion that prey upon the less thoughtful and wary.

On the other hand, he will not retard progress by his conservatism. He will not fear to seek a broader path than that in which his fathers trod. He will not be a slave of custom nor will he hesitate to attack error on account of its antiquity. In short, he will not be a slave of those atavistic notions which control so many minds and hold us back when the more brilliant conceptions of the age beckon us onward.

Finally, the skeptic will be free from those prejudices which fasten themselves upon the credulous and dogmatic. We will find him neither intolerant nor narrow-minded. Being fully aware of the circumstances

that tend to form the beliefs, habits and dispositions of individuals, he will be extremely tolerant, respecting the opinions of the sincere and honest, and slow to anger, forgiving injuries freely. He will recognize the right of all men to think for themselves, because he claims that privilege for himself, so that he will never join in persecuting men for whatever opinions they may hold. From this it follows that he will be mild, indulgent, charitable in his judgment, well disposed toward all, prudent, deliberate and wise. We know him in history as one who has never engaged in those cruel quarrels over opinion which have disgraced the memory of so many who were otherwise great. We find him in every land, the champion of liberty and justice. And when we scan the roll of those who have been the vanguard of the hosts of humanity; who have made the world better by their lives; who have added to the wealth of human knowledge, we shall not find graven upon the immortal pages, the dogmatists, the credulous, the timid, and the narrow-minded, but those whom honesty, love of truth, fearlessness and a keen sense of penetration raised above their fellow-men, and who, like Socrates of old, were wise in the knowledge of their own ignorance.

Manchester, N. H.



## WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

BY MARIAN V. CHURCHILL DUDLEY.

TWO years ago I attended the National Unitarian Convention in Washington, and there heard Rev. Mr. Savage deliver the substance of his sermon entitled, in tract form, "Our Gospel." With much dramatic force and deprecation lest he offend the sensibilities of any who were present, he declared that "Jesus was a man." I did not suppose that any who would listen to a Unitarian discourse at all, believed him to have been a God, consequently when the announcement was made, after much preliminary preparation, arousing the expectation of the audience for some sublime and astounding assertion, I was much surprised to hear only the commonplace utterance, "Jesus was a man." If the speaker had declared that the last discoveries of science revealed him as a woman, the assertion might have equalled the breathless expectancy of the audience. It might, too have been a living demonstration of that chivalry which men are supposed, in romance, to possess for woman, but which real life has never exhibited. All the world's Saviors are not only man-made but they are made in the likeness of their creators,—anthropomorphic. (That word should be evidence of my competence to discuss this question.)

Rev. J. L. Dudley, once defending man, in a sermon, against the charge of cowardice in throwing upon woman the blame of Adam's fall, declared that Adam did not lay the blame upon Eve, but, sheltering her in his manly courage, cried: "The woman whom thou gavest me tempted me," throwing his gauntlet full in the face of the Almighty himself. But that was in the earlier days of Mr. Dudley's ministry, before he had blossomed into full Unitarianism and very few ministers would defend woman against God himself. Not even the last Woman Suffrage Convention has asserted that Jesus was a woman; and neither do I intend to take such ultra ground, although Goethe has declared that it is, "The eternal-womanly leadeth us upward and on," as the finality of all his teachings. But that does not mean that all women are eternal, but it does mean that through the immortal feminine element, the worlds are saved. This world alone is very "small potatoes" compared with the universe, and preachers for eternity should not forget it. I have seen it gravely declared by preachers of the New Orthodoxy, that "in some way Jesus may have died on this earth, for the whole universe," and the writer had not the slightest compunctions about accepting such a scapegoat method of getting rid of his own sins, or making the earth an abbatoir for divine wrath.

If, instead of telling that Washington audience that "Jesus was a

man," Mr. Savage had told them he was probably a myth, he would have given them a new idea; new at least to most of them, and one I have devoutly hoped to hear a Christian minister express, because I believe it true. The "Christ idea in history" is an old one, far older than technical Christianity, but if you ask me, "What think ye of Christ?" and allow me to answer honestly, I shall certainly say that I believe Christ is a deathless idea, imperishable, and could not and can not die; but that Jesus of Nazareth never existed.

If this assertion shocks anyone, it is better to be shocked than to be wrong; better to shiver into our original atoms from the battery of divine truth than to stagnate and tergiversate about a nonentity. "Deeper and deeper, then, go down into your own nature, for only as you do that, will you go deeper into God's nature," says Mr. Dudley. Self-examination will reveal to us more daylight of the spirit than conventionalism can do.

Not one allusion to Jesus is made by a contemporaneous historian. Not one of the four gospels was written by an eye-witness to the life of Jesus; that is conceded fact, and the only allusion to him at all by historians of that time, outside the gospels, is a fraudulent one in Josephus—an interpolation by the monk Eusebius, to answer the skeptics of his day, who asserted that if such a man had lived and created such a furore in his time, contemporaneous historians, not called "sacred," must have known it and would have mentioned it in their writings; but not one ever did. Even the uneducated reader of common sense, can see that the thread of Josephus' narrative is broken off, without a shadow of cause for so doing, in order to mention "a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man, called Jesus," then the story is taken up where dropped and finished. It is a most bungling interpolation, not even cleverly done.

And the gospels themselves, every one of them written after the disciples had died, by persons who gathered up the legends, floating in the air, just as one now would write a story from current report, never printed, and then, long years afterwards, re-edited as we now have them. How can any informed mind credit the reality at all of the personage they celebrate, especially when it is known that Christs many had preceded, in all the older religions, him of Nazareth; and that they arose from the prevalent belief in and custom of man-worship, which still exists. A religion of pure spirit, a worship of the great underlying verities, known to all and which are salvation to all,—formless, boundless, ethereal, pervasive; such as honor, truth, love, beauty, sincerity, patience, fidelity, charity, kindness; these are the living Christ, which we are to incarnate in our own

lives and to do so we must first worship them; not a man said to possess them; and above all we are not any more to let beings possessing most of such qualities die for us, upon any brutal cross of wood, stone or mental agony. Let us live and die for ourselves and in the effort to uplift the world, and not any more lean or loll upon another's agony to save us.

Does some one say: "Take away Jesus as an ideal to emulate and the world will go back to Paganism?" Not at all. There is no going back in the universe, save as we go back upon ourselves, by refusing to speak, hear, believe and act Truth. The universe will unfold along the lines of its own law, whether mere atoms of obdurate will or angelic submission fly in the face of Infinity or keep step to the march of its music. Christ cannot be crucified. She is deathless.

Following Mr. Savage in the convention, on the next evening, came Mr. John Fiske, one of the strongest apostles of Evolution. And he declared that science had revealed beyond a doubt that man still carries with him, only skin deep, the rudimentary tail, denoting his genealogical path upwards to his present position as lord of the earth. Of course man denies it generally and is ashamed of it, as he ought to be, for it is the tailed men and not the head men who kill people on crosses, or elsewhere, "for Jesus' sake." The lashings of John Calvin's tail echo over the Christian world to-day in the tragedy he perpetrated at Geneva in order to silence Unitarian Servetus and establish his own polytheistic faith. Calvin burnt up one man because he would not worship another; and now half the Christian world worships Calvin's creed, and thinks Christ made it.

A myth may, and often does, teach a fine and noble lesson, but let us study it as a myth and not as a dull, literal, cold-blooded fact, which is sure to end in falsehood, disgust, hypocrisy and cruelty. "The world makes too much of human suffering," complained Ruskin. Ah, too much! That mythical cross has slain millions and stultified millions more.

After these two lectures asserting "Jesus was a man," and "man has a tail," I thought the Gospel had been pretty effectually preached and took myself the third evening to the Astronomical Observatory to look at the moon through the great telescopes the government has placed there. Professor Eastman explained to us the peculiarities we were able to discern and said: "If the Church of St. Peter's at Rome were upon the moon we could see it through the greatest telescope."

## THE JUDGMENT DAY.

BY P. A. ZARING, M. D.

WHEN thousands and thousands of years shall have fled,  
 And hundreds of generations are dead,  
 And nations have risen, and flourished, and fell,  
 And others succeeded—and perished as well—  
 And civilization attained a degree  
 Which the imagination can not foresee;  
 Conceive of such minds as there will be then,  
 Comparing the ages, and nations, and men,  
 Of what we call ancient and modern to-day  
 (For the twain will be one thus far away).

When viewed from that distance our nation appears  
 (Remember, 'tis thousands and thousands of years),  
 As contemporaneous with Egypt, the Great.  
 The then antiquarian will investigate  
 When Boston was founded, to see whether it  
 Or Athens was older; if Solon or Pitt.  
 Lycurgus and Blackstone together he draws,  
 To see which came first with his bunglesome laws.  
 Cicero, Webster, and Demosthenes,  
 Will seem oratorical contemporaries.  
 Then Hannibal, Caesar, and Mithridates,  
 And Alexander, and Themistocles,  
 Will seem all confused with regard to the date  
 Of their lives, with Napoleon and Peter the Great—  
 With Wellington, Washington, Grant, who will then,  
 And forever, be reckoned the greatest of men  
 Of their bloody professions, for nations will war,  
 And murder, and ruin each other, no more.

From some real event they will reckon the year,  
 For the A. D. and B. C. will all disappear;  
 And perhaps when Columbus discovered this clime,  
 May be the one cardinal date of time.

But think of the ages that year after year,  
 Will live and develop unshackled by fear;  
 Of the minds of the greatest of thinkers who then

Will study the early conditions of men,  
From the dawning of history to our own day.  
Then what do you think they will probably say  
Of the one generation now filling the span  
Betwixt the past ages and future of man?

They will see that before Christianity's rise,  
The Grecians and Romans were learned and wise;  
And that in those ages men rose to a state,  
So gloriously noble, and grand, and great!  
And that from the time Christianity came  
To power and influence, never a name  
Of any remarkable merit, appears,  
Through all the dark ages, for hundreds of years,  
Until the ambition of prelates and kings,  
Engendered dissensions, when suddenly springs  
Into being an impulse for learning and thought,  
Which bigotry ever had piously fought.  
Thus blind superstition divided in two,  
Became the one possible avenue  
Through which men might pass to a higher state,  
And the mind could become emancipate.

For while superstition, with one accord,  
Agreed as to how they should worship the Lord,  
And taught that perfection existed of yore,  
But that in this world it existed no more,  
That man was depraved and was sinful and evil,  
None good but the Lord and none shrewd but the Devil,  
That man must believe in the promises given  
In the mystical past, of a mythical Heaven,  
And that such believing was all he could do,  
And who would presume to find out something new,  
Must be sacrificed and his teachings ignored,  
For wisdom consisted in fearing the Lord—  
While all this was practiced, was taught and enforced,  
Decreed by the popes, and by monarchs endorsed,  
No one dared to think beyond what he was taught,  
Or if so he dared not reveal what he thought.

But when once divided there quickly succeeds  
A number of churches, and schisms, and creeds.  
They differed in doctrines—their differences slight—  
And I will maintain that none of them was right.  
No one strong enough all the rest to dispense,  
But each strong enough to maintain a defense.  
Each one thus opposed to the rest, great and small.  
Saw what could be done was to compromise all.  
'Twas then toleration, once hated and spurned,  
Became so much loved by all parties concerned.

Meanwhile the contentions of all the devout,  
Have rendered it safer for skeptics to doubt,  
Till some of the boldest their shackles have broken.  
They bravely have thought, and they bravely have spoken.  
Elysium on earth to their race they have given,  
Which even the Christians prefer before Heaven.

In the Lamb's Book of Life their names are not found.  
That book seems averse to the names most renowned.  
You will find in it very few names of great worth;  
But few that have ever been written on earth.  
But their names are inscribed on the roll of the great,  
And their fame is as fixed and eternal as fate.

Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, and Brahe,  
And Shakspeare, and Byron, and Burns, and Gray.  
And Voltaire, and Darwin, and Franklin, and Paine,  
Are a few of the names that will ever remain.

But the catalogue swells to a burdensome rate,  
As we think of the many who truly are great,  
And volumes were needed to furnish the room  
To print the whole number, if I should presume  
To make a full record of every one  
Who has made the world better by what he has done.

Still the numbers will swell through the ages, and then  
The thousands, and millions, and billions, of men,  
Will study and ponder the ages of yore,  
As we do, and others have done heretofore,

Then whom of this country and this generation,  
Have we to commend to their high approbation?  
And of all we can offer, what ones do you say  
They will honor the most in that great Judgment Day?

If the past fifty years not a wheel had been turned,  
Nor a hammer had rung, nor a light had burned,  
Except what have sprung into being grand,  
At Edison's most potent command,  
What he has achieved would secure for our age,  
A prominent line upon history's page.

Of all of America's daughters who ever  
Have earned an immortal remembrance, never  
Has any one drawn from the fountain of truth,  
All down to old age, from her earliest youth,  
As Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the one,  
Superior to all and inferior to none,  
Whose intellect towers transcendently grand,  
Whose self-sculptured monument ever will stand  
As a glorious landmark in woman's career,  
Where she has discovered her natural sphere;  
And unto her sex a new Bible has given,  
Which teaches their vain aspiration for Heaven,  
For ages ago, has degraded them here,  
Below their original, natural sphere.  
And this Bible for Women forever will stand,  
As a monument, beautiful, stately, and grand,  
To which the freewomen of ages unborn,  
Will look backward to as the token of morn,  
Of the glorious day which revealed their true worth,  
And rescued their sex from a hell upon earth.

When all of the gods and the devils have died,  
And men shall have laid superstition aside,  
When all of the churches have crumbled to dust,  
And the shackles of fear been devoured by rust,  
And all of the people, the small and the great,  
Shall revel in liberty consummate,  
In the galaxy then of the far away past,

Our own constellation will surely be vast ;  
And hear what I say, that the brightest of all,  
Will blaze forth the name of the great Ingersoll.

Among all the millions who cover the land,  
As the shores of the sea are encumbered with sand,  
Incessantly trying, each one, to procure  
A happy renown, which may ever endure,  
When each individual's lot has been cast,  
And hundreds of ages successively passed,  
And each reputation well sifted, and thrown  
In the gulf of oblivion with all the unknown ;  
Or else, if approved, be reserved for a day,  
When others shall try them and cast them away ;  
The millions of seekers for future renown,  
Increasing with each generation all down  
Through the eons of years, each of which will conspire  
To furnish new objects for men to admire ;  
Among the decillion aspirants for fame,  
Will any one ever discover my name?

Ah! no; when my body's converted to clay,  
And the clods of the valley upon it lay,  
And my neighbors and relatives join me there,  
And all who remembered me disappear,  
And the epitaph's gone which my tombstone bore,  
Then my name will be lost forevermore.

Meanwhile, since the soul is the function of brain,  
Subject to affections of pleasure and pain,  
And all my environments have some control  
Over each of the thoughts of my aggregate soul,  
When my physical body corruption shall see,  
Then my soul necessarily ceases to be.

How gloomy the thought that forever and ever,  
This world will be peopled by those who will never  
Have any idea that once on the earth,  
Myself had the blessing and honor of birth ;  
That I lived and experienced pleasure and pain,



And had aspirations—though never so vain—  
And that I did something, no difference what,  
To immortalize my terrestrial lot—  
I say such a thought is quite gloomy and sad ;  
And yet not so gloomy as thoughts I have had.

There has been a time I believed in a place,  
Where ninety-nine hundredths of all of our race  
Were doomed to eternally suffer in fire,  
With annihilation their chiefest desire ;  
But all through eternity's cycles must wail,  
And welter, and sputter, and crackle, and rail,  
And agonize, supplicate, blaspheme, and grieve,  
Without any possible hope of reprieve.

It was then I believed that at some future date,  
An anthropomorphic Almighty would state  
That the time had arrived for the judging of things,  
And would summon before him a giant with wings :  
Give him a commission, and orders to go,  
With the swiftness of light, to the regions below,  
And summon the dead from their lone, quiet graves,  
From their rusty old urns, and from under the waves,  
And all who may still live above the green sod,  
And bring them forthwith to the Judgment of God.

And then I imagined the angel would fly,  
With his face toward earth, and his heels in the sky,  
And his mighty wings beating the buoyant air,  
Proclaiming Jehovah's decree everywhere ;  
While the blasts of his trumpet like thunder peals roll,  
To earthward and westward, from pole unto pole.

And then I imagined the souls of the races,  
All waking, and rising, and washing their faces,  
And looking about for their bodies and clothes,  
And uttering vain imprecations and oaths,  
On finding they've back to the elements gone,  
And souls coming later have gotten them on ;  
For some of the atoms I now claim as mine,  
May then be in horses, and cattle, and swine.

But when they had pieced up the best that they could,  
And made themselves halfway presentable, would  
Fly up toward Heaven, like locusts or bees,  
From every foot of the lands and the seas.

Then when once before the Almighty stood,  
Commingled together, the evil and good,  
The books were thrown open, and each one received  
A sentence according to how he believed.  
The few who had swallowed the bible en masse,  
Were taken apart as a most favored class,  
And placed on the right in the little corral,  
While all of the rest were stampeded to Hell.  
Such was my concept of that splendid display  
Which the bible describes as the great Judgment Day.

Since then I have had a more rational view,  
Which I shall proceed to deliver to you:  
So long as a man may be living on earth,  
And those who may know him are judging his worth,  
One day he does something which people extol;  
Next day he does evil—or nothing at all—  
And all his acquaintances doubt if they should  
Consider his character evil or good;  
But when he is dead and the sum of his deeds,  
A world of unprejudiced jurors proceeds  
To carefully ponder, and weigh, and compare,  
Their verdict is apter to be wise and fair.  
So when a man's buried, and those who survive  
Consider his conduct while he was alive,  
And during the time such a hearing proceeds,  
While time through perhaps many centuries speeds,  
Till he is forgotten forever and aye,  
May well be considered the great Judgment Day.

Tampico, Ind.

## THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

BY E. JOLLEY.

I PROPOSE to candidly and frankly, yet briefly, put to a careful examination one of the most prevalent and widely accepted arguments that the church presents in favor of a God adorned with his many human attributes. And while one would suppose that this, like most other arguments, would belong exclusively to the poor, uneducated and not to the educated and cultured, or else be the argument of the educated and cultured, and not of the poor, untrained mind, yet as a matter of fact, it is the quite widely accepted argument of both. A little careful analytic thought will readily portray that the poor, uneducated peasant's unreasonable argument in favor of the "Theist's" attributed God, is precisely the same argument which is presented to us by many of the more able preachers and theologians. I shall begin with a quotation taken from a baccalaureate sermon delivered before one of the colleges of Pennsylvania, for this contains the argument as presented by the man himself, unwarded and unmolested:

"'For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness.' It is my desire," he continues, "in this sermon to consider the relations of the feelings and of faith to the foundation principles of the Gospels and of the Christian life. It is my desire to make plain that it is not through the intellect but through the heart that we have access to God; that it is through the feelings or sensibilities rather than the reason that the existence of God is made known; and that growth in grace and growth in power to do God's will comes through the cultivation of the heart and exercise of faith in the righteousness of Christ."

I cannot here refrain from calling the reader's attention to the momentous surrender involved in this quotation. The old field surrendered and reason dethroned. Has this, honest reader, not been the same spirit that has blocked the wheels of progress and the establishment of truth as far back as history records? Let me ask the devout Christian if he does not feel a little ashamed of this denunciation of that supreme element of his soul which has permitted him to know so much of the law and order of the "Universe," and also justifies, in the light of positive truth, the truest and highest glorification of the author of mind and world?

I am well aware, that if we were to consider the question of God without the aid of reason, as our friends would have us, we would be debarred of even a beginning. Annihilate reason and what I say is meaningless. But the fact is that the above quotation not only refuses to be at all unless

it is intelligent, and being intelligent is therefore accepted by reason, but it also involves the idea that if God is, clothed with his many attributes, he is because of his acceptance by the intellect. Apprehend, conceive, perceive, and access are all phenomena of reason. Not only do I hold that this sentence involves the idea that acceptance of God comes through reason, but I furthermore maintain it impossible for the mind to construct a sentence involving the thought of access to God without it involves between the first and last letter the thought that God is an intelligent phenomena. The mind after a close psychological analysis of itself conclusively proves that man has no access to God except through the intellect; or, in other words, the judgment which postulates his being is a mental synthesis, possible only when assured, which is the proof; that the ideas brought into juxtaposition are not the capricious movements of fancy or idle reverie. Conscious access to God means access through the reason. Access, if it means anything, means to know God and to say "God is;" and to say "God is" is a judgment which is a product of the intellectual phase of mind.

But I believe my friend is too keen a psychologist to dispute this logic, and would probably criticise the waste of time in making clear the same; still I am left in mind what serves as a consolation, the fact that his audience did not perceive this truth in its fullness.

Well, how, then, does the thought that man believeth with the heart become intelligent at all?

I am well aware that while most psychologists regard belief as an intellectual phenomena, that quite a number have regarded it as a compound of three factors—intellectual representation, feeling, and active impulse, but this does not, if universally admitted, interfere, in the least, with our argument. Belief does involve the intellectual mechanism. When we believe we know a thing as actually existent and apprehend the object as real.

Now, if God is exclusively an intellectual phenomena, then all that our friends can claim is that certain states of the feeling side of life, as facts in themselves, in some reasonable way serve as proofs in warranting the synthesis of the judgment that "God is." Let us look at this thought honestly. The feeling phase of the human mind may be agreeable or disagreeable, differing at times and varying with circumstances. Each individual desires and seeks the arrangement of things and thoughts for the most perfect possible comfort. If an insect alights on the hand and causes a disagreeable state of mind, then the reason seeks to remove the

cause and restore comfort. Likewise the feeling phase of mind is not satisfied when the reason sees nothing but annihilation in death and is satisfied only when the reason has constructed a God with the best attributes of the human soul. But here is the place we part company with our church friends. We are not quite able to fully comprehend what course of reasoning the human mind is pursuing which warrants the postulation of an external existence to a mentally created image just because the feelings demand it to be so in order that they (the feelings) be in a state of perfect satisfaction and equilibrium. You ask why not postulate God to restore comfort just as postulate insect to restore comfort? This is the reason. The cause of mental disquietude in case of the insect is, admitting the law of causation, from without, and we are compelled to postulate insect or cause external to mind; but in case of the discomfort of the mind, having cause within itself, we have no right to say that what internally satisfies has any reality apart from the mental creation itself, except the fact that the reason demands an efficient cause as an explanation of itself and world.

One objection has been raised against the use of efficiency in connection with cause. We are asked why the agnostic attributes efficiency to the cause and then say positively that nothing else can be attributed to it. This involves no contradiction whatever. The idea of cause involves the idea of ableness—that which can produce the world of things and mind. Efficiency, as here used, is an adjective to the rhetorician and grammarian but not to the philosopher. We are not giving an attribute to cause in speaking of its efficiency. The mind cannot conceive of the eternal force as being less than efficient. "Efficient cause" is simply cause. Our friends are unable to show us any reason for postulating a group of human attributes to God just because it satisfies the feelings. You say it may be so—well, as agnostics we say it is possible; but we can't know. You will observe our position is agnostic in that "we can't" and diametrically the opposite of the ignoramus with his "don't know."

This argument in favor of the "Theist's God" is, like all others, an attempt of the soul to disperse its own mystery. Man's pre, present and post existence has been and is a mystery, and these are but feeble attempts at a dissolution of the same. Every soul would gladly solve the great enigmas of life, but the truly great soul will refuse to accept anything as satisfying save truth. I love, myself, when the clouds float above my mental life, when the sunny atmosphere of earthly pleasures is darkened into a calm and sincere contemplation of the great author and mover of the universe,

to think of him as being of a nature infinitely beyond the finite mind to form even the remotest conception of his grandeur or greatness. Let us live large, full, sincere lives, and sing with Byron:

Well didst thou speak, Athens' wisest son!

"All that we know is, nothing can be known."

Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?

Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan

With brain born dreams of evil all their own.

Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best;

Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron;

There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,

But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.

Franklin, Pa.

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#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

FOR the purpose of introducing The Free Thought Magazine to a few thousand persons who are not now acquainted with it, we make this special offer. For the next thirty days, or until May 10th, we will send the Magazine to persons who have never taken it before, one year for fifty cents. Please understand this offer. To persons who have never before taken it. And we earnestly request each of our present subscribers to at once go to work, in earnest, and see how many they can procure at that very low price. Those of our friends who have no time to canvass, but have money to spare, can do good missionary work. by sending five dollars, more or less, and twice as many names as they send dollars. If every friend of the Magazine will enter into the work in earnest five thousand names can be added to the subscription list within the next thirty days. Shall it be done?

# LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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## THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN.

BY HOMER A. BILLINGS.

FRIEND H. L. Green, of Free Thought Magazine,  
'Tis many years since we've each other seen.

Our early years are full of recollections  
That crowd upon us now in retrospection.  
In "Days of Auld Lang Syne" we both were found  
Teaching "Deestricht Skule" and "boardin' round,"  
Then we were young, to-day we're aged men,  
Who've reached the milestone, "Three score years and ten."

To-day, I'll add, we're both Freethinking men,  
Convictions firm at three score years and ten.  
"Sweet By and By" sounds well, we do allow,  
But 'tis too distant from the "Here and Now."  
Hope, born of love, makes future joys seem pleasant,  
But knowledge never goes beyond the Present.  
Enjoyments must be in the present, then  
E'en though we've passed our three score years and ten

The letter that I late received from you  
Brought many pleasing memories to view,  
One, when we organized at Cosad's grove,  
When we all met fraternally in love,  
Seaver and Mendum, Bennett, Mills and Brown,  
And other speakers who have won renown.  
I see them now, brave women and brave men,  
But few attained to three score years and ten!

We're still alive, still doing what we can  
To advocate "The Brotherhood of Man;"  
To free the minds of men from church-bound creeds,  
And base our maxims just, on human needs.  
Love for each other will alone suffice  
To make our earth a heavenly paradise!

We'll practice what we preach to fellowmen,  
To old and young, though three score years and ten!

But when death comes, friend Green, where will we go?

We've Hope and Faith—that's all, we cannot know.

Let's do the best we can while here we dwell,

Make earth a Heaven, and not a sensual Hell.

Love much! Do good! Our lives here shall be this,

Then, if we live again life will be bliss.

Now, "Au revoir," which means good-by, amen!

'Tis Green's birthday—just three score years and ten.

Fabius, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1898.

### THE CHRISTIAN SCHEME OF SALVATION.

BY C. H. GRAHAM.



C. H. GRAHAM.

THE writer has had frequent friendly interviews with divines of orthodox churches upon the subject of this article. The writer confesses not to understand it, but has honestly sought to do so. I have told my friends, the clergymen, this difficulty. They tell me it is a mystery; that wherein I could not understand that I should walk by faith. Then they have asked me to state my difficulty. I answer that, granting the Bible history of the creation of man to be correct, that Adam and Eve were so ignorant that they did not even know they were naked, therefore they must have been too ignorant to know right from wrong, and it was only by sinning that they could discover it; therefore they

were not to blame for disobedience. Why did God not tell them that the moment they ate of the forbidden fruit or disobeyed his commands, that then they would be wise, and with it subject to sin and its penalty? No; he left the devil to do that; but why? Should he not have created the works of his hands with sufficient intelligence to comprehend the tremendous consequences of disobedience? Why did he not tell them that if they disobeyed that of all the generations of men not one in a thousand would be saved from a fate 10,000 times worse than death? But no; he simply told them they should die. Not a hint of a hell to shun. What a mori-



strous mistake for a God with such inexperienced creatures, who did not know enough to know they were naked!

Why did he not create in them sufficient faith in him to forego all thirst for knowledge for the sake of living in a garden forever, with Deity as a daily companion? He had the power to create them as he pleased, and with sufficient understanding to appreciate the direful consequences of disobedience. Instead of this he created them with a thirst for knowledge and having fore-knowledge he knew they would do just the things he told them not to do. Ignorant as they were, why have caused the tree of knowledge to grow at all, if it was not to be utilized? How could they be free moral agents without the privilege of choosing, and that, too, within the terms of his law, and without knowing enough to make a reasonable decision? They did not know right from wrong until they did eat of the tree. Having given them a thirst for knowledge he knew they would disobey, as you and I would for knowledge sake.

Why was this thirst for knowledge so criminal a thing? A crime so base that unnumbered billions yet unborn will suffer the eternal pains of the damned and the unnumbered dead of 4,000 years prior to Christ. These divines tell me, in answer to these propositions, that Christ was promised. I ask them when and where, and they tell me, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." I say, Yes, don't every mother's son of you do it about every time you see a serpent, or want to do it at least? And is this as clear as a God could have given the promise of a Christ? What is there in this to inform man that to believe in a coming Christ would save them? Then they tell me that the promise was direct and positive that a virgin should bear a son. I tell them I have read this statement, and it did not relate to Christ at all, but to a child the prophetess bore a prophet and was for a sign that certain things should occur which never did; so that was no promise. If there are any doubters let them read. But assume for the moment that Jehovah, by some Jewish prophet, did foretell Christ's coming; how many ever knew it? Only a little handful of Jews, while an all-wise and just Deity left the whole heathen world in ignorance. I then ask my Christian teachers if these things never staggered them, and they say that so far as reason goes, they have, but we must have faith in the justice of God; that we must not reason upon God's plans; they were his own, and we must accept them without question. But, says my friends, let us take you to Christ; when his time is reached everything must be clear, and I tell them that it is just here I am more troubled than ever; that I was at first shocked at the statement that Jesus was the Christ; that there had been some fifteen to eighteen immaculate children born, according to different histories; that as early as the first chapter of Genesis the sons of God raised up children by the aid of the daughters of men, and these children became the mighty men of renown. But assuming that Jesus was the Messiah, what good did his death do? Why not have had him live like Melchisedec, without beginning or end of days, so that mankind in all times and in all ages could see and pattern after him, and thus had a life no man could take? This would

have convinced all men. With supreme power he could have appeared to all men at the same time, spoken in all tongues. This ought to have satisfied all men that he was the promised king. But if this ever-living and wandering Jew theory had not been sufficient, he could have had a halo about his head, extending unto the heavens, and in fiery letters in this halo could have been inscribed, "I am the Christ," or "Here comes the Messiah that was promised before the foundation of the world." If this had not been enough, the earth could have trembled at his every step, and angels could have been seen circling in the heavens above his glory. If Saul was subdued by one such appearance, why not give it to all men equally? Other men of lighter caliber would have submitted with even less ostentation, and considering the horrid end of man, it must have been worth the trying, as it would have cost nothing. If Christ was God, the things I have suggested were but a slight step in the immensity of the demonstration he ought have used to conquer the world. I repeated, I can't understand how the death of one man was of so much consequence, because it was as a man he died, as the God in him could not die; then how could the death of one man redeem the world simply by believing upon him as the son of God, and yet not redeem a tenth part? If it did anything, it simply gave eternal life to those that did believe, for it all depended upon faith whether man is redeemed or not. "Unless ye repent ye shall all perish." What a tremendous curse to depend upon belief, upon a mystery, and all this depends upon the belief that nature has been violated—that God violated his own law; that he himself overshadowed a woman without her knowledge, and many other things equally as much a shock to man's reason. Would not man have been redeemed by the birth of Christ as quickly as by his death? As Christ was God, the God in him could not have died. It was the poor frail tenement that encases every man which died, as all men die. Then we are told that his body was raised the third day. Where was the God spirit during this time? That could not have died. Was it his human spirit that went out with Christ's breath and came back to him as he came out of the tomb? If so, then Christ as a human went up to heaven and became one of the Gods of the God-head. What a travesty upon human reason! Then, again, the redemption was a failure, as only an occasional individual has lived so as to merit eternal bliss, while the billions have gone to eternal torment. The Roman Christianity, according to Protestantism, sent its votaries to hell. She was the "Whore of Babylon." I cannot understand why the life or death of Christ redeemed the world unless the world was in fact redeemed, and it surely was not, and is not to this day. Why, if this scheme was really intended, did not God give man sufficient faith to accomplish his desires? Reason failed to understand it, and faith is blind the moment intelligence dawns. Why did God give man reason as his chief guide, and then prepare a scheme of salvation he could not understand through reason? A scheme that could be only grasped by faith upon grounds contrary to reason. I have asked theologians why the genealogy of Christ was traced through the wife David stole by the killing of her husband. I have asked why the

bloodthirsty David was better than any other man through whom Christ should come, or why so good a man should have committed such crimes. Would humanity now accept into its Christian fold a murderer and a thief and call him righteous? I have asked them why Lot was righteous when he sent out his two innocent daughters to be prostituted by the rabble and then raise up a nation by the prostitution of his daughters by himself. They get angry and will not reply. I ask them why Almighty God directed 32,000 virgins to be divided among the soldiers, and why Eleazer the priest took thirty-two as his share of the Lord's offering, and they don't like that. I ask them why Solomon was blessed by God while being the biggest rake in history, and they are still dumb. They sometimes dodge the questions, and say, "Take Christ's teachings; God allowed these things because of the hardness of the heart." Well, I consent to go to Christ's teachings, and I ask them which one of them will give up his last coat to the thief who has stolen one, or which one among you will turn your cheek to receive a blow from your enemy? They tell me I am putting forced constructions upon the texts. I deny it and say, Have I misquoted. They then turn on me and ask if I believe in God, I answer, Yes, the best and greatest I know. I quote the belief of Paine, and they say, Well, that is all right. I tell them I believe in one God and hope for happiness beyond this life, but am not absolutely sure of it. I tell them I believe in the equality of man; that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy. They say that is all right, but let me tell them Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson and George Washington believed this, and the word Paine sets them in pain, and they declare every believer in Paine has gone, or will go, to hell.

I tell them I believe in an intelligence that rules the world by law—not separate and apart from law, or separate and apart from Nature, but part and parcel of both. Then they say I am not even a Deist, but an Atheist. I tell them I cannot believe in a Deity who will command such cruel acts as are recited in the Old Testament, nor sanction the acts of such men as Lot, David, Solomon and men of that character. Again I tell my Christian friends I cannot understand the scheme of redemption, because I cannot understand how the death of any man can benefit me, even if it were a God. How does it punish or reform me? The ancients used to get along by putting their sins upon a goat and then send him away into the wilderness, and he bore all their iniquities. I could not understand that, either. If it was an expiation for our sins that Christ died, then I escape a punishment that should have meted out to me. No one but a rascal would want his brother or friend punished for his sins. Victor Hugo struck the keynote of rectitude when he compels Jean Val Jean to come before the court and denounce himself as the real offender to save an innocent man, who was about to go to the galleys by mistake. That was religion that I can understand, but to stand idly by and accept a death that took place 1,800 years ago, as expiation for my sins, I don't and don't want to understand it. I want to pay my own debts and expiate my own of-

fenses, and so long as this Christian scheme of relying upon the act of some one else to do away with the impure nature of man is relied upon, just so long will the world remain unredeemed. The doctrine fosters crime and keeps mankind from actual repentance by deeds. For a few years past I have been able to meet many professed Christians and ministers, who admit nearly all I claim in private conversation, but they dare not preach it yet. At least, few dare draw pay for so doing, but among the laity I find more than half that do not believe in violation of law, even by a God. Humanity is growing in intelligence and liberality in thinking, but up to even the present, men of liberal views prefer to think without expression. The dawn of reasonable intelligence is upon us, however, and the heaven is at work. I do not expect to live to see it, but in a brief period, reckoning as the cycles of time roll around, superstition and dependence upon creeds will have passed away, I feel sure, and to hasten this glad day let every Free Thinker make his life a part of the divine in nature. Do good to his fellow-man in season and out of season, not by inculcating socialism, but by educating the masses, remembering that man, to be good and great, must depend upon his energy and determination rather than upon sitting supinely in his closet and praying, and depending upon a God who only answers prayer by the manly effort of the suppliant; that to move the car of progress he must put his shoulder to the wheel and lift with all his energy, and then his prayer will be work, and will bring its own answer.

Schenevus, N. Y.

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#### MRS. HANNAH JOHNSON—FUNERAL DISCOURSE.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

ON Feb. 9, 1898, Mrs. Hannah Johnson, wife of Mr. John Johnson, died at their residence in North Lawrence, Stark County, Ohio, at the age of 68 years. Mrs. Johnson was born at Kids Grove, North Staffordshire, England, Jan. 31, 1830. She came to this country in 1871 and first lived at East Palestine, Ohio. Shortly after, she came to North Lawrence, where she has resided until her death. She was twice married and was the mother of six children by her first husband, now all dead but one daughter, and five by her second, three of whom, a son and two daughters, still live, the younger of the latter remaining with Mr. Johnson.

While in England Mrs. Johnson was a believer in the doctrines of the Church of England. Soon after she came to this country she began reading Liberal papers and books, the consequence of which was that she has been an outspoken Freethinker the last twenty-three years. And let it not be said there are not some Freethinkers who do not furnish sensational material for the orthodox creed promulgators. Mrs. Johnson died as she had lived the last twenty-three years. Mr. Johnson is also a stanch Freethinker, and was determined not to have anything but a Freethought service. Not being able to secure a Liberal speaker on such short notice, Theo. F. Geltz, of Massillon, Ohio, a pronounced Agnostic, was prevailed upon to make a few remarks

It will be interesting to you if I state that the funeral was attended by several hundred of Mrs. Johnson's neighbors and friends, thus proving that she was highly esteemed by those who best knew her.

I will enclose you a copy of Mr. Geltz's remarks, which I prevailed upon him to furnish. Trusting you will find room in the April number of your magazine for these facts.

W. S. Moke.

Massillon, Ohio.

FUNERAL ADDRESS BY THEODORE F. GELTZ.

Mr. Geltz's remarks were as follows :

My friends: I have been asked to say a few words in lieu of the usual services on such sad occasions. But let us try to be as philosophical as we can, and try to believe that these are not such sad occurrences as we at first think they are. Some one has said, "I would rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not."<sup>(a)</sup> A beautiful sentiment, this. And yet I am almost convinced that if it were not for death, which, justly or unjustly, seems so terrible to many, that sweetest, tenderest and noblest of all our emotions—love—would soon languish and cease to be. We are not able to fathom the mystery surrounding the smallest object in this whole grand, mysterious universe. Learn what we may; investigate as much as we will; delve deep into Nature's most secret closets and bring forth to the knowledge of the world as many of her laws as we choose, and we are at last brought face to face with as great a mystery as ever, and are compelled to stand before the Infinite, wondering and awe-struck, still asking the same unanswerable questions—whence? whither? wherefor? Shall we, then, presume to say that death is an evil? Let us at least be so far consistent with our "creed" as to say "We do not know." The wisest sage, the greatest philosopher, the profoundest theologian, can know no more than that.

Have any of you ever entertained the thought that no living person can ever know what death really is? Yet this is true: if life be necessary for the existence of consciousness, and consciousness cease at death, then must it be forever impossible for us to know what death really is. If this be so, why should we fear it? Why longer sow the seeds of superstition and fear? Why harrow the lingering spark of life in the dying with horrid doctrines of eternal torments? Let us thank the glittering torch of Reason, and the growing and broadening field of Freethought, that we are no longer burdened with these fearful nightmares.

Have we, then, also a creed? Yes; let me state it. "I believe in the religion of reason—the gospel of this world; in the development of the mind, in the accumulation of intellectual wealth, to the end that man may free himself from superstitious fear, to the end that he may take advantage of the forces of nature to feed and clothe the world."<sup>(b)</sup>

Aside from this, my friends, there is still a sadness that comes with every death. But the ties which produce this sadness are too sacred for

(a) R. G. Ingersoll (?)

(b) R. G. Ingersoll, *North American Review*, Dec. 1889.

discussion, and I refrain from intrusion when, under similar circumstances, my own feelings would repel the intruder.

But what about life? For us life is everything. There can be nothing to us without it. Yet we know so little of it, too. What we do know of it is burdened more or less with pain and sorrow and anxiety. Day after day, year after year, we struggle on, with the hope that to-morrow—next year, we will be better off, and though we be disappointed again and again, that hope still spurs us onward. And if we were to inquire why all this, question upon question would follow answer after answer, until we were again brought to the same answerless reply—"We do not know."

Nature seems to delight in causing endless pain and suffering. Then, as the memory flits rapidly over the blood-stained pages of history, recalling the horrible things that man has done to his fellow-man, and reflecting over the crime, deception, fraud and injury that man still practices upon his brother-man,—surely all this must make the thoughtful feel sad and cause him to wonder if there really be a supervising Providence over all. And are the results of all this also evil? Again comes that same answer—"We do not know."

"Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all  
And every winter change to spring."(c)

We who believe that all the doctrines concerning our future state are but the gropings of the mind, seeking an answer to the problems of life and death,—some of these doctrines distorted and horribly-shaped—must not forget that our own ideas on these problems are also, at best, but relative facts, and that some day they may, and undoubtedly will, have to give way to other and better adapted ideas. Let us, then, be true Freethinkers, and be charitable to all those whose beliefs differ from ours, however widely. And while we are yet journeying on life's way let us remember those lines of the poet, to

"So live, that when your summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."(d)

After a few words of encouragement to the family to the effect that they need not have any fears regarding the security of their deceased relative, he announced that there would be no further services at the grave. This was due to the fact that the management of the cemetery, being too

(d) Bryant's *Thanatopsis*.

(c) Tennyson's "In Memoriam," LV.

orthodox, would not allow it, but as the casket was lowered Mr. Geltz repeated the following beautiful lines from an unknown author.

"Where, amid the realms of wonder,  
In the upper world, or under,  
Shall the soul drink in the sweetness  
Born of Love's divine completeness;  
Where shall we behold the glory  
Seen by sage and prophet hoary,  
When they caught, in dream and vision,  
Glimpses of the land Elysian?  
Were these fancies, born of madness?  
Are we here to roam in sadness  
For a period brief, then perish  
With the hopes we fondly cherish?  
Thought is vain! We trembling mortals  
First must pass death's ghastly portals;  
Then, perhaps, we'll learn the mystery  
Of the soul's unwritten history;  
Or, perchance, in dull oblivion,  
Rest, nor dream of hell or heaven."

Sister Johnson, we bid thee a long, last farewell.

### CREEDLESS LIBERALISM.

BY CYRUS W. COOLRIDGE.

SOME advanced Liberals are of the opinion that Free Thought as a negative doctrine belongs to the past, and that the present age needs Free Thought in its constructive form. Now, to say that the negative side of Free Thought is entirely useless is a mistake. The church is by no means dead, and Christian superstition is still alive. So long as our country is filled with orthodox churches, in which the Bible is accepted as the infallible word of God, Free Thought as a destructive force still has a great mission. But on the other hand, to say that Free Thought in its negative form is all-sufficient, as many so-called Free Thinkers claim, is a greater mistake than are many of the "mistakes of Moses."

Let us imagine that we have succeeded in killing and burying the Christian religion; let us imagine that the priest's and the parson's occupation is gone, and that all the churches are vacant. Do you really think that the country would be benefited by it? It is true that, in many instances, the churches are only social clubs; but even as such they are useful in a certain way. Take the rural districts, where the church is the only place which draws people together. What would our rural friends do without the church? They have no lecture halls or places of innocent amusement, and if you take away their church they will become unsocial beings and will care very little for each other. In order to cultivate a kind, fraternal feeling, people must have a common object in view. The church furnishes the object and thereby saves society from disintegration. True,

the object of the church is based upon a delusion, but if you destroy the church the people will be worse instead of better, unless you can give them something else that would take the place of the church.

Why do we want others to adopt our views? When we tell the Christian that Jehovah is a myth, born in the imagination of an ignorant people; that Christ, if he existed at all, was only a man, and that personal immortality is, to say the most, a guess—do we confer a favor upon him? Let us take the case of three men—Tom, Dick and Harry. They are ordinary human beings, not particularly good or particularly bad. They are farmers, and they work very hard in order to procure the means of subsistence. But on certain days they attire themselves in their best garments and go to their meeting place. They leave their every-day manners behind them and try to be gentle and polite to each other. Their faces are full of smiles; they exchange friendly greetings; they grasp each other's hands and feel that they are brothers. And why? Because they have a common bond; they are Christians, and they believe that it is their duty to call people to Christ, and to save sinners from hell. They may be mistaken; their work may not be of the slightest use to the world, but they are doing their best, according to their light. Now, what do you think these men will be doing if they become converted to the "glorious gospel" of negative Free Thought? Why, they will not be doing anything. Sunday will be to them the same as Monday; there will be no occasion for their meetings and nothing to keep them together.

What, then, must we do to be saved? If we destroy Christianity, with its God, devil, saviour, heaven and hell, we must infuse into the people an enthusiasm for humanity. But how can we do such a thing, when we ourselves lack enthusiasm? What are we Free Thinkers doing? We talk, write and complain of the evils of the church. Is this enough? A creedless Liberalism will never be of much value; it will never attract the masses. If Humanity is to be saved here and now, let us save it. Let us prove by our lives and works that we are real lovers of mankind, and that our object is to make men happy. Let us, in our private lives, be superior to those whom we want to convert to our way of thinking; let us instruct and enlighten; let us work for better economic conditions, for a higher standard of morals, for free womanhood, for the rights of children to be born well, for temperance, peace and justice. Let us remember that unless we can be a constructive force for the betterment of mankind, Liberalism has no excuse for existence, and the sooner it dies the better for all concerned.



## ORBITAL INCLINATION OF THE PLANETS.

BY PROF. JAMES A. GREENHILL.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:



JAMES A. GREENHILL.

I AM pleased to see that some of your readers take an interest in the sciences. Occasionally I receive a very pleasing communication, showing an active mind. A few days ago one came to hand from a lady in Fremont County, Iowa, asking several questions in relation to the orbits of the planets, etc., and as she is a subscriber to this magazine, I concluded, with your consent, to answer her questions through that medium, in the hope that others of your subscribers may be benefited.

Her first question is: Do the planets and stars in a constellation change from time to time, and is this what is meant when we say that the planets are in certain signs? Second, Do all the planets revolve in the same plane round the sun, or are the planets different from each other, and what is the evidence in either case.

Now, in answer to the first question, I would say: Each constellation is simply a combination of stars, apparently close to each other, and are grouped together and given names, as Leo, Virgo, Orion, etc., etc., for convenience in reference. There is no claim made by any one having any understanding in astronomy that they are contiguous, except in the line of our vision. There can be no doubt of their being separated from each other, by billions of miles. If any star is looked at to-day, and a record made of its position, as given by a transit instrument; and again, six months hence, when our earth is one hundred and eighty-six millions of miles in space from where it is to-day, the records will be alike. That may seem unlikely, seeing we have a base equal to the diameter of the earth's orbit, for a triangle, but it is really so. These great suns are so immensely distant that no perceptible parallax can be obtained, causing no displacement, so that they appear to us to be at all times in the same relation to each other; so we can safely say the constellations do not perceptibly change. Not so, however, with the planets, as they are continually moving in their orbits around the sun, and are such near neighbors of ours that the telescope shows their axial motion, which is determined by the motion of the configuration on their disc. And their motion in their orbit causes them to appear to us to pass through the zodiacal constellations, so that each, in performing its revolution around the sun, passes through each of the constellations in the Zodiac, in turn.

At the present time, Jupiter is in the constellation Virgo—the Virgin. Next year at this time he will be in Librae—the Balance. The year following in Scorpio. It takes the planet nearly twelve years to perform his circuit; that allows him one year to each of the twelve constellations, while the circuit of Saturn takes nearly thirty years, so that he is about two and a half years in passing through a constellation. The result is these two planets appear on the same meridian to us and near together every twentieth year. That is, Jupiter overtakes Saturn once in twenty years. They are then on the same side of the sun. We then say they are in conjunction. Their next conjunction will be in November, 1901, in the evening sky. The same rule applies to the other planets.

And now, in regard to the inclination of the orbits: They are all close to the plane of the sun's equator projected. The plane of the earth's orbit is called the Ecliptic. In speaking we say the sun moves in the ecliptic, but in reality it is the earth's orbit, although it appears to us to be the sun in motion. And when we say the sun is in Taurus, it is in reality the earth that is in Scorpio. The earth is always in the sign on the opposite side of the Zodiac, from where the sun appears to be. Now the earth's orbit, this plane of the ecliptic, is in the center of the Zodiac. The Zodiac is an imaginary belt around the heavens, 16 degrees wide, that is, 8 degrees on each side of the ecliptic. The planes of all the planets, our earth included, are at different angles, and in different directions to all the others, and each crosses all the others, but none of the planes are inclined to an angle to take them outside of the Zodiac. They seem to be all balanced in the ecliptic, so that it might be said one-half of the orbit is above, and one-half below the ecliptic, and the points where they cross the ecliptic are called the nodes. To say above and below is not exactly correct, as there is no up and down in space, so I wish to be understood as saying that the orbit of each is on one side of the ecliptic, in one-half of the time required to perform a revolution around the sun, and on the other side the other half of the time, and as Mercury is the nearest known world to the sun, and passes around the day star in eighty-eight days, let us first examine concerning the inclination of its orbit.

In passing around the sun all of the planets, once in their orbit, have to pass between that luminary and the stars that appeared to be straight beyond him from our point of view, on the 20th of March. At that point their heliocentric co-ordinate is zero. And the sun's right ascension on March 20th is zero. At the present time the perihelion point of the orbit of Mercury is found at 76 degrees past the point of the Vernal equinox. That is, when the planet was in the same direction from the sun, so as to be between that luminary and the stars that were on the opposite side of it from us, on March 20th, it was at zero. Now 76 degrees around the circle from that point is its perihelion, or point of the orbit nearest to the sun. The perihelion of the earth is found 25 degrees farther on, or at 101 degrees.

The plane of the orbit of Mercury is inclined 7 degrees to the ecliptic, so that the two planes cross each other at the points in the earth's orbit

that the earth reaches, about May 8th and Nov. 10th. And when the planet and the earth happen in that part of their orbit at those dates, in May or November, at the same time, we have a transit of the planet across the sun's disc. Its orbit is very eccentric, and the best time to see it by the unaided eye is on a summer evening, when near Aphelion. But it is never visible above the horizon for more than one hour and fifty minutes after sunset. On August 8th of this year, '98, if clear, it will be visible, an hour after sunset, to the unaided eye, in the constellation Leo, the Lion. It will appear near the horizon, a very little north of due west, and directly in a line extended from Polaris, through the two stars in the Great Bear, known as the pointers. And will be twice the distance to the left of the pointers that Polaris is to the right. It is a difficult matter to get a sight of the little rogue. He seems to play at hide and seek. He will occasionally appear for a few evenings or mornings, and one has hardly time to point him out to a friend before he is again lost in the sun's rays. The funny little fellow is not like us. When we want to hide we seek a dark place, but he hides himself in the sun's bright beams.

Venus, the shepherds' star, moves in an orbit nearly circular, and inclined 3 degrees and 25 minutes to the plane of the ecliptic. It performs its revolution round the sun in 224 days and 17 hours. The plane of its orbit is at an angle to that of Mercury, to bring its nodes in June and December.

Venus, from its conspicuousness, was an object of interest to our fathers, many centuries ago. A record of an observation of this planet, written upon a brick, 2,583 years ago, is preserved in the British Museum, in London. It is of Babylonian origin. The orbit of Jupiter is inclined 1 degree 18 minutes to the ecliptic. The orbit of Saturn is inclined 2 degrees 30 minutes to the ecliptic. The orbit of Uranus is almost in the line of the ecliptic, so that his path in the heavenly vault is similar to that of the sun to our view. His perihelion is found at 171 degrees.

I have tried to introduce sufficient to answer the lady's questions, and make myself understood; and I hope I have been successful. If such is the case my object is attained.

Clinton, Iowa.

## LETTER, LIFE SKETCH AND POEM.

BY JOSEPH HAIGH.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:



JOSEPH HAIGH.

I SEND you the inclosed poem, "The Great Bugaboo," for publication in your magazine. It is the last poem I have written, and I think it will be the last I ever will write. On the 25th of March, 1898, I shall be 74 years of age, and my machinery is wearing out. My poem makes use of strong language, and will shock the pious ones. It knocks the bottom out of religion and the steeples off the churches. But it is the result of fifty years of thinking, reading and observation. Persons who are afraid to express their honest thoughts are cowards. I do not expect, and do not want, to live but a few years longer. When people get old they become decrepit, and life is not worth living. I know several old people who would be better dead than living; but they are waiting till their constitution breaks

down and allows them to pass away.

I have written scores of poems during my life, and one year ago I printed them with a typewriter and have got them bound in a handsome book. It is 8x14 inches, and nearly 400 pages, with gilt edges and gold letters. It is named "Family Bible," and some of the pieces have never been published in the newspapers and magazines. The book contains "The Decades of a Life Time," my own history. I prize the book very highly, and money could not buy it from me. I want it to stay with my family and friends for a hundred years to come.

## LIFE SKETCH.

I was born in Saddleworth, England. My parents were pious people and belonged to the Methodist Church. When I was a boy, I went to Sunday school and to church every Sunday. The Christian doctrines and dogmas were taught to me from childhood to manhood, but I never felt fully satisfied with the system. I heard so much about the torments of hell, and the great danger of having to go there and suffer forever, that I thought the Lord did a bad job when he created the world and the people; and I often wished he had not done it. If one soul has to suffer forever it will be a greater evil than all the benefits of the creation. I have always been a close observer of things, and when I was 25 years old I had made

up my mind that the government in England was run for the benefit of the rich; and the church for the benefit of the preachers. That poor working people had no show; and I made up my mind to leave the country and go to America. My parents were poor people and I inherited nothing but a good constitution and industrious habits.

At the age of 26 I crossed the Atlantic and located in Philadelphia. I soon got work and saved money every year. I was well pleased with the new country and enjoyed it. I had an ambition to own a farm and be a farmer. I thought that was the most honest and independent way to live. At the age of 31 years I went West and located near Chicago. I filed a claim on government land, one mile south of Chebanse station, on the I. C. Railroad, two hours' ride from Chicago. At that time I had never worked or lived a day on a farm in my life. But that did not discourage me or hinder my success; and I got along as well as my neighbors. I still live at the same place, where I settled more than forty years ago. I have seen the town built up and the country all settled. All the people know me and they know my religious opinions, for I never try to hide them. This winter I gave my son one hundred acres of land; he wished to have something to call his own, and I am willing that he should. I have two or three other farms, and they produce a comfortable income for myself and family, and I don't owe a dollar. I have traveled across the continent to the Pacific ocean, and made two trips to Europe to visit my old home and friends, and I feel satisfied with myself and the world. With me everything is natural and governed by natural laws. Miracles and Providence and supernatural things are discarded. The improvements in knowledge and in mechanical contrivances during the last fifty years satisfy me that the world is improving, and some time will be free from superstition.

THE GREAT BUGABOO OF CHRISTIAN SUPERSTITION.

Gods and devils! Heaven and hell! Ghosts and spirits,  
Have got neither life nor soul, nor breath, nor merits.

They are nothing but phantoms no one can see;  
But still they are hurtful to you and to me.

In all this wide world, such things were never known;  
No one ever saw them, in groups, or alone.

They are but the guesswork of barbarous times,  
When good, honest thoughts were considered bad crimes.

Still, those silly notions with some people stay,  
And keep them in fear and bondage to-day.

A few persons make a living by it—  
The priests and preachers—no one can deny it.

No one ever heard, ever saw, or can find,  
Anything of a "supernatural" kind.

If there was a God he'd have nothing to do;  
Nature does all things, both for me and for you.

If there was a devil, somebody would match him ;  
The police detective would hunt him and catch him.

And heaven would be a monotonous place,  
Too shiftless and thriftless for the human race.

And hell, no one could stand it a single day!  
The folks would all die, or would all run away.

And ghosts and spirits! they have never been seen ;  
There are no such things, neither "clean" nor "unclean."

Then why should the people be such silly fools,  
Believing in something contrary to rules?

'Tis nothing but habit, and fashion, and training,  
That keeps those old superstitions remaining.

And still, if we say we don't believe in those things,  
Sometimes a great mouthful of pious slang brings.

But why should old customs lead folks by the nose,  
When there is no good reason to interpose?

Life is too short to waste on such useless things ;  
Three score and ten years our last exit brings.

There is nothing but matter, motion, and space ;  
Nothing else is discovered in any place.

We come and we go like the leaves of the trees ;  
And we do as we must, and not as we please.

About other worlds nothing ever was known ;  
When living we mingle, when dead all alone.

Inanimate matter, unconscious, and dead,  
Is what we shall be, after this life has fled.

## LET THE GOOD WORK GO ON AND ON.

BY FLORENCE SIBLEY.

IT has been said by some one, that when an old horse that has been used on a fire engine, hears an alarm, it is almost impossible to prevent him from breaking from the restraint of his new master and joining in the fray. So it is with us, when a new number of *The Free Thought Magazine* flutters down upon our reading table. It is the bugle cry "to arms," and we become so imbued with the "spirit of the doctrine," that it is simply impossible to keep silent; our early Methodist training will crop out occasionally, and we must "speak in meetin'."

How truly the Hon. A. B. Bradford strikes the key-note in his letter in the *March Magazine*. My heart swelled with gratitude toward him, for his sympathy and appreciation, and how perfectly he seems to understand the position. Ostracised by most of the little community in which I live, pointed out as an "infidel," as one who will not insist upon her children attending Sabbath school, and having their minds filled with "Arabian Nights" impossibilities, so that they would have to become "breakers of images" in after years, to get rid of them, if they have any common sense at all.

Our town is small, and somewhat behind the times; there are several churches, whose pastors go through the same old song-and-dance performance of protracted meetings each winter, making much mention of the few "professional unbelievers," darting their fierce arrows of religious wrath upon them, and appointing special seasons of prayer for the conversion of their souls.

Not long since a very pious old uncle of mine begged so hard for me to attend a prayer-meeting with him, that just to please him I consented. He is one of the best old men I ever knew; I don't believe he ever wronged a person in his life, or did an unkind act; he would go out of his way to avoid hurting a fly, and will not kill a small snake, as he says "they are harmless, and it is too bad to take their lives." After the few people who were gathered had sung three or four verses of that cheerful (?) old hymn, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy," the minister called upon Uncle David to pray, and, as well as I can remember, the prayer ran something as follows:

"O, Lord, we know we are all poor, miserable sinners, and thy servant, who is addressing thee, is not fit to call upon thy holy name, but thou hast said, that where two or three are gathered in thy name, there thou wilt be in the midst of them; we know we are not worthy to approach thy throne of grace, or to touch the hem of thy garment, but we would humbly beg, here on our knees in the dust, that thou wilt condescend to hear our petitions. We are not fit to stand before thee, but would prostrate ourselves before thine awful presence," etc., etc., etc. And, after reminding God of a good many promises, that he claimed he had made, but which he had failed to keep, Uncle David arose from his knees, amidst the approving groans, and amens, of the other zealous brethren and sisters,

When the meeting was over, and we were walking home under the beautiful starlight, I said, "Uncle David, who was that you were praying to to-night?" He looked at me a moment in surprise, and then replied, "Why, God, of course." "Yes, I know what name you called him," I said, "but who is he, or what has he done?" "He is the supreme being, the creator of all the universe?" he replied. "Well, let's see," I said. "You believe that God created everything?" "Certainly." "And you believe that God is perfect?" "Yes, indeed." "And that it is impossible for him to err?" "Why, I know it." "Then, if you believe that he created you, and that he cannot make an imperfect being, why should you debase yourself before him as you did to-night?" I asked. "You are accusing this great creator, whom you reverence, of not being capable of creating anything worth taking notice of. You are saying, by your actions, that a God, who is able to create anything (and out of nothing), has turned out a product of wisdom, and labor, so imperfect that it is unfit to stand in his presence, or to touch the hem of his garment. What a failure, what a waste of time, labor and skill, if he has turned out from his workshop a product that is unfit to kiss his feet, and must go down in the dust before him. What idiocy! If he is God, and has made man in his own image, then, in reason's name, stand up, and, instead of saying that you are the vilest of sinners, and not worthy to speak his name, rather proclaim with pride, to all the world, 'Behold! I am the work of a perfect God; I sprang from his conception, therefore I am a part of him.' If, on the other hand, he made man so imperfect, then he is not fit to be looked up to as a model, or pattern, certainly not fit to fall down to and worship, so I would stand up, anyway. Just think of a carpenter, building a house so poor that it would be unfit to live in after he got it done; would he be called a success as a builder? But you say Satan caused man to fall from the high estate in which God placed him; yes, I have heard all that before, but hold on a moment, didn't you tell me awhile ago that God made every thing and every one? Then he must have made this Satan of which, or whom, you speak, for who else could have done so, if there is only one creator? According to that, he made a being so much greater than himself that he was able to upset and undo his highest achievement, i. e., the greatest masterpiece, called 'man,' whom the Bible tells us was made only a little lower than the angels themselves; so, then, Satan should be considered the captain, and God only an under-officer. No, I tell you, my dear uncle, this cringing, praying business comes from the same spirit which prompts men and women to kiss the hand of 'royalty,' and this insane worship that is taught all through the Bible, was written at a time when kings and queens ruled the land, and their subjects hardly dared to raise their eyes in their august presence, lest they lost their heads; but it does seem strange that in this age of science and reason there are men and women who will still keep up this old, ridiculous custom."

How many of my readers have known an "Uncle David?" I imagine I hear some cynical person say, as he reads these different articles from time to time in *The Free Thought Magazine*, and other like publications,



"What is the use of going over and over these same old objections to orthodox religion? There is nothing new that can be said; nothing that can be added; those noted men, Paine, Voltaire, Ingersoll and others have covered the entire ground, and for these new writers to take up the theme is merely to appropriate some one else's ideas even if clothed in a little different language." True enough; we won't dispute them, but when a young man or woman steps out into the arena of free thought and liberalism, and fearlessly expresses his or her disbelief in some old creed or dogma, it shows that one more mind has thrown off the "iron shackles of superstition," no longer groping amid the dark paths that their childhood's feet had been led into, and come out into the blessed sunlight of reason, and common sense. We would say further to these critics, look at the churches; what are they doing? They have theological schools all over this broad land of ours, to turn out preachers who are bound by their "faith" to preach the same things that those grown old in the service have done for so many years. Do they say anything new? Do they advance any new ideas? Perhaps they have a more flowery way of dressing up the old, "time-worn" fables than those of their predecessors, who began their careers when schools and colleges for oratory were not so plentiful as now, but the "church-head" don't want them to depart from the old paths of theology, and, at the sitting of that great body known as the M. E. Conference, the young applicants for admission must pass through an examination which will prove them to be thorough orthodox soldiers, before they can enlist in the great army of preachers. They must deliver a sermon, before the bishop and elder, and they try to see how much they can make it, like some old veteran in the "cause" makes his sermons, and if, at any time, a more daring one does venture to advance some new ideas of his own, that are not in strict accord with the doctrine as laid down in the prescribed code, he is turned out of the conference and church, for "heresy" or "liberalism." So don't be afraid, young "volunteers in the army of free-thinkers," come right to the front, and no matter if you think you have nothing to say but what has already been said, say it, and encourage by your example those who are hesitating, in doubt and perplexity. Add your voice, and testimony, and help swell the ranks. As our good old class-leader would say, "Don't let the precious moments go to waste; improve the opportunity; let another brother or sister speak just a word for the blessed cause; if you can't make a long speech, get up and say you are on the side of free thought, and you want the brethren to help you hold out faithful to the end."

If a student should receive instruction for years, from a competent teacher, and not come to think and express his thoughts, the same as the teacher did, we would think there was something wrong somewhere; so it is the same in regard to reading for years the works of the same writers; we grow to think the same thoughts and to express them in the same language, and ought not to be accused of appropriating their personal property; it is a flattering tribute to them that we can, in a measure, reproduce their ideas.

The churches keep continually harping on the same string all the time, and thereby gain fresh recruits, so we must fight them with their own methods; let us keep pecking away at them, and the good seed may now and then fall upon some little spot of soil that has not become so entirely hardened and crusted over by early teachings and dark mysteries but that it can be made to bring forth a golden harvest of reason and unprejudice.

Oh, why can not the cause move faster! When will the glorious light of science and reason hold sway over the minds of the people? When will the many other virtues of a man or woman overbalance the simple fact that they cannot accept the orthodox religion? Is it not hard that a woman may be a faithful companion, a good mother and a kind neighbor, and yet be looked down upon because she dare disbelieve the bible, and is honest enough to proclaim her views. To Mrs. Margerum I want to say, Amen! and say it louder than any old deacon in the "amen-corner" ever said it. I wish I could shake her by the hand; I could not find words to express my views and feelings, as she has done, if I had the gift of all the bards, and poets, from time immemorial.

She drives the nail clean home, and then countersinks the head.

"Would on earth there stood some more, of such a frame,

That life might be all poetry,

And weariness a name."

Stafford Springs, Conn.

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## A SERMON FROM THE PEW TO THE PULPIT.

BY J. E. RING.

REVEREND SIRS: After having listened to your sermons for fifteen years, you cannot reasonably object to my giving you one discourse or sermon in return.

In the first place, I have not been satisfied with your preaching nor your plan of salvation for many years, and in my remarks I shall try and point out some of your apparent errors and inconsistencies. As a rule you all claim that there is a place of endless happiness for a part of the human family and endless misery for the balance. And what is it that makes the difference in these two classes? Is it simply or mainly that the one class believes something that the other does not? And here let me ask, is there any real virtue or vice connected with believing anything or not believing? And is it not a fact that it is impossible for one to believe anything without a reasonable amount of evidence, and is there any reason or justice connected with ideas of being lost forever for not believing what appears to them to be an absurdity. You preach according to the bible that he that believes shall be saved, and he that believes not shall be damned, and I ask with all candor what are we to believe, yes, I repeat it, what are we to believe in order to be saved? Possibly you may say we are to believe the bible, and one may ask are we to believe that portion of the bible which is

a violation of the laws of nature (which are the laws of God)? Can we believe that two and two make five? Impossible for a sane man to do it, and is it possible for a sane man to believe that at the command of Joshua all nature suspended and the sun stood still for a day that he might butcher the balance of his army; and is it anything unreasonable and out of the course of nature for a woman to be turned into a pillar of salt?

And is it reasonable that a man should be swallowed by a fish and vomited up on dry land in three days? And is it reasonable to suppose that five thousand men, aside from women and children, could be fed from a few loaves and fishes and twelve baskets of fragments taken up after them? These, with many other events, might be cited, and is it reasonable to suppose that a man, woman or child will be damned to all eternity for not believing such an apparent absurdity? Now, reverend sirs, please ask one of your intelligent brother ministers that question, and I dare say he will not answer it in the affirmative. I would like to look him in the face when you ask him that question and see if I could not discover a look of derision over such an absurd question. I believe we should be just as honest about the bible and the plan of salvation as anything else. Now, reverend sirs, let me ask you in all candor, do you believe there is any great sin in not believing an apparent absurdity? And do you believe that a man or woman will be damned for what they cannot believe?

Well, as I said before, I am not satisfied with your plan of salvation. To illustrate, let me give you a sample of your plan: There is a nice family that start out to a neighboring city or town, and on their way meet with an accident and all are killed, consisting of parents and three or four children, and in a moment they are landed into eternity, some in heaven and some in hell. The parents and a little child were fortunate enough to land into heaven, and the rest of the family, consisting of a boy of 18 and a girl of 16, and the first that was heard from their son was: "O, father, father! O, father, how can I endure this torment? Why was I sent to this horrible place? Was I not a good boy; did I not always mind my parents and never told a lie nor used profane language? And now, O, father, must I endure these flames forever? I cannot, I cannot!" Next that was heard from was a piercing scream from that girl of 16, saying: "Oh, mother, mother! Oh, mother! Why was I sent to this world of woe? Was I not a good girl, and joined the church when I was only 14? I supposed I was going to heaven, but when I got here I found out that I was not born again. You know the bible says 'Ye must be born again.' I felt rather happy, and the minister said he thought I was converted and better join the church, and I did so, and now, my dear mother, must I suffer endless torment for that little mistake? Oh, mother, mother! I cannot endure it; I cannot, I cannot." And then that noble boy was heard from again, saying: "Oh, father, father; how can I endure this torment forever? Is it simply because I did not believe what seemed to me to be an apparent absurdity, while thousands of old noted criminals, even murderers in the first degree, who have lived three times as long as I have, in sin and re-

bellion, are now playing upon their harps of gold in the new Jerusalem, simply for believing what I called an apparent absurdity, while I, guilty of no crime, except not believing (if that can be called a crime, indeed), what seemed to be unjust and unreasonable." And now, reverend sirs, or any one else who may read or hear these remarks, imagine that these two children were your own, and doomed to everlasting misery, could you be happy in heaven while your children were in hell? Oh, says one, we shall not know our friends and family in the next world that are in hell. That idea only makes a bad matter worse, for then the lost could not have even the sympathy of their friends and relatives, which might be one ray of consolation. As I said in the commencement of this address, I was not satisfied with such a plan of salvation, and let me ask in all candor, are you? Reverend sirs, you will please excuse me for continuing my criticism further; I have often heard you say, We will read a portion of God's Word, which will be found thus and so. My dear sirs, did you ever realize if that book, any or all of it, should not be the word of God that you are not only slandering him but taking his name in vain, violating two commandments in one act?

No, I cannot believe that you are satisfied with the plan of salvation that I have presented, and that some portions of the bible uphold. If you have believed and preached that God was the author of such a plan of salvation, I should advise you to go to your closet and upon your bended knees ask God to forgive you for believing and preaching such a blasphemous doctrine, for it is in direct opposition to the better and more reasonable portions of the bible? And you ministers often dwell upon the necessity of sending the gospel to the heathen, and speak of the barbarous practices practiced in their country; but allow me to say that their barbarism is but of a momentary duration compared with eternity, and our missionaries preach to them a doctrine tenfold more horrible than any heathen nation on the face of the globe practices, for our missionaries preach to them that after men and women die, they come to life again, and the most of them are cast into a lake of fire and brimstone and are tormented forever and forever. Some of you may say I do not believe in a lake of fire and brimstone, in which the great mass of men and women are tormented to all eternity; then are you not an infidel? I for one had rather be called an infidel than to endorse a plan of salvation that God himself would blush (if it were possible) to own that he was the author of. And if God has the attributes of love, justice and mercy, it would be impossible for him to be the author of such a plan as I have portrayed. And is it not a fact that we should have a religion that would stand the test of reason and common sense, and is it reasonable to suppose that a God of infinite power and wisdom should get into such a dilemma as to come to this earth, be born of a woman, learn the carpenter's trade, and then be killed to save a world of sinners and accomplish so little? Does God do business that way? If he made the sun and the heavenly bodies to move in such precision and perfect order, without the slightest variation, is it not remarkable that he so failed in the creation of man? Now, reverend sirs, if I

have not done the subject justice in my remarks, you will please attribute the failure to the fact that I am over 70 years old, and in my second childhood, and have been a farmer and not had the advantages of an education.

Ashtabula, Ohio, March 11, 1898.

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### A WORD FROM AN OLD SOLDIER.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

**I**N the following I propose to give you a little of my experience as a Liberal and Agnostic. Also a little of my experience of military hospital life, which, by the way, has only been twenty years, but enough to get a pretty good idea of how things in general are run. Ingersoll tells us how he became an Agnostic and Free Thinker. Plenty of others have done the same, and there is no reason that I know of why I may not do the same, even though I be an old soldier. I was cut out and fitted for a gospel slinger, but by some oversight a great mistake was made, and when I came to try it on, found it entirely too small. I managed to wear it, however, up to the time of the war, but when it came to standing face to face with a deadly foe, and all of us with Bibles in our pockets, and both sides praying to the same supposed kind and all-wise God for success and victory, it had a tendency to weaken desperately my faith in a God of love; in fact, I might say that it ruined it, for it was right there that I got my first lessons in agnosticism, and set me to thinking on the probabilities of an all-wise, all-powerful God, for if there were any such being as that, He could have as easily settled the matter without the death of one poor soul, as with the death of hundreds of thousands. At one time it would seem that if there was any God having a hand in the battles, that He would be hearing the prayers and favoring this side; at another time it would be vice versa; but when we came to find out the truth of the whole matter, there was no God hearing the prayers of either side, and had not half so much to do with the management of the battles or say which side should be victorious as I had. I came home wonderfully discouraged, how this kind and merciful God had conducted things all through the war, and, after a little reflection, I secured a copy of Paine's "Age of Reason," and before I had it half read through, the deed was done; the more I read the more I was convinced of the truth of his sayings, and the more, if possible, am I convinced from that day to this that I was right. I have a nice little library of some of the latest Liberal Works and lectures, from Paine on down to the present day, but being shut up here in the hospital for the last twenty years, I have yet to hear the first Liberal lecture orally delivered, but have read a great many. My chances also are very limited to introduce Liberalism, the men, most of them, being very old, and most of them are very illiterate, and in a room of thirty men it is nothing unusual to find as many as seven different nationalities. A great many are Catholics. I interceded with one old fasting, praying Catholic, in my room, and got him to read Paine's "Age of Reason." He thanked me very kindly for the use of the book, and was, I know, at the time convinced of the

truth of its sayings, but had not the courage to come out like a man and say so, although he offered no objections. I have interceded with several and got them to read various liberal works, and hope to be able to get a great many to read them, whether they acknowledge the truth of them or not. I expect to end my days, let them be long or short, right here in a military hospital. I get a small pension, but have a poor old wife, who, by the way, is also a stanch Liberal, dependent on me for some support, so I live in the hospital and give the money to her. Don't you think, Mr. Green, that is Liberalism practically carried out? I know you do.

Joel M. Berry.

### ADVERTISING THE BIBLE.

—Chicago, Jan. 30.—A movement is on foot to advertise the Bible just as patent medicines and oatmeal are advertised. Money has been raised by some earnest church workers of this city for the purpose of plastering rocks, dead walls, billboards and the interiors of street cars with Bible verses and quotations from the good book. A. E. Standen has been chosen boss advertiser of this new departure. He has been a traveling salesman employed by a firm dealing in dry goods in this city, but became imbued with religious fervor to such an extent that he gave up his position in order to devote himself to church work. It was at his suggestion that money was raised for the purpose of propagating knowledge of the Bible by means of patent ad methods. He is employed now at a regular salary to see that the work is done thoroughly, and already about \$30,000 has been raised toward making a good showing on the billboards. The church folks who have this project in hand style their organization "The Universal Text Display Association." Its headquarters will be in this city, and it is proposed to extend branches all over the United States. The president of the association is the Rev. Jo-

seph P. MacCarthy, whose home is in Muskegon, Mich. Lithographs will be used as well as the big paint brush, and some very handsome and elaborate work of the regular theatrical lithographic poster order will be the result.—New York Telegraph.

Our city advertising boards have been for years covered with the most disgusting and obscene advertising bills, that are a disgrace to civilization, but if the Christians shall proceed to thus advertise some of the Bible stories the disgrace and obscenity will be increased ten-fold; but they will doubtless procure Bible readers of the Police Gazette variety. We ask pardon for suggesting that one good illustration from the Bible to be put upon the boards would be that of Noah on his big drunk, described in the 21st, 22d and 23d verses of the ninth chapter of Genesis. Another picture that would attract attention would be that of David, the man favored by God, watching Bath-Sheba while she was taking a bath (II. Samuel xi., 3, 4, 5). Then Solomon, surrounded by his 200 wives and 300 concubines, would make a good picture. Joseph leaving his garments with Potiphar's wife would be a drawing card (Genesis xxxix., 10, 11, 12, 14).

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT:

## LYING FOR THE GLORY OF GOD.

"For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie until his glory; why yet am I also judged as a sinner?" (Romans III., 7.)

THIS doctrine, so clearly set forth by St. Paul, has been the doctrine of the Christian church from the first. And out of it has come that demoralizing "christian precept" heard from every quarter that "the end justifies the means." That is: that we are justified in doing anything that will glorify God and build up his church. Anthony Comstock is one of the leading apostles of that doctrine in this country. Anthony probably tells more lies in a year than any twenty-five persons known as the criminal classes, and he does this for the glory of God. (And to digress, we will here say, that we believe that real obscene matter should not be allowed to pass through our mails, but the work of protecting the mails from this objectionable literature should be attended to by the state and not by the church, and the officers in charge should be men and women of sufficient intelligence to know what constitutes real obscene matter.)

Nearly all crimes are a species of lying, and therefore the church, following the doctrine above enunciated by St. Paul, is willing to commit any crime that in their judgment will advance "the cause of Christ." The church justified itself in the burning at the stake of Bruno and Servetus upon this ground as it has for the thousands of murders it has committed during the last two thousand years. "All for the glory of God."

W. C. Logue, of Austin, Ill., brings to our notice, in the following letter, a very detestable piece of work that the christians have recently been doing "for the glory of God and the building up of his church." It is nothing less than committing a forgery on Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address—one of the grandest, most eloquent and patriotic speeches ever delivered in this country. This magnificent address is all aglow with glory for mankind, but has nothing to say for the glory of the orthodox God, and, therefore, it was not satisfactory to orthodox Christianity, so they resorted to the crime of forgery to make it all right, and interpolated the words "under God" into it. Of course no Christian could tell us what is meant by these words "under God," only that it makes the document more religious and more pleasing to their God, who seems to delight in having his name thrust into every public document, from the Uni-

ted States constitution down to the oath administered to a witness in a justice court.

We intended to publish with this article a facsimile of the last portion of Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg address, from the "Century Magazine," as we supposed the publishers would willingly allow us that privilege, but to our surprise we received from them the following letter:

Mr. H. L. Green, 213 East Indiana Street, Chicago.:

Dear Sir—We regret that we cannot give you permission to publish, with credit, the last page of the facsimile of Lincoln's Gettysburg address. Our arrangements with Mr. Nicolay give us no right to do this. Very truly yours,

Win. W. Ellsworth, Sec.; by A. C. R.

Office Century Co., New York, March 15th, 1898.

We have requested Mr. Nicolay to give his permission, and if he does so it will appear in the May Magazine.

MR. LOGUE'S LETTER.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

Did ever prophet scan the future with clearer vision than Abraham Lincoln, when, standing on the platform at Gettysburg on the 19th of November, 1863, these words fell from his eloquent lips: "The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here." In proof of this prophecy compare the enclosed facsimile copy, from the "Century Magazine," of the original manuscript with the "under God" interpolation copy as it appears in nearly every school reader and scrap-book in this country. I doubt if one in a thousand of the American people, when they read the school book version of the Gettysburg speech, realizes that it has been doctored by clerical influence so as to read: "This nation shall have under God a new birth of freedom," instead of the simple and much more comprehensive and reasonable statement: "This nation shall have a new birth of freedom," as read by the great emancipator from manuscript written by himself, of which the enclosed is a true copy.

I hope for the truth of history and the interests of common justice that The Free Thought Magazine and the Liberal press generally will expose this long unchallenged christian fraud. Let christian people have "In God We Trust" on the silver dollar if they think it will keep it at par, which many of them seem to doubt, but let Abraham Lincoln's great speech remain as he wrote and delivered it.

W. C. Logue.

Austin, Ill.



## ELIZABETH CADY STANTON'S LIFE AND LIBERALISM.

"EIGHTY YEARS AND MORE" might well have been called "Truth and Poetry Out of My Life," as an echo of the greatest German poet's treatment of his past life and environment. It is the environment which determines life and character by its play upon the inherited capacities and qualities of the individual. Such is the lesson in this book.

That Mrs. Stanton was fortunate in her parentage is well attested by the name and fame of her father and mother, and their portraits, especially that of her mother, which has an indescribable charm of character, in which a grand strength seems to be mingled with rare sweetness and beauty. It is a Madonna without the insipidity and unreality of the supernatural. Collectors and appreciators of the strong and beautiful in human form will be pleased to place this mother portrait over the group picture, which gives Mrs. Stanton and her daughter, Mrs. Blatch and her daughter—making four generations, the equals of which it would be difficult indeed to find in any country or any age (pp. 20 and 394).

To a nature thus rarely gifted by birth as to parents, household, and social and political standing of the strong-minded father, Judge Cady, there was added the singularly interesting, romantic and exciting environment of the Mohawk Valley. Its river and beautiful and fertile lands were and are the right arm of the Hudson, and the heart of the State, and the French and Indian, as well as the Revolutionary, war had left it as the "dark and bloody ground" of the North. How the enchanting scenery of this valley had become still more interesting and almost vocal from the blood and treachery of Sir William Johnson and Brant, and the heroism of Herkimer and his ambushed victims at Oriskany, only those who spent childhood and youth there, and with its people, some sixty or seventy years ago, can appreciate. The boyhood of this editor was largely passed there and enabled him to recall that fast vanishing past which made the next generation after the peace responsive to the heroism, energy, daring and sympathy which had their origin in the cruel events and necessities of a French-Indian, and then a British-Indian war. Those stories are forgotten now, but we heard them sitting on the stool at the corner of the great fireplace, with its roaring log-fire that hardly checked the bitter cold without; at the opposite corner, on the other stool, sat the little daughter of the house, in red flannel frock (just as Mrs. Stanton describes) and her parents would tell how the war of tireless courage and strategem was waged, how their parents were murdered and scalped, or escaped from their burning homes at night, to be hunted through woods by the painted devils, whose

warwhoops made the cries of the "painters" (panthers) seem merciful. The children of such traditions had implanted in them a sufficient conception of suffering, necessity and hell on earth, to be overcome by daring labor and patience. Such children had no need of the hell of theology or to be overcome by the depression and anguish of a debasing despair, penitence and resignation to a celestial tyrant who demanded this degradation for his own glory. Yet to this hell our author's sensitive and earnest nature was exposed by the "Finney revival," to which she was subjected upon leaving the valley to be further "educated" at the celebrated seminary of the queenly Mrs. Emma Willard, at Troy. The agonies of "divine retribution" were naturally worse than the horrors of Indian warfare, for they were not of the past but were present and personal,—that "burning lake" was a probable future for each and all, while the wrath of God was an ever-present reality. How much this sincere, trusting and delicate young woman suffered from these terrors made crushingly real to her by "a divine and infallible authority," she can only intimate rather than describe, but when she did recover from this cruel delusion, it left with her an object in life to which she has been true—the duty of shielding others and especially children and young people from this hellish torture. She has been throughout life a thorough Liberal, that is, one emancipated from the creeds, churches and tyranny of the past religions. This has been one of the sources and motives of her character. She became a part of the genius of universal emancipation. To that cause her life has been devoted, and that became the basis of her noble character. She has done effective work in trying to save tender souls from this horrid nightmare and incubus of old theologians. But the query now naturally arises whether the teaching of this stuff of the depraved imagination to persons under age, as though it was actually true, should not be made a criminal offence. Every orthodox church, Sunday school, prayer meeting and revival is the cause of needless and most cruel suffering, often ending in despair, melancholia and insanity. Why have societies incorporated "for the prevention of cruelty to children," and leave the modern popes, priests, presbyters, pastors, ministers, prayer-bands and exhorters full play to see how much and how exquisite a torture they can inflict upon the human heart too young and too dependent upon its torturers to have any effective way of escape or relief? Is it less heinous to wound, agonize and distort the whole soul and character, than to prevent a temporary injury to the body? The sentiments of humanity the world over have sustained the English soldiers in India in preventing the suttee—the burning alive of widows upon the

funeral pyres of their husbands. The similar mental sacrifice of the children in all civilized countries by a brother theological superstition, equally horrid, should now be brought to an end. Let the law compel the "Gerry Society" to repress this chiefest cruelty to the whole being and nature of the child, or go out of existence, and let the Secular Law take its place and do it?

Do not think that we lay too much stress upon this fundamental emancipation of Mrs. Stanton from all sorts of religions, for without this same freedom she never could have done the work she did, nor attained to the noble inspiration and character which made all kinds of human relief her province. Notice as you go through her book how she has had the broadest sympathy and a ready word and hand for every kind of reform, and the removal of all restrictions in the way of general progress and welfare. She has devoted a long life, richly endowed by nature, and which might have been passed, as by most women it would have been, in comfort and ease, if not in luxury, to the removal of every bond, spiritual or temporal, that rested upon the oppressed, without regard to their color, sex or other condition. In this consists the greatness and nobility of her character. No life is now worth living unless it is lived for a noble purpose. In this respect the life of Mrs. Stanton is perhaps the most useful example and model in our day, to both men and women. The reforms, especially woman's emancipation and suffrage, and the disuse of alcohol-poisoning have come to a check, if not a standstill, because there are not enough emancipated men and women to carry them on, and the unemancipated "Reformers" have allied these great reforms with religious and political despotisms which render them impossible because destructive of religious and personal liberty. We did have at their head such women as Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, Lucy Colman, Mrs. M. G. Gage, Helen Gardiner and a few others, but these have been largely replaced by the type of women represented by the recently deceased Miss Frances E. Willard, who with one breath advocated most beautifully the emancipation of woman, and with the next insisted upon putting "God" and "Jesus Christ" into the United States Constitution,—thus subverting and subjecting our Republic to the papal theocracy which burnt Bruno, or to the Calvinistic theocracy which burnt Servetus, or to a constant quarrel between the two. The result is that most thoughtful men, from Herbert Spencer down, are compelled to say that the women who are theological slaves at heart are not fit to vote as to the rights and liberties of others. So as to the question of alcohol-poisoning; its disuse has largely, by the influence of Miss

Willard, become the almost exclusive cause of "The Women's Christian Temperance Union," which means "The We See to You" society and business, with legal prohibition as its sheet-anchor, and Comstock detective espionage as its method. The result, most unfortunately, is that whisky and liberty have become synonymous in the popular mind, especially in New York, where the favorite toast has become that of the poor, pitiful, poisoned "Bobby Burns:"

"Whisky and Liberty gang together,  
Swig aff your dram."

We take Miss Frances Willard as a sample of the danger the unemancipated reformer is sure to bring upon us, for as far as her superstition would permit, she seems to have had every virtue and good quality that a woman could have. But just there is the danger and difficulty. Her very virtues became the deadly and treacherous decoy lights of the theocracy and snobocracy which would soon end Liberty and the Republic by a combination (now patent enough) with our increasing plutocracy. The cry of Washington's time to "put none but Americans on guard," has a deeper meaning if we say, "Only Liberals on guard of our great reforms." A slave in heart and soul can never be safely trusted with the liberties and rights of mankind. Such is the verdict of history. What we want are more broad-minded, nobly-inspired and devoted men and women like Elizabeth Cady Stanton. How can the world get on without them?

Space and time forbid any special literary notice of Mrs. Stanton's book. There is no exception to the verdict that it has been well, most interestingly and rightfully done. We say rightfully, for is it not the right and duty of every one who has had a large part in public affairs and causes, and been acquainted with hidden springs and motives of public events, to leave an honest record of what they saw, heard and knew? Thus History gladly receives the final confession of those who have been her true servants—a confession which can only make the past luminous, just and fruitful. The book before us answers to these exacting requirements, and the reader must, with the hints we have given, follow the gifted, busy, hearty, healthful and often even jovial authoress, from the crowded cities, the Western wilds, the Pacific slope, the repeated visits to England and the continent, until finally she sends out this book from her "cosy flat," where she watches the busy throngs in the streets, the distant "Central Park," and the blue sky beyond, and lives over the happy memories which this book enables her countless friends to share with her.

Her work is done—well done—and like the great German poet, after

the completion of the Faust, she might say, "The rest of life if a free gift to enjoy without obligation." Nothing is more pleasant than to see her rejoicing in the mild sunshine of such an afternoon of life. She illustrates her observation that, "The happiest people I have known have been those who have themselves no concern about their own souls, but did their uttermost to mitigate the miseries of others." (p. 385.)

Still she cannot be wholly idle, but, like Thomas Paine, amuses herself in these her later days, by her "Woman's Bible," in which superstition is remanded back to the dark ages where it evolutionally belonged, and belongs, while she greets the great secular "Age of Reason" for woman, which is being introduced by the facts which "show clearly that to no form of religion was woman indebted for the impulse of freedom, as all alike have taught her inferiority and subjection. No lofty virtues can emanate from such a condition. Whatever heights of dignity and purity women have individually attained can in no way be attributed to dogmas of their religion." (p. 357.)

And with the emancipation and ennoblement of her sex she foresees also those great economic changes when "the most fitting monuments this nation can build are to be schoolhouses and homes for those who do the work of the world. It is no answer to say that they are accustomed to rags and hunger. In this world of plenty every human being has a right to food, clothes, decent shelter, and the rudiments of education. "Something is rotten in Denmark, when one-tenth of the human family, booted and spurred, ride the masses to destruction." (p. 398.)

Long may it be before the twilight comes to this bright and cheery afternoon, and then may she say, with her English prototype, the gifted Harriet Martineau: "The world as it is grows somewhat dim before my eyes, but the world that is to be looks brighter every day." T. B. W.

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#### CONTRIBUTIONS.

Contributions received from Oct. 25, '97, to Dec. 1, '97: J. F. Mallinckrodt, \$1.25; W. R. Lloyd, \$1.50; A. R. Woodhams, \$1; Mrs. S. B. Miller, 75 cents; Louis Levine, 55 cents; A. J. Moser, 75 cents; G. A. Bosworth, 50 cents; F. Henning, 50 cents; R. Fairbairn, 33 cents; total, \$7.13.

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Contributions from Feb. 1, '98, to March 15, '98: \$5 each—A Friend

(Ill.); a Friend (Mass.); D. A. Blodgett, G. Lincoln, N. F. Griswald; \$3 each—Chas. Barta; \$2 each—C. K. Tenney, F. A. W. Salmon, a Friend (Miss); John H. Taylor, G. White; \$1.50 each—J. H. A. Lacher, James F. Mallinckrodt; \$1 each—W. B. Fleckinger, Jos. Haigh, S. N. Bolton, Hiram Smith, Cap. J. A. Olmstead, Joseph Plattenburg, Henry Bird, F. B. Pratt, Archibald Hopkins, G. W. Walrond, John Gentillini, John R. Smith, Clinton Hawley, Geo. Mills, W. C. Wright, A. S. Allison, C. A. Dandy, E. J. Colegrove, a Friend (Tenn), Myron H. Goodwin, C. F. Blakslee, W. E. Norton, C. Leighton, Karl Schmemmann, Jonas Scott, C. H. Graham, R. L. Metcalf, G. L. Price, J. B. Beeding, Sidney Walters, Paul Dinkelspiel, John Wolf, James J. Alford, W. W. Dunbar, J. D. Develing, Chas. R. Kimberly, M. German, N. M. Cross, Newton Mitchell, Judson Trowbridge, John Waltham, Frederic Dahlstrom, V. Baldwin Johnson, two Ohio Friends, C. F. H., S. Hollis; 75 cents each—F. J. Lewis, P. F. Chambard, Wm. Allan; 50 cents each—Wm. Buwalda, W. H. Jackson, W. C. Logne, J. E. Ring, A. Kimball, T. O. Telford, D. G. Buis, Dr. L. S. Stoll, E. D. Nauman, G. Y. Paton, Frederick Yepsen, Axel Olsen, Joseph Evans, Dr. I. S. Curtis, John Frazier, Edward Kraft, A. Niederer, Chas. Klimitz, S. M. Ingalls, D. Barnes, Chester Martin, S. G. Hodge, John Volle, Dr. C. W. Robbins, J. T. Glotfelty, H. Maegeli, W. B. Lambdin, Wm. Cughan, Harry T. Smith, a Friend (N. Y.), Mrs. D. Y. Johns, Emily C. Jones, Jos S. Matter, I. O. Iverson, D. A. Gibson, S. D. Thomason, C. F. Swartz, John J. Riser, H. T. Huldal, W. E. Warner, Paul S. Tooker, John Fay, Ezra Phinney, M. G. Wheeler, W. H. Hughes, John Leitch, John W. Jones, A. E. Gagner, Chas. A. Baylor, Mrs. B. Smartman, Phil Fendingham, Joseph Mitchell; sums less than 50 cents—Lewis Dawson, 45 cents; John Wallace, 25 cents; G. C. Betts, 10 cents; F. E. Hull, 25 cents; W. H. Boerger, 10 cents; John Stratford, 25 cents; M. L. Studebaker, 25 cents; Mrs. E. W. Haines, 12 cents; A. M. Greely, 25 cents; J. H. Sherwood, 25 cents; total, \$117.52.

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C. F. Blakslee, \$25; Dr. S. W. Wetmore, \$5; E. J. Colgrove, \$5; H. Brown, \$5; P. T. Sly, \$5.75; A. B. Bradford, \$5; John Helm, \$4; E. Stuart, \$3; John H. Taylor, \$3; Charles H. Baylor, \$3; Mrs. C. Schofield, \$2; J. H. A. Lacher, \$1.50; Mrs. E. S. Kent, \$1; a Friend, \$1; John Frazier, \$1; F. J. Lewis, \$1; D. L. Thomson, \$1; J. Alfred, \$1; W. W. Dunbar, \$1; Elmina D. Slenker, \$1; G. W. Whiteman, \$1; D. A. Gibson, \$1; Geo. Hickenlooper, \$1; Edward Kraft, 50 cents; P. F. Chambard, 75 cents; Emily C. Jones, 50 cents; J. S. Mater, 50 cents; Anton J. Kraft, 20 cents; Allen Johnson, 50 cents; W. E. Warner, 50 cents; Evald Hammar, 37 cents; Iowa friend, \$20; a lady friend, \$5; C. H. Graham, \$1; Nelson Crane, \$1; total, \$108.87.

## ALL SORTS.

—Read our "Special Notice" on page 200.

—War will never be done away with until Christianity is superseded by Free Thought.

—Do not fail to read T. B. W.'s editorial in this number on Mrs. Stanton and her work.

—Do not allow war or rumors of war to entirely attract your attention from Free Thought work.

—Kind treatment for our dumb animals ought to be one of the articles of the creed of the Liberal church.

—If Christ said, as reported, "I came not to bring peace but a sword," his church has carried out his mission fully.

—The Liberal University, at Silverton, Ore., seems to be gaining strength, but too slowly. Some of our rich Liberals ought to give it a lift

—We are glad that Mrs. Sibley, a convert from Methodism, brings some of her Methodist enthusiasm into the Free Thought cause. We need it.

—The Spanish nation is said to be the most barbarous nation on the face of the earth and the reason is it is the most religious. There is no heresy there.

—Matildo Josly Gage, we learn just as we go to press, died on the 18th of March. An obituary notice of the deceased will appear in the May magazine.

—If our friends will each make a special effort to send us subscribers during the next thirty days we will be able to announce in the May magazine that we are entirely free from debt.

—W. E. Towne, of Springfield, Mass., writes to "Aunt Elmina": "The Free Thought Magazine is just fine. Such a publication commands respect in any cause. The article in the last number by Mrs. Margerum, entitled 'Are the Churches a Benefit to Mankind?' is just

splendid, also the article that appeared in the December number, 'Is Religion a Superstition?'"

—The Spaniards attend church on Sunday morning and bull fights in the afternoon. Their religion and their amusements are of the same character—cruel, bloody and brutal.

—The London Freethinker copies from the February number of this magazine Dr. Wilson's article on "The Clerical Face." We hope the Doctor will write another on "The Clerical Cheek."

—The first, or leading article of this number is by the daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, of London. In vulgar parlance she seems to be "a chip of the old block." We hope to hear from her often.

—Homer A. Billings, our long-time friend, has a poem in this number entitled "Three Score Years and Ten." Considering the subject he has done remarkably well. His task was about as difficult as it was for the Lord to make a good-looking woman out of a man's rib. Thanks, Brother Billings.

—The Blue Grass Blade has resumed publication and the editor's striking countenance appears, as usual, in the "northwest corner" of the first page. All editors have their failings. Brother Moore's are peculiar to himself. His besetting sin is telling too much truth. There is another peculiarity about the Blade; people like to read it whether they agree with it or not. Reader, send to Cincinnati, O., for a sample copy and see how you like it.

—There is a city in Ohio bearing the fine old name of Toledo. It has a fine set of old-fashioned Christian preachers. They demand the enforcement of the Sunday laws, and the mayor feels obliged to shut up the news-stands and stop the milk carts. These preachers should arrange matters with the local

cows, on the same principle as that of a certain English nobleman who wrote to his steward: "Don't milk the cows for a week. I have a big party then, and want all the cream I can get."—The London Freethinker.

—John Helm, our worthy friend of Canada, writes: "I had made up my mind that I had contributed my last mite (not might) over and above my annual subscription to the magazine, but the likeness of Mrs. Green in the February magazine is too much for me. How in the dickens you managed, a gray-headed old man, to catch such a nice, comfortable and jolly looking girl as Thyrsa A. is beyond my comprehension. I inclose \$5 for Mrs. Green's cosy cottage, which I hope she will soon be in possession of.

—"Cleveland, O., March 7.—Margaret Maloney, 84 years old, living alone in a small house in Collinwood, a suburb, was literally roasted to death early today while kneeling in prayer. Neighbors discovered the little cottage wrapped in flames.

"When the fire had been subdued the house was partly consumed. The charred remains of the woman were found in a kneeling position by the side of the bed.

"An ivory crucifix was tightly clasped in the withered hands and the lips, though scorched by the deadly fire, seemed still to be uttering prayers."

Recently we have noticed many cases where preachers have dropped dead in the pulpit, and people died in the act of prayer and especially in religious revivals, and it would seem that the good Lord is getting a little disgusted with that kind of nonsense. He sees through it.

—The group of Freethinkers that we publish as the frontispiece of this number of the magazine was taken at the Free Thinkers' Convention, held at Chautauqua Lake in October, 1879, nineteen years ago. It has hung on the walls of our home ever since, and many have expressed a wish that we publish it in the magazine. The other day our good

friend, Prof. James A. Greenhill, called on us and so strongly insisted that we publish it as the frontispiece of the magazine that we finally consented to do so, and, therefore, if any think we have made a mistake in publishing it, they must charge the fault largely to our astronomical contributor. If any of our readers should desire a copy for framing we will furnish it on heavy enameled paper for 10 cents.

—Under the heading of "The Youngsters," the London Freethinker publishes the following:

"Mamma," said Flossie, who was admiring herself in the glass, "did God make me?" "Yes, dear," replied mamma. "Well," was Flossie's dictum, after a pause, "I guess he needn't be ashamed of the job."

Sunday School Teacher—Now, who can tell me why Satan was cursed? Hold up your hand. Dave—'Cause he told the truth.

Timothy—Say, ma, did our baby come from heaven? Ma—Av coorse he did. Timothy—Well, he was a fool to leave heaven for a place like this, and run the risk of never gettin' back again.

"Who led the people of Israel out of the wilderness?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent, fiercely, as his eyes rested for a moment upon a new scholar. "'Twasn't me," replied the little boy; "my folks jest moved out here from Bristol last week."

Mother—Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday-school. Johnny (with a far-away look)—Yes'm. Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell fishy? Johnny—I—carried home th' Sunday-school paper, an'—an' th' outside page is all about Jonah and th' whale.

Clergyman—How did Jacob know that it was Joseph sending for him from Egypt? Small Boy (excitedly)—He seed 'is name on the wagons.

Teacher (to village school children)—Now, why do I take all the trouble to leave my home and come over here and speak to you thus? Can any boy tell me?



Bright Child (innocently)—Please, sur, p'raps yeow loikes to 'ear yourself taak, sur!

—Wendell Phillips, according to the New York Voice, once related the following touching story:

"In a railway car once, a man about 60 years old came to sit beside me. He had heard me lecture the evening before on temperance. 'I am the master of a ship,' said he, 'sailing out of New York, and have just returned from my fiftieth voyage across the Atlantic. About thirty years ago I was a sot, shipped while dead drunk as one of a crew, and was carried on board like a log. When I came to, the captain sent for me. He asked me: "Do you remember your mother?" I told him she died before I could remember anything. "Well," said he, "I am a Vermont man. When I was young I was crazy to go to sea. At last my mother consented I should seek my fortune in New York." He told me how she stood on one side the garden gate and he on the other, when, with his bundle on his arm, he was ready to walk to the next town. She said to him: "My boy, I don't know anything about towns, and I never saw the sea; but they tell me those great towns are sinks of wickedness and that the curse of a sailor's life is drink. Now, promise me you'll never taste a drop of liquor." He said: "I laid my hand in hers and promised, as I looked into her eyes for the last time. She died soon after. I've been on every sea, seen the worst kind of life and men. They laughed at me as a milksop; but when they offered me liquor I saw my mother across the gate, and I never drank a drop. It has been my sheet anchor. I owe all to that. Would you like to take that pledge?" asked he.'

"My companion took it, and he added: 'It saved me. I have a fine ship, wife and children at home, and I have helped others.'

"'How far that little candle throws his beams.'

"That anxious mother on a Vermont hillside saved two men to virtue and

usefulness; how many more, He who sees all can alone tell."

—We clip the following from the Chicago Tribune of March 14:

"Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll talked war to all comers to-day. He added force frequently to his expressions with the kind of expletives that are only employed when one feels a sense of insult or injury. Warming up to the subject of trouble with Spain, the Colonel said: 'A war with Spain is ridiculous. A man who cannot control or whip one of his own children is very foolish when he tries to whip a strong and wealthy neighbor. Spain is virtually dead and gone, wiped out from the map of all nations by her superstitions and bloody tyrannies. The names of King Ferdinand, the Duke of Alva, Torquemada, Cortez, and Velasquez, by their persecution and torture of Moors, the Jews, and Indians, and independent thinkers are only to be remembered as synonyms of cruelty, blood and death.

"'If it is shown by the report of the naval board of inquiry that the Maine was blown up from the outside and through the instrumentality of Spain, Comrade McKinley and all the military power of this government will avenge this hellish act, and the entire civilized world will be a unit with the United States. We have been extremely patient in shooting Spain into decency and honor. Suppose the Maine had been a British, German, French, or Russian battleship? Why, sir, Morro Castle would long since have been reduced to dust in an hour's bombardment, and the flag of their country would be flying over the heads of a lot of dead bull fighters and Spanish cut-throats.

"'The act of Congress giving Uncle Sam \$50,000,000 ungrudgingly and unanimately to avenge, if needs be, our dead sailors, and maintain our national honor, was a beautiful evidence of the patriotism that exists in the land. The Stars and Stripes must be upheld and protected forever.'"

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## CONTENTS

### CHAPTER

- I. Childhood.
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- IV. Life at Peterboro.
- V. Our Wedding Journey.
- VI. Homeward Bound.
- VII. Motherhood.
- VIII. Boston and Chelsea.
- IX. The First Woman's Rights Convention.
- X. Susan B. Anthony.
- XI. Susan B. Anthony (*Continued*).
- XII. My First Speech Before a Legislature.
- XIII. Reforms and Mobs.
- XIV. Views on Marriage and Divorce.
- XV. Women as Patriots.

### CHAPTER

- XVI. Pioneer Life in Kansas—Our Newspaper, "The Revolution."
- XVII. Lyceums and Lecturers.
- XVIII. Westward Ho!
- XIX. The Spirit of '76.
- XX. Writing "The History of Woman Suffrage."
- XXI. In the South of France.
- XXII. Reforms and Reformers in Great Britain
- XXIII. Women and Theology.
- XXIV. England and France Revisited.
- XXV. The International Council of Women.
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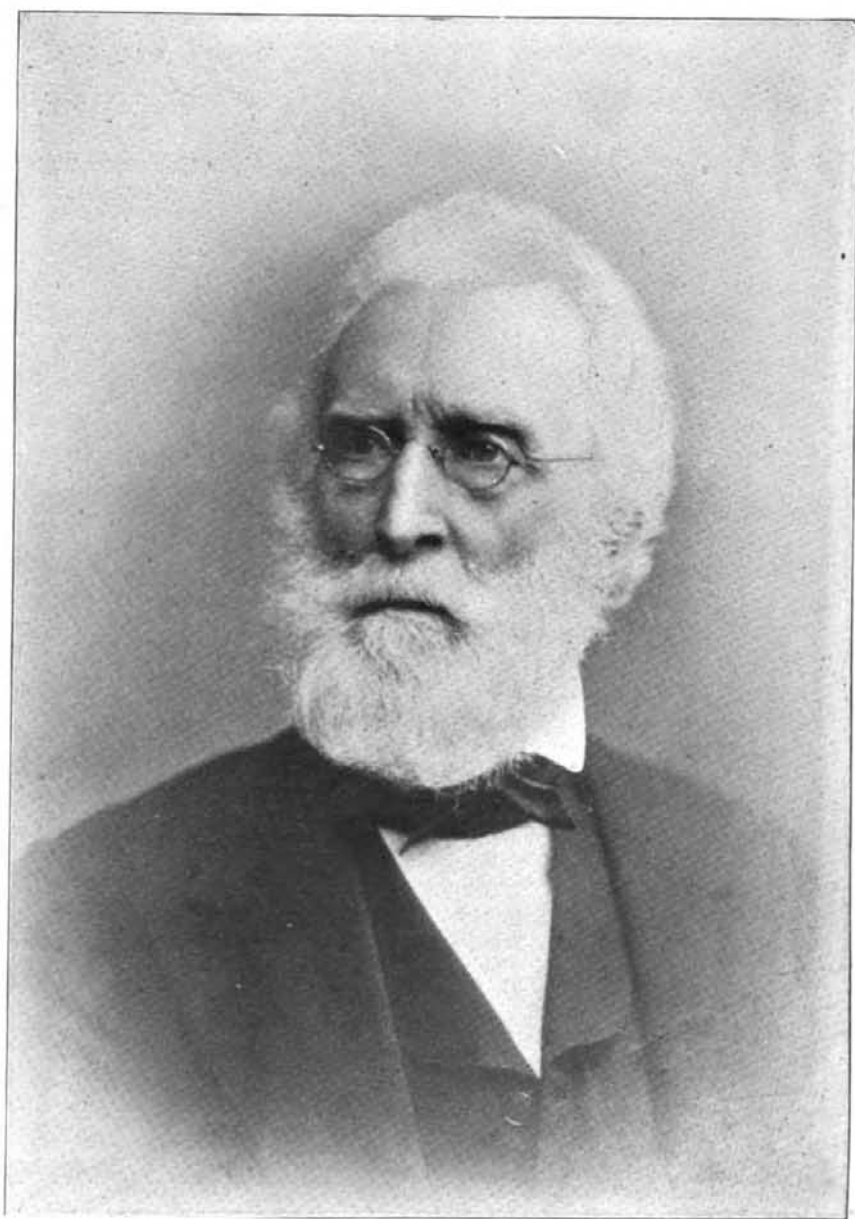
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*Respectfully,*

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# FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE

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MAY, 1898.

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## ENCOURAGING SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY AN OCTOGENERIAN FREETHINKER.

1. In the year 1862, after he was tired of waiting for General Pemberton's surrender of Vicksburg, General Grant resolved to celebrate the approaching 4th of July, by an attempt to take the city by storm. But, at a council of war which he ordered, it was concluded, after debate, that the policy of exhausting the supplies of the garrison should be continued a little longer, and thus save the needless effusion of American blood. And, sure enough, on the morning of the 3d of July, a man appeared on the Confederate line, bearing a flag of truce, and a letter addressed to Grant from Pemberton, containing a request from Pemberton for an armistice, in order to arrange terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg.

2. Now, religious superstition, embodied in a corporate form, has reigned like a heartless tyrant, over the whole human family, ever since they had evolved far enough from their immediate ancestors as to be able to stand upright upon their feet, and observe, and wonder at, the phenomena of nature. This condition of things soon resulted in an organization called in our day a "church," endowed with a priesthood, which, conjointly with the civil magistrate, have perpetuated their power all over the world. For nearly two thousand years the whole of this period, Europe, and for two hundred years this country, have been the theater of its doings, under the name and form of the Christian religion. Although a despotism, ruling by ignorance and fear, there have always been some courageous thinkers and seekers after knowledge, who denied entirely the claims of the church, and made such intellectual war as they could against them. But, they were few in number and powerless, for the church, intoxicated with the love and exercise of her boundless supremacy, there was no crime or cruelty which she did not eagerly commit to keep her sovereign authority unquestioned by the multitude. But, under the law of eternal change and progress, this long reign of terror is ended, and the field of controversy is no longer a field of blood and suffering between the conflicting parties, but an arena of debate.

3. Every observing man has noticed that, both in this country and in England, the Free Thought cause is not so aggressive and successful as it was twenty-five years ago. From one point of view this is a discouraging circumstance, but it is only a circumstance. It does not mean apathy and retrogression, but a change in tactics, such as took place at Waterloo, in 1815, when Blucher's army appeared upon the field of battle and settled the question at issue. Hitherto the war waged against the blind despotism embodied in the Christian church as its fortress was carried on by logic, and the keen weapon of ridicule. But valuable as such services were, and still are, as auxiliaries, they are only an artillery assault, made from a distance. A corps of sappers and miners, within the lines, do much more efficient work, for they weaken the foundation of the walls and leave it for time and gravitation to do the rest. Now, as at Waterloo, a "long time in even scale the battle hung," so that Wellington, in the agony of doubt as to the result, exclaimed: "Would to God that night or Blucher would come," we, who have spent decades of hard work in the field, and experienced all kinds of self-denial, are now comforted with the privilege of foreseeing the day when the downfall of superstition shall be complete and final. But I hasten to say that, although superstition gained its supremacy over the world by fraud and bloodshed, it will not owe its destruction to such methods. It will be occasioned, not caused, by the silent power it has struggled to destroy for two thousand years—Science, which is the Latin equivalent in meaning of the English word Knowledge, or an acquaintance with the facts of the universe. Personifying Science, she began her career in this world, an infant, weak and timorous; was then silenced in her utterances for a thousand years, after which she entered upon the "teens" of her youth, which indeed were full of tribulation. Then, circumstances changing for the better, she has, in our day, arrived at the full maturity of her powers, conquered all her enemies, and bids fair to revolutionize the world.

4. The sole vocation of Science is to interrogate our mother, Nature, and place upon record, as sacred truth, all the answers she gives. She has no preconceived theory of things, and then calls upon Nature to confirm it by the prestige of authority. She sets down all the facts she discovers, and then classifies and generalizes them, thus preparing them to be used in the service of mankind. As already hinted, it is worthy of notice, as a curious fact in the history of Science, that not one of her devotees, from Roger Bacon in the thirteenth century, down to Huxley, and Darwin, in our day, ever had the purpose, by their labors and discoveries, to explode the system of theology, taught and upheld by the church. The

most of them had been professed Christians themselves, and no doubt felt that, as the field of inquiry after realities by the human intellect, was the whole world of nature, and not the limited sphere of speculative opinion about religion, there was no reason why there should be any bitter conflict between the two interests. But, as there was from the beginning, in the church, more or less skepticism on the subject of religion, the doubters must have privately availed themselves of the arguments they found in the facts which Science had discovered, to justify themselves before the supreme court of their own undertaking.

5. The first grand triumph over the world of ignorance and superstition achieved by Science took place in the fifteenth century of our era. Up to that time the whole world of mankind had believed that our globe was flat in shape and stood immovably upon pillars, as a foundation, and that the sun revolved round it every day for the sole purpose of giving its inhabitants the light and heat necessary to their existence. They "knew" that the sun did this, for they saw him in the act, every day in their lives, rising in the east and setting in the west. Besides, it had been handed down from time immemorial from their ancestors, as an undoubted fact. Then, if this, with the ocular demonstration, were not entirely satisfactory, every man had the priest at his elbow, as well as in the great congregation of worshipers, to quote for the fact the cumulative authority of the Bible.

In the thirteenth century Science had found out a method of grinding glass, so as to give it a magnifying power. This invention not only gave new eyes to the blind, in the shape of spectacles, but to the investigator in the hidden world of Nature, the microscope, which revealed a world in every atom; and to the astronomer the telescope, which revealed a comparative atom in every world. This latter instrument proved to the human intellect that all the notions about the earth, above mentioned, were incorrect; that, instead of its being stationary, and the sun revolving round it every day, as seemed to be the case, it revolved round the sun, at the rate of 68,000 miles an hour, and more than a million and a half miles a day. No one can overestimate the benign effect produced on all the interests of the human family, by this triumph of Science over ignorance. Neither can he read, without holy indignation and cursing, of the cruelties practiced by the church upon the noble men who, by the microscope, gave the world of mankind another world of living beings, which they never suspected had any existence at all; and by the telescope, a revelation from the heavens which they could believe as true.

6. The next triumphant work accomplished by Science was in the

interest of justice and mercy, expressed in the term "civilization." It was the complete extirpation from the face of the earth of "witchcraft," which is defined by the lexicographers to be: Sorcery, intercourse with the devil, and power more than natural, and, therefore, miraculous. Let me offer a few preliminary and explanatory remarks. For 300 years after Christ the Christian church had no Bible which was recognized as a revelation from God, and an infallible standard of faith and morals. Her religious literature consisted of a mass of epistles and historical writings, each standing on its own merits, such as they were, but without any authority as inspired documents. In the fourth century, however, under the guidance of the Roman Emperor Constantine, the desideratum, a book of divine authority, was compiled by a Council of Bishops, out of the writings of the apostles and evangelists, to which was added the entire volume of the holy writings of the Jews, a people whose temple at Jerusalem had been destroyed by the Romans more than three hundred years before, and whose very nationality had been wiped out of existence. This Bible, consisting of sixty-six books, and called the Old and New Testaments, then received from the compilers the baptism of plenary inspiration.

7. This code of laws, ascribed to Moses, had in it one statute consisting only of eight words, which have been productive of more evil consequences to the world of mankind than any one sentence ever before spoken or written. It is recorded in the Jewish law-book, called Exodus, 22: 18, and reads thus: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." All human laws entitled to obedience have preambles, which are the introductory parts of a statute, and state the reasons and intents of the law, and are repealable for cause. But the peculiarity of this statute is that it is a "positive law," which does not give any reason for its enactment but the sole and absolute will of the law-giver, who, in this case, is Jehovah, recognized by the Jews, and then forever afterwards by the Christians, as the king and the supreme authority in the universe. It is important to remember in this discussion that this law of God has never been repealed, either by God himself, who alone has the right to do so, or by the church; but is in as full force and authority as it ever was, or as the Decalogue is.

8. A responsible English historian, some years ago, after careful inquiry among the records of European nations, published a statement, the correctness of which has never been questioned, that nine millions of women have been put to death on the charge of being witches. The Protestant nations of Europe rivaled the zeal of the Catholic nations in executing this divine law, for it was one of two important points on which

the two religions agreed. This holocaust of suffering victims, kept up century after century, first by the Jews and then, for a thousand years by the Christians, has burnt into the human character a scar of infamy which can never be effaced. Now, all the guilt of this iniquity lies at the door of the Christian priesthood, who all along taught the civil magistrates of the nations that witchcraft, by the law of God, revealed in the Bible, was a capital crime, and ought to be promptly executed. Therefore, unless history is an unmitigated liar, "The Sword of the Lord," which Gideon owned, and used in partnership with Jehovah, and which accomplished such terrible slaughter at Jezreel, became the natural inheritance of the priesthood of the Christian church, when it was organized by the apostles of Christ. In his epistle to the Hebrews, and his glorification of the Old Testament saints, Paul places at the head of the list of military chieftains the name of Gideon, whose warcry at every battle with the Canaanites was: "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." This weapon was kept sharp, and constantly bathed in blood, for a thousand years, by the priesthood, who treated the devotees of Science precisely as the Hebrews treated the natives of the Promised Land. But, Science, to her eternal honor, in all her defensive struggles against the organized ignorance and barbarism of the church, never shed one drop of human blood in retaliation. Even now, in the day of her glorious triumph, the nearest approach she has ever made to an exhibition of revenge is her silent contempt for the organization, and her persistent refusal to honor her old enemy, in any way. For of all the new stars she has discovered in the depths of space; the new planet in our solar system, discovered in 1846; and the more than 200 asteroids she has revealed to the world, during this century, there is not one of them she has allowed to bear the name of a Christian saint!

9. But the third, and probably the grandest triumph of Science has occurred in our day. During the ages of her infancy it was universally believed that what we call matter, all of which was then coarse and visible only to the naked eye, was created out of nothing and could be annihilated. But, in process of time, it was discovered, as one of the facts of the universe, that the matter composing our planet was a fixed quantity, and that not a particle of it had ever been created, or could ever be destroyed, but was subject to the law of eternal change, and progress. Inquiry being thus stimulated, it was soon proved to be true that all the forces of Nature, instead of being expended, and lost, were correlated and perpetuated in existence, forming one grand circle of power, which never ceased to act. The eagle eye of Prof. Tyndall saw and he said: "This doc-

trine of the conservation of energy was a generalization, the ultimate philosophical issues of which are as yet but dimly seen,—the doctrine which binds nature fast in fate, to an extent not hitherto recognized, exacting from every antecedent, and bringing vital, as well as physical phenomena, under the dominion of that law of causal connection which, so far as the human understanding has pierced, asserts itself everywhere in Nature."

10. Now, this language, when made plain to the common mind, means that the universe, composed of all the planetary systems existing in space, bound together by their mutual attractions, and all in motion, is a grand machine, in which all the natural forces, being correlated, and in full and constant play, deserves the name of an automaton. It looks as if Bruno, in the fifteenth century, had a crepuscular view of this subject, upon which the Science of our day is shedding much light, when he said that, "Nature in her productions does not imitate the technic of man. Her process is one of unraveling and unfolding. The infinity of forms under which matter appears, were not imposed upon it by an external artificer. By its own intrinsic force and virtue, it brings these forms forth. Matter is not the mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother, who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb." If we would take time to practice a little retrospection we would feel conscious, I think, that our own bodies are automations. The heart is a force-pump, and that indefinable thing called life works it. The arteries are valvular, to prevent a fatal regurgitation of the blood. The constant inhaling of the lungs, of the life-giving qualities of the atmosphere, and then expelling it as poison; the secretions; the process of digestion; and other necessary functions of the body, are all carried on independently of the will, and even without consciousness. In studying the mental part of the human character we find that, in common with all other locomotive animals on the earth, in the sea, and in the air, he is endowed with a will which precedes and prompts every act he performs. These acts are so multitudinous, even in the course of a single day, that, not to needlessly burden the memory, consciousness takes no notice of them. But when an important question comes before the mind that requires an answer he feels that his will is under the influence of conflicting motives, which prevent all action till the question is settled. There seems to be only one way whereby any living being can be ruled, so as not to destroy the order and harmony of the universe, and that is, by the use of considerations called "motives," because they influence the will, and result in the desired action. Each member of the human family, and all the

lower animals, by their constant activities, have everything to do in shaping the affairs of the universe, since every deed of every one of them forms a link in the chain of antecedents, and consequents, which connects the past with the future, and keeps up the character of the universe, as a system and a unit. The history of the world is full of instances where the most important events, settling the destiny of nations, and of men, were attributed to mere trifles as they appeared to be at the time they occurred, so that, in discussing this subject of motives, we can recognize no distinction between small and great. What is a powerful motive in influencing one man's will has no force at all in moving the will of another; and if an earthly king, having absolute power, were personally a good man, and knew the strong and weak points in the character of all his subjects, and had the control of all the motives necessary, the peace of his empire would never be broken, and all his subjects would be happy. Motives, in their influence on the will, are like weights in the merchant's scales, the heaviest outweigh the lightest, and settle the question. To illustrate: If an executive officer in a government is ordered to arrest a man charged with violating the law, and the man resists, the officer may summon a posse comitatus and use physical, or brute, force for the purpose. But while the struggle is going on another man appears upon the scene who, personally knowing the transgressor, adopts a different method of reaching the same end, by moral suasion. He presents, in a quiet way, one motive after another to the mind of the accused, which convinces him that, upon the whole, it is his best policy to submit to authority, and go with the officer. In this proceeding, one or a dozen motives combined, did their work in changing the transgressor's will, and he "felt" that he was doing exactly as he pleased, in submitting. But when we subject the case to the examination and judgment of the intellect, we see that the prisoner acted under the iron law of necessity, as much as a cannon ball does when it is let go at a given height, and falls to the ground by gravitation. For the good of the family, of society, of the state, and for the quiet of the universe, it is, obviously, the best arrangement that every individual subject of government should carry with him, wheresoever he goes, a sense or feeling of accountability for all his actions. Hence, as a matter of fact, no man, justly convicted of a crime, was ever known to defend, or excuse himself, when arraigned for trial before a court and jury by the plea that he was so strongly tempted to commit the deed, he could not resist the motive.

11. Here we are met with the problem which, in every age, has been a bone of controversy between metaphysics and theology; and as the fate of the universe is of more importance than that of one of the atoms com-

posing it, the reader must indulge me in considering a thought or two. A class of theologians in the last century, feeling that the doctrine of the absolute sovereignty of God, in doing what he pleased with the world he had created out of nothing, and all its inhabitants, invaded the freedom of their wills, gave way to the idea that every man had a self-determining power, which enabled him to conquer the force of every motive that came before his mind; otherwise he could not be free in his actions, and, therefore, an accountable being. They were so carried away by this hallucination that they actually denied to God his attribute of foreknowledge as to the future wicked acts of human beings, because, if God foreknew them, then they were certain to take place as fixed events, for no man and no God could either foresee, or aftersee, a thing which had no existence in fact, or in a plan to be executed in the future; and if he had the power, by his almightiness, to prevent their occurrence, and did not exercise it, he would inculpate himself in sin. But if, as the Science of this day points out, the universe is a complete machine, and governs itself, it would never do, even for a single man, crazed with the idea that he had a self-determining power to control his own will, and do as he pleased, to get loose. It would be as dangerous to the universe, as a display of fireworks would be in a gunpowder factory. But, from the higher aspect afforded us by the modern philosophy, when we bring our intellects, instead of our feelings and prejudices, to bear upon the question, we see that, as necessary parts of the universe, made up of all its infinite fractions, we have no more freedom of will and action than the wheels and valves of a locomotive engine have, when the steam in the boiler is driving a train of cars, at the rate of forty miles an hour.

12. The only man of any great consequence I ever heard of, who, on this point, fairly struck the nail on its head, drove it home, and then clinched it, was the Apostle Peter, when, on the day of the Pentecost, at Jerusalem, in discoursing to a large audience of people concerning the death of Jesus of Nazareth, which had recently taken place, said: "Him being delivered by the determinate counsel, and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands, have crucified and slain." Now, here are two facts plainly stated. The first is that, whoever the person called "God" was, whether Jehovah, the God of the Jews, or the tri-personal God of the Christians, Jesus was delivered up by him, after deliberate counsel, into the hands of his enemies, to be crucified. As a future event, in what theologians call the scheme or plan of salvation, it was as fixed and as certain to take place as the rising of to-morrow's sun; otherwise it could not be an object of foresight. But neither holy angels,



nor good men, could have seen their way clear, to save the whole human race from hell, to imbrue their hands in the blood of so innocent a man as Jesus of Nazareth is admitted to have been. But the only hope entertained by the countless millions of Christian believers who have lived and died during the last 2,000 years, of escaping eternal punishment in a lake of fire and brimstone, rested upon the fact that the merit of the sufferings and death of Jesus would be imputed to them for justification, when the great day of the final account would come. Yet, in the same breath, he charges his audience with having voluntarily taken, and by wicked hands to have crucified and slain an innocent man. This is the other fact. Does the one falsify the other? How can one eternal truth, or fact, give the lie to another? Or, is there not an underground, invisible connection between them?

13. Now, without attributing divine inspiration to this utterance of Peter, and without his conscious intention, it looks as if he expressed, in a nebulous way, the very idea which the Science of the nineteenth century is revealing, in the doctrine of the conservation and correlation of all the forces and facts of Nature, as is illustrated, in the method of Evolution. Whatever else may seem enigmatical this seems to be plain, that the universe is a vast machine of automatic forces, each having an individuality and a function of its own, such as we see on an infinitesimal scale, in our own bodies, and all under government. As the accurate science of mathematics could not take a single step in demonstrating a proposition without a concession called an axiom, or self-evident truth, so Science, in accounting for the universe, and the harmonious government of its affairs, instead of regarding it as an eternal jumble of accidents, and incidents, accepts the axiom that it is an automaton, which never was created, and never needs an overseer. Peter and his brother Paul were religious men, ignorant of what we mean by the word Science, and only concerned about human souls and their salvation from hell fire, a topic on which Nature, thus far, declines to answer many questions, although Science has recently admitted into her sisterhood a new department of inquiry called Psychology, or the science of the human soul, which may, in time, reveal some new truths. These men, had they lived in the last, instead of the first, century of our era, from the apparent structure, and bent of their minds, would have agreed with the "necessitarians," who had at least a profile view of the subject. Had they lived in this century they would accept with joyous satisfaction the sublime system of truth, revealed to the world in the modern Philosophy. For, the grand proposition seems to be true, beyond all peradventure, that not only our solar system, but the whole

of the universe, is bound together by invisible, intangible, antagonistic and almighty forces, which in their mutual play upon each other, secures its unity and harmony. Two of these forces, electricity and magnetism, our mechanics are now utilizing in machinery. But how, as necessary and constituent parts in a universe constantly in the most rapid motion, we isolate ourselves and feel that we are free to act, is the insolvable enigma we must face. The struggle is between our sense, or conscience, and our knowledge. We feel that we are absolutely free to do as we please, but we see by our intellects, and therefore know as a fact, that every deed we commit is a link in the chain of antecedents and consequents which binds the two eternities together, and that the only freedom a man has when his environment is playing the devil with his will is to pause and summon up by his reason and memory, good enough and strong enough motives to outweigh the bad ones, and thus, in a sense, change the environment.

14. The snows which accumulate on the tops of high mountains form masses of ice called glaciers, which, when gravitation loosens them from their bases, sends them down to the plains below. They move slowly, but irresistibly, grinding into powder all the obstacles that stand in their way. So, in the world of mind, a great pregnant truth, when it is first discovered by science, and generalized, starts in its progress, like a glacier, and little by little plows its way among falsehoods of all kinds, crushing them out of existence. I pointed out how Science annihilated, root and branch, the Ptolemaic system of Astronomy, after it had enjoyed an undisputed reign of authority for a thousand years. I showed also, that the colossal system of ignorance, and crime, known in history as "witchcraft," after slaughtering millions of innocent women, silently bowed itself off the stage of existence, in Europe, by the illuminating influence of Science alone. And in our day we see the same dynamic effect being produced upon the various systems of dogmatic theology, embodied in the church, by the newly-discovered doctrine of the conservation and correlation of the forces of Nature, and its twin sister, Evolution. Let me, in a few paragraphs, explain the *quo modo*.

15. Every religion, now existing in the world, or that ever did exist, is based, solely, upon "miracles;" and a miracle means the arrest and suspension of a law of nature, by a man to whom, it is claimed, God has loaned, for the time being, his attribute of almightiness, as credentials, that he is an Ambassador Extraordinary, sent on this special mission, the only object of which is to induce the people who witness the miracle to believe implicitly every statement, on the subject of religion which the miracle-worker makes. I need hardly say that the success of a miracle

depends entirely upon the condition that the people to be convinced should be profoundly ignorant, and, therefore, credulous, and that is the reason why miracle-working in Europe ceased after the revival of learning began. There is as much need of miracles now as there ever was, for the church has no civil power now, either in Europe or this country, to force her mediaeval dogmas upon the belief of the people; and the masses have learned to read and think to such an extent that authority has lost all its old power of control and skepticism has become the order of the day. Besides, this is an age of machinery, and every mechanic knows that strict compliance with the laws of the universe is the condition of his success; and he sees clearly that an arrest and suspension of these laws, called a miracle, if it had ever taken place, would have had the same effect upon the machinery of the universe as the increasing, or diminishing, to the extent of an inch, of the diameters of the driving wheels on one side of a locomotive engine would have on the progress of a train of loaded cars going at its highest rate of speed.

16. This nineteenth century has inflicted two blows on the great fortress of superstition, either of which would prove fatal. The first is the complete but unintended destruction, by Science, of the credibility of miracles. This I have discussed. I now proceed to touch upon the second, and then bring this dissertation to a close. Two clergymen, some forty years ago, one of them an American and the other an Englishman, gifted with far better hearts than intellects, and with the view of making the church more attractive to intelligent and good men than it was, made a deadly assault on her cardinal doctrine of hell fire. I say "cardinal," because the word means the hinge on which the whole system of religion turns. But they lacked the faculty of nice discernment, and, therefore, did not see that, as in an arch of masonry, a heavy building erected on it, if they would take away the keystone, either suddenly and violently or little by little, the superincumbent pressure would disintegrate all the rest of the stones and ultimately bring the edifice into ruin. Now, the creeds of Christendom being its bond of union, all grow out of, and rest upon, this dogma of eternal hell fire. It is the keystone which binds together and supports the whole Pauline system of theology, as taught in the New Testament, and gives the reason why it is a system or subject at all, having a beginning, a middle, and an end, in contradistinction to all other creeds. It is, indeed, true that Paul deals in dogmas alone, but he is peculiar in this, that he is logical in the use of them, so that, if you concede to him, as a starting point, his fundamental idea that the world was made out of

nothing by a personal creator, he will carry you with him, link by link, to his "quod erat demonstrandum."

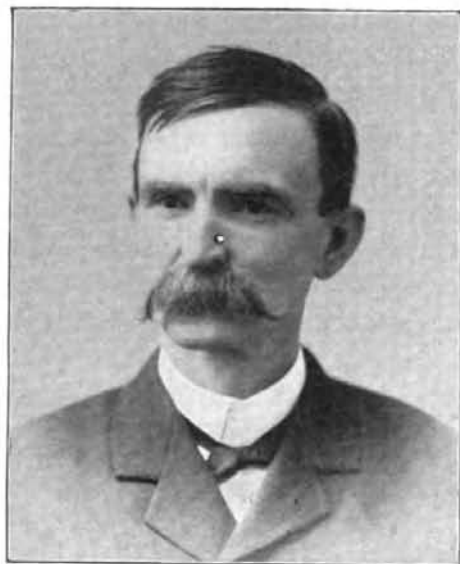
17. The theology of Paul began with the doctrine that the whole human race, to the end of time, were the constituents in law of their representative, Adam, in the Garden of Eden; and that, when he fell they fell with him. To glorify his justice God resolved to punish, with everlasting misery, a portion of this fallen race, and to display his mercy he resolved to save another portion from such a fate. Hence, the conception of a trinity, in which the Father is the chief person who is offended, and must be appeased; the Son is to look after the Father's honor, and to act also for his clients, the transgressors. To this end he must be born of a woman; first, to be able to suffer and die for his clients; and, secondly, to give the necessary value to his sufferings. And the function of the Holy Ghost, in the execution of this plan, was to apply the redemption purchased by the atoning Son to the redeemed ones. But see the logical use Paul makes of his dogmas. That very Holy Ghost was the father of Jesus, the Savior, by the virgin Mary. And yet, in the doctrine of the Procession of the Holy Ghost, which in the ninth century split the Christian church, and still keeps it split, the Western, or Catholic church, took the ground, and still holds it, that the Holy Ghost "proceeded," or was eternally begotten, and born, of the Father and the Son, jointly, instead of the Father only, as the Eastern, or Greek church, held, and still holds to-day. When the great secession from the Catholic church took place, in the sixteenth century, all the Protestant sects, one after another, as they were organized upon their respective creeds, agreed with the mother church, on this point, and remain so to this day. The martyr Servetus, who was put to death with slow fire at Geneva, in 1553, believed as firmly as Calvin did that Jesus was the Son of God, but he could not believe in the "Eternal Sonship," because that clearly implied that a son could be as old as his father, and, indeed, older, too; for, if Jesus was the only begotten Son of the Holy Ghost, by the virgin Mary, and if the Holy Ghost was the offspring of the Father and the Son jointly, then it is clear that Jesus was older than his father! This was of a piece with the doctrine of the perpetual virginity of Holy Mary, mother of God, who had not only one son, by the Holy Ghost, but, as Scripture teaches (Mark 6: 3), four other sons, and at least two daughters, of human parentage.

Thus we see that a constant sense of exposure to the agonies of eternal hell fire—for hardly ever do we find a Christian who is absolutely certain that he belongs to the "elect"—is the mother dogma of the whole brood, which are necessary to execute the plan of salvation from the

wrath to come. Precisely what steam is in moving the machinery of a vast factory so the doctrine of hell is to the colossal machinery of the church. But when the day, foreseen by Science as a certainty, actually comes, the church, as an organization, with its property in buildings, and vested funds, will not stand tenantless, or in ruins, like the Coliseum at Rome, and other melancholy monuments of barbarism. Evolution is Nature's alembic, in which she distills ultimate good out of present evil. There is no such thing in this world as the annihilation of an atom, but only a constant change, and for the better. Christianity was an evolution out of the religion of the Greeks and Romans. Protestantism was an evolution of Catholicism. Boston Unitarianism was evolved out of the Puritan orthodoxy of New England. And when Science, by the instrumentality of evolution and criticism, dethrones the devil, and banishes him from the great organization called the church, every ecclesiastical building will be an academy, or hall of science; every pulpit will be converted into a platform, and be occupied by an able man, who will address crowded and delighted audiences every week, on topics worth discussing.

## THE MOORS OF SPAIN.

BY CHARLES KENT TENNEY.



CHARLES KENT TENNEY.

NO RACE of people have ever lived upon the earth who are so little appreciated, or understood, as the Moors of Spain. There are no people entitled to so much credit, and to whom so much is due by present civilized mankind. But for their energy in the collection, and determination in the preservation of ancient literature, science and art, assisted by their brother Arabs of the East, it is doubtful if one scrap of ancient learning, literature, science and art would have been preserved. But for this determination all would have gone by order of the Christian church, as went the Alexandrian and other libraries, and as went the literature and learning of the Aztecs,

in Mexico, by command of the archbishop, where manuscripts described as mountains in height, were deliberately destroyed by the application of the torch.

We have been taught in the past to believe that the Moors of Spain were but little better than savage barbarians, hostile to Christianity, and to the advance of civilization, and a constant menace to the welfare of Spain; that through God's wrath they were finally driven from that country. The history of the church reveals to the unprejudiced mind the true reasons for these falsehoods. Judging from succeeding history, it would seem that this wrath has since been more justly and severely inflicted upon the victors, and that the wrongdoer not only brings punishment upon himself, but even unto succeeding generations. With the Christian church since in full control, there are no people on the earth who have so keenly felt the iron heel of despotism, or who have been reduced to such general total ignorance and abject poverty, as has been the common mass of the people in poor, benighted, priest-ridden Spain.

How different would have been the result had the Moors been allowed to continue on in the even tenor of their way. Building and maintaining great universities and schools, and gathering up and preserving

all the history and learning of the past ages, and giving to the world great inventors, astronomers, philosophers, mathematicians, physicians, and men thoroughly versed in all departments of knowledge. The comparison between the victor and the vanquished is nearly as great as between our most enlightened citizen and the inhabitant of the mud hovel of an interior African village. The driving out of the Moors retarded the advance of civilization nearly five hundred years. It left the poor Spaniard in the densest of priest-ridden superstition and ignorance. As Spain, when occupied by the Moors, was the cradle of civilization, it should now be the center of all learning, respected and honored by the people of all nations, instead of despised and hated for its almost total ignorance, and its natural and legitimate outgrowth, cruelty, treachery and barbarity. It is not true that the Moors were a race of savage barbarians; the exact reverse is the fact. A long-delayed justice should be done this people. It is true they were hostile to the Christian church, but not because they were Mohammedans, or differed in their conception of God, but because the Christian church was at this time using its utmost efforts to strangle all knowledge, and prevent all education of the masses, and laying its iron grip on all natural rights of life, liberty or property, and enforcing its unscrupulous and wicked demands by the fagot and the inquisition.

Their own religious belief tolerated no persecutions for opinion's sake. The cruelties and persecutions of the Christian church were repulsive and abhorrent to their refined sense of right and justice. They befriended and took the part of the Jews, who took refuge among them in great numbers, to escape Christian persecution. They loved their own religion, which was of the broad, humanitarian kind, and which tolerated honest self-conviction. They believed in but one God, the father, but they burned no one at the stake because he thought the son was of the same age as the father. They built great cities and palaces; Cordova, the capital, had then more than a million inhabitants; it has now less than 200,000. All of its streets were paved, and at a time when, if one stepped out of a building, in Paris, into the street, he found himself in mud up to the ankles. Public and private baths were in abundance. They improved agriculture, introduced new plants and fruits, and their flower gardens were marvels of beauty. They manufactured cotton and other fabrics, and utensils, and their commerce reached to all parts of the known world. Their houses, even the poorest, were filled with the products of civilization. They dressed as became enlightened human beings, and their wives and daughters bedecked themselves with silks, satins and jewels. Countless thousands of volumes adorned the shelves of their

libraries. Many of their inventions are in common use with us to-day, and many of the works of their astronomers, mathematicians and physicians are yet standard authority. They did not believe in the cross, but they built and maintained great hospitals, and engaged in many public and private charitable works.

While they were thus living in the quiet ease and comfort which their honest industry and civilization had brought, and acquired through the education of the masses, how were their poor Christian neighbors, in Western Europe, whose opportunities were identically the same, living? The occupants of caves, or may be they had risen to the dignity of mud huts. No door to close the opening; no window to admit light. The fire was in the center, and the smoke escaped through an opening in the top. No chairs, no table, no bed, save a poorly tanned skin, stretched on the ground in one corner of the hovel. No clothing, except of the same material as the bed. What game and fish that could be caught in a rude way, and often not cooked, was their diet, with the possible exception of a few roots, for agriculture with them was a lost art. They were dirty, greasy and filthy, for how could they be otherwise? Their ignorance was beyond comparison. Their religion had brought them to this condition. Their ancestors, with a different religion, had known far better things. If sick, they sought some shrine at which to worship, or, if too ill, some supposed saint's bones were rubbed over the afflicted part.<sup>h</sup> It was death by the fagot to employ a heathen physician. That is, the bones were used if they had means to obtain them from the church, and if not, they were left to die, and of course went straight to the infernal regions, where "the unbaptized babe is doomed to forever crawl upon the burning floors of hell," and "where after it has passed years as there are drops of water in the oceans, blades of grass upon the earth, and leaves upon the trees, it will be just at the commencement of its punishment."

The climatic and physical surroundings of the people of Western Europe were better, if anything, than those of the Moors, and we have but to look upon the two pictures to determine the cause of their condition. Since the abolition of the cause, the people of Western Europe have made rapid strides, and now lead the world in advanced thought, civilization and enlightenment.

As the policy of the Christian church was to keep the great mass of the people in abject ignorance, that they might be made more subservient to its iron will, and the policy of the Moors was to advance all mankind, that he might better understand nature, and enjoy the life which he was to live, policies directly antagonistic, the Moors, of course, incurred the



bitter hostility of the church, and the church, being more powerful, finally succeeded in their extinguishment, although it took several hundred years to accomplish this result. That few hundred years, short as it was, had sown the seeds of modern civilization so effectually and well, that it has so far resulted in the complete separation of church and state. It was the beginning, since the Christian era, of liberty of thought and conscience; the beginning of the overthrow of that system which depends for its existence upon the superstition and ignorance of the masses.

Too much praise cannot, therefore, be given to the Moors of Spain. That race has fulfilled its destiny. It has nearly accomplished its mighty mission. It has given us liberty of thought and conscience, and although its accomplishment has been slow, it has been certain. Slowly and surely as it worked the civilization of Western Europe, so in the end will the seeds sown by the Moors of Spain work the overthrow of that system which is based on superstition and ignorance. Let us do honor to those to whom we are so much indebted.

Madison, Wis.

## THE EVOLUTION OF SEXUAL MORALITY.\*

BY MILES M. DAWSON.



MILES MENANDER DAWSON.

UNTIL within a century or so it was for more than a thousand years assumed by nearly everybody in Europe that what we knew about everything was known through divine revelation. Gradually this was modified to the opinion that at least we could not possibly know anything that was inconsistent with divine revelation. But little by little, working in special fields and usually doing no generalizing beyond those fields, scientists have made steady encroachments upon the domain of revelation until it is now conceded that what man knows about the phenomena of nature he knows through his own investigation, and not because he was told by means of divine inspiration.

But it is still thought by many millions of persons that what men know of morals, of right and wrong, is from revelation. Indeed, it is even held by many that in the absence of faith in the revelation one as a matter of course will be found immoral because, the assumption is, he can thus have the best time and, not fearing punishment therefor nor expecting a reward for refraining, he will inevitably seek his summum bonum, i. e., the best time. But, when it is seen, as a Catholic young woman once said to me, that so many of these infidels are really good men according to the conventional standards, despite their unbelief, somehow the confidence that immortality inevitably attends infidelity perceptibly lessens.

Still there is really no flaw in the reasoning if the real sanctions for our conventional morality were the fear of punishment and the hope of reward: unless it be granted that the good time that is imagined by our pervert religious friends is not a summum bonum to a healthy mind. In other words, unless it is conceded that below the theological sanction lies

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the sanction of men's consent that to do what is esteemed right is profitable, and to do what is esteemed wrong is unprofitable.

But, if the standard exists independently of the revelation, it is evident that the revelation, if there was one, was not required in order to introduce the standard and to give it authority. The idea of authoritative morals belongs to that mental habit which considers that the phenomena of nature were spoken into existence instead of that they grew to be. In a like manner men think that rules of action were commands, instead of customs.

The Romans had a clearer and truer view, for they put the origin of morals into the very name "*mores*," which meant no more than customs.

If it were worth while to argue out this question with theologians on their own ground, we might call their attention to the circumstance that even by their chronicles a knowledge of good and evil, which is the foundation of morality did not come from God but was acquired by man in disobedience to the command of God. Satan, in fact, was the encourager of man in this primal investigation; so runs the narrative.

But we have no need to turn to this sort of answering the fool according to his folly; acknowledging no force in biblical texts that is authoritative; we have no need to employ ourselves at merely controverting by his own authorities the simple or dogmatic man, who makes an imperfect book his object of worship. The more serious duty awaits us of investigating for our own enlightenment and that of other hospitable minds, how our standard of morals came to be and how especially our views of sexual morality came to be.

In the first place, it is very easily demonstrable that in its cardinal principles our standards did not come from the Bible at all, nor from the church. Let us take, for instance, the principle of monogamy, which is certainly the central point of our modern view of sexual morality. Scan the Bible, both Old and New Testament, from cover to cover, and you find not one word condemnatory of polygamy. In addition to this, both Bible accounts and history abound with evidence that the people among whom the Bible was evolved, were accustomed to polygamy, and that those of them who remained on that soil have retained the custom to this day, except as it was overcome by ulterior influences.

Notwithstanding this, the church to-day claims the field of marriage as peculiarly within its province, and would punish polygamy as severely as if it had a "*Thus saith the Lord*," for its opposition to the practice. This is an instance of the adoption of a moral idea into the church from the customs prevailing before it began, and of investing this adopted idea

with all the sacredness of a divine command, without the least pretense that such a command exists anywhere.

There are many instances, but this alone is entirely germane to the subject in hand.

Moreover, even the selection and illustration of these inconsistencies, while it demonstrates the fallacy of the revelation hypothesis, is not of so much importance as other lines of investigation, if one is to endeavor to discover how the prevailing ideas of sexual morality did evolve.

To the end of accelerating our investigation, it is proper to consider what is the fundamental conception of morality, according to the church. It is plainly that of individualism. Morality, from the church view, is an individual affair, a matter between a man and his God. Other men, as men, and particularly as society, are not parts of the idea, except as means afforded the individual to do moral or immoral things. The sin is against God and one's own soul.

Now the Romans did also better than this. Their conception of morals, as appears from the very name, had to do with society, for only in and from society could customs grow up. Indeed, it is susceptible of proof that customs are merely means of self-protection which society necessarily evolves, comprising the common view of what is wisest and best. The theory that every man should conform with these rules is drawn from the consideration that men must live in society, and that society is impossible except by establishing certain regulations of association.

From this standpoint, the immoral man is that vile bird who fouls his own nest. He acts unreasonably and against his own real interest, certainly against the interests of those men who constitute society with him.

The theory that morals is a matter between a man and his God leads to the application of a singular sort of remedy for the social injuries which a man's infractions of morals inflict. The remedy is reconciliation with God. This is accomplished, not by undoing the evil so far as may be, but by obtaining some sort of propitiation of the anger of God.

In sexual matters, this is, according to prevailing church standards, most frequently obtainable principally by augmenting the social evils which spring from the wrong rather than by seeking to cure these evils.

One or two instances of this it may be desirable to mention. Let us take, first, the case of a man who has broken his marriage vow and abandoned his wife for another woman. Or, to make the case more concrete, let us take the case of Frank Magowan, of Trenton, which is fresh in all men's minds hereabout. Mayor Magowan had for years been shameless-

ly and flagrantly promiscuous in his attentions, in spite of which fact the good people of Trenton stood by him, his wife did not forsake him, and political preferment was proffered him. His many injuries to women and to society were condoned without being in any sense repaired. This course was clearly church-like; the man's offenses were, you know, a matter between himself and his God.

But at last a change came over him. With a singularly awakened conscience he suddenly wanted to do what he could to remedy his latest wrong, i. e., by marrying the woman who was cast off on his account. Plainly such a solution ought to have given social satisfaction. No real injury was thereby done to his former wife, who, if she was content to be mated with a faithless husband, should not have been content and would not have been, had not her own eyes been blinded by the same sophistry that a man's sin is a matter between himself and his God, and that it was a virtue instead of a vice for her to endure. If her eyes had been entirely open, she also should have welcomed this sign of awakening manhood. And society as a whole certainly should have made it as easy for Magowan to repair the wrong he had done as possible.

But then came in this religious phase of it. Although according to their sacred books a man could have as many wives as he could get to marry him, and although the laws, both of New Jersey and of Jesus, pronounced him severed from his first wife for his own crime, still, with a direct view to preventing Quixotic attempts to undo such wrongs, so far as I can see, religious society has done all it could to make Magowan be as faithless to his second wife as he was to his first.

But, it may be said, this is the behavior of men who may not be at all following the commands of the Bible. Let us, then, take up the commands of the Bible itself in matters where the absence of remedy, nay, the interference with the remedy for wrongs, is even clearer.

Let us take the case of a child born out of wedlock. For society this is, or at least may be, a serious matter. It is, therefore, possible, for it to be a very great wrong to have caused a human life thus to come into being.

What would be the rational thing to do about it when it does happen? Plainly to minimize the social consequences so far as possible by providing for proper care for the mother and child, by securing for the child education and opportunity and freedom from social discredit. To bring these things about should be the penalty that is placed upon the responsible persons. The interests of society demand this sort of remedy.

What does the Bible command men to do about it? First of all, the

God of the Bible expressly disqualified the child from partaking in religious ceremonies. Under this rule, Jesus, the kindly wanderer whom men nowadays call God's son, could not enter the temple or a synagogue without contaminating it. Moreover, such a child's children to the seventh generation were disgraced in the same way.

Magnificent remedy, is it not? And of a piece with the sort of remedies which the church affords in these days. The law, arising from the ancient, heathen customs of the people, is wiser, better and more humane. It fixes the responsibility in an honest effort to repair the social injury. On the contrary, in religion it is, as ever, a matter between a man and his God, concerning which the man should snivel, repent and be forgiven by his God, whereupon he can hold his head aloft, forgetful of the unrepaired social injury.

I may seem to have dwelt upon these things overmuch; but my purpose has been to fix your attention upon the view that morality is a social matter. Did man live unto himself alone, morality would never have been evolved. I do not mean to say by this that if a man, already instructed by society, were to live to himself alone, there could be no moral worth in his thoughts or deeds; but merely to say that there must first be the comprehension of society and the recognition of social duties.

This discovery is comparatively late. You can, to be sure, discover intimations of the idea all down through history. The command of reciprocity: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," is an intimation of it. The selection of the name "mores," meaning customs, is another intimation of it. But, after all is said and done, it is nevertheless true that in working out moral systems the philosophers based them on theories of individualism, pure and simple, as did the priests, also.

So true is this that, despite its original significance, the word "morals" has come to mean something so connected with the idea of the individual and the idea of sin against an omnipotent tyrant, that in evolving a truer view of the subject many investigators have thought it wisest to drop the old names and adopt entirely new names, saying, for instance, "social" and "anti-social," instead of right and wrong.

These new words indicate the course for investigation of how morals have already been evolved, and they also indicate a course for constructing morals much more surely and safely than was possible on any of the old empirical theories. Perhaps, as we shall see, there is nothing more necessary to accomplish than to progress our moral opinions on sexual matters by some such a scientific system, not so much because of the deficiencies of the old system as because, in losing its hold upon men's minds,

it leaves a dangerous opportunity open for speculation and experiment. In proof of this I call to witness a multitude of vagaries in sex theories which have had sway over groups of people in the last century. These plainly grow out of removing the sanction of old standards without developing a rational standard instead of proving that the old standard had a deeper and more abiding *raison d'être* than the religious.

First, let us spend a little time, however, considering how sexual morality came to its present development. Man in his primitive state belonged to that group of animals, among which the requirements of a protracted infancy called inevitably for a long period of parental attention. The study of natural history abundantly proves that in such species, when conditions exist which call for the co-operation of sire and mother for a considerable period, a measure of conjugal fidelity is found to exist, as if in order to secure the proper nourishment of the offspring.

This conjugal fidelity may only extend to watching over an entire group of females and offspring, as is the case among wild horses and cattle, or it may extend to looking after only one female and her offspring, as is the case with most birds and with lions, for instance.

Except, therefore, in the simplest barbarism and in the semi-tropical regions, where needs were few, infancy short and maternal attention sufficient for the child, absolute promiscuity, without even a semblance of permanent union, could not consistently exist. Accordingly, from all historic times to the present, we find the institution of marriage, which implies continued care on the part of the father for his offspring, and for the mother of his offspring. The development of never so little civilization, with the multiplication of men's wants, brought with it the lengthening of the period of infancy and the necessity for more complete training before the child could be expected to cope with the conditions of living. All this brought with it inevitably the system of marriage as we now know it, and the rules of morality which condemns unions that are not entered into with a view to permanency.

The question of the number of wives—or of husbands, for that matter, as witness to this day the customs of Thibet—was a separate matter. It has been settled variously, according to two differentiations, one depending upon the clime and the other upon other social conditions. The nomadic life, with its sharp distinction between the ruling classes and the ruled—the former owning everything, including the very persons of the ruled, and the latter owning nothing, not even their own persons—tended with almost irresistible force to establish the system of polygamy. The abundance of the means of livelihood on the part of the master, and the

servile condition of women, conspired to make a multiplicity of wives the inevitable custom. It is now perfectly understood that similar conditions everywhere tend to establish customs which are really polygamous, though distinguished by the name of concubinage. And we have learned that the condition of mastery and vassalage is itself so evil a thing for society that it is not needful to remark that a marriage custom which grows out of it, and out of it only, must be injurious to society, except that it is perhaps almost a virtue for polygamy to be openly recognized as lawful where these conditions, which practically compel it, continue to exist.

Polygamy has scarcely at all been able to find a recognized foothold in the temperate or the frigid zones. Its natural home is the tropics, and even there the development of a high and exacting civilization, and especially of free institutions, as almost certainly fatal to it. It is essentially an outgrowth of the ideas of monarchy or oligarchy; it is inconsistent with democracy. The numbers of men and women being approximately equal, it is fairly evident that under a democratic regime, especially if accompanied with anything like equality in this world's goods, the tendency will be toward monogamy.

History approves this statement. In the great regions of the temperate zone, where getting a living, even in barbaric times, required so much of a man's labor that he could not support so many petty tyrants, and where democratic ideas first grew to virility, monogamy early flourished. It was because it was firmly seated in Roman civilization that the Christian church adopted it into the things which their God, without ever mentioning the matter, had ordered people to conform to.

The complex and diversified demands which society now makes upon men render a longer period of tutelage unavoidable for children, which means that the attention of father and mother is needed for a longer period than of old. In fact, in the bearing and rearing of a family, a very large part of a man's lifetime is necessarily spent if he assumes the responsibilities of fatherhood at all. Even if it were established that his right to enter new marital relations began when his parental duties to one brood had been performed, it would be established at the same time that physically he had no right, by reason of his age, to again assume those responsibilities. Consequently, it appears clear that the social conditions which now exist, and the social conditions which have nearly always existed in civilized countries, require the marriage of one man to one woman, with a view to a union for life.

These social conditions no doubt brought about the recognition of



monogamy as right and of polygamy as wrong. The social well-being, without conscious reasoning on men's part, became the consideration.

This is the way of custom. But, like the results of other forces of nature, when not intelligently directed by men, the crystallization of men's ideas into customs is imperfect. And this is especially so after custom has been made a fetich and moral maxims are not merely asserted to have originated with Solon or Confucius or other revered teachers, but are said to have been revealed by God.

This religious connection has greatly impaired the value, it is to be feared, of the institution of marriage. For what should have been treated merely as a binding and an important contract, in which society as well as the parties to the contract had rights, was transmuted into a sacrament. At first blush, in view of the great importance of the contract, this may seem to have been a gain instead of a loss, but it is really no such thing.

Let us consider how it would surely have developed if the church had kept its hands off. The people would certainly have recognized every sexual union as a marriage, and the sentiment of direct responsibility for parentage would have been tremendously strengthened, for under no circumstances would a man have felt free to disclaim the responsibilities which he had assumed. The union which he formed would, without church interference, almost certainly have been held to be binding for life, subject to such privilege of revocation as society for its own protection thought proper to permit.

Which would be most likely to be careful about lightly forming unions, a man who understood that to have done so would be considered nothing improper, but that it would bind him for life, or a man who understood it to be improper, but that it would not bind him at all?

To the credit of woman, whose instincts even when in degradation generally lead her to choose blindly the highest attainable for her mate, and, therefore, for the possible father of her offspring, men generally in forming temporary unions deceive or bewilder women whom they would not consider eligible for mates. They are playing with the most priceless instinct, from the evolutionary standpoint, that the human race possesses, the unconscious longing of the mothers to be for higher orders of things, "for something higher than they have known," to paraphrase Whittier.

Would they thus play with this instinct if the consequence was not to be the possibility of disgrace but the certainty that the union thus formed would be regarded as lawful and reputable and binding for life, subject to legal revocation, with provision for the woman and her children, if any?

To ask the question is to answer it. These men do not wish to wed these women. The proof is in the fact that they do not do so, for there is now nothing to hinder, unless a prior marriage exists. They would not marry them in most cases, if marriage were a simple contract, sufficiently evidenced by proof of sexual union; they would simply leave them alone. And in those cases which might turn out otherwise, no great social injury would be done. For the idea of the contract would be that men might make it if they so desired. Society would certainly have no such reason to object, as it has at present, to the lewd unions which are formed.

The ideal position for men to occupy in society is to be free from restraint, but to be strictly responsible for their own acts. And this applies here rather more aptly than in some other matters. For it is evident that the curse of our marriage system has been in relieving men of the natural responsibilities for their own acts; has been in attaching criminality to the act of sexual union, which should be innocent, instead of to the act of shirking manly responsibilities, which is essentially and vitally vicious.

The state has every reason, in protection of society, to require public actions to secure divorces, for society is there interested in securing just fulfillment of obligations. Therefore, although no effort should be made to compel unsuitable or dissatisfied persons to live together, it appears clear that the state should interfere to provide for certain performance of the duties assumed by both parties, and especially toward children.

The state has also every reason to require unions to be with permanence in view, and therefore to disregard all stipulations to the contrary in any agreement.

But the state has no especial interest in requiring any set form or any publicity as a prerequisite to binding marriage. On the contrary, if marriage were made a matter of simple agreement, either public or private, of which proof of sexual union would be sufficient evidence, the state would be best served; for society would cause the sense of life responsibility to attach to all unions in the minds of both parties to them.

As we have seen, the conditions of civilized life require for the rearing of offspring that unions shall be permanent, and also that they be of one husband and one wife. It may happen, however, that despite the force of this requirement, men will surreptitiously enter into other unions. This evil is perhaps ineradicable, so long, at least, as the great inequalities continue to exist in personal fortunes. The introduction of a democracy of wealth would almost completely free society from it, just as the

abolition of servile conditions wiped out polygamy as a recognized institution. But in the meanwhile the evil may be much mitigated by the same course of holding one strictly responsible.

What is meant is this: At present the law declares bigamy a crime; when a man commits it, the law punishes him, but it also declares the marriage void. Now this last part of the law's effect is all wrong. Society, to be sure, does not want bigamy to be practiced. Consequently, it should put a penalty upon committing the offense. But bigamy, once committed, is bigamy; it is a stubborn fact, not to be removed by a mere dictum of the law. Consequently, the wives should each have the right to require the fulfillment of her contract. In our modern society, a worse consequence of bigamy than to be compelled to live an open bigamist in a society which disapproves of it, could hardly be imagined. Of course, one or both unions should be dissolved upon proper application, and the giving of proper guaranties for the performance of the abiding duties.

The common law of England, which always was in advance of the church in actual morality, is far in advance in this matter of what constitutes marriage. One consequence is that in this and other states men who have actually formed unions, but who have considered that they were not bound because the marriages were not solemnized, have found that this view was erroneous. A contract of marriage is a contract of marriage, and if accompanied by mutual recognition as husband and wife, and by living together as such, it is binding.

The only mistake the law makes is in distinguishing between any form of sexual union and marriage. The requirement that proof of intention to make a union for life must be furnished is a flaw in what otherwise would be a perfect arrangement.

It is clear, however, from the law as it is, that the church, with its ideas of personal sinfulness, and with its ridiculous claim, unauthorized by a single biblical passage, that marriage is a sacrament, and by its assumption that its God commanded one man and one woman to cleave together, has created such a sentiment among the members of society who are influenced by church ideas, however unconsciously, that men are at least willing to form sexual unions without any due sense of the necessary responsibilities thereby naturally assumed. This offense against what is good for society must be charged up against the church, and it certainly leaves her in no position to substantiate claims to superior authority in morals. For man, without other moral training than a knowledge of the natural consequences of his acts, would inevitably have developed a higher sense of responsibility than this.

To recapitulate, then, we have seemed to find that our moral rules concerning sexual matters have developed mainly from social phenomena, which made the things required by our moral standard to be the best and wisest things to do. Thus we have seen that the circumstances of the long infancy of the human species, especially in civilization, require marriages or sexual unions to be permanent, barring the remedying of a mistaken choice, which is a dire misfortune at best. We have also seen that the conditions of democracy, and generally the conditions of life in the temperate zone, indicate monogamy. Toward this goal, also, unquestionably every refining and uplifting influence of woman is tending. No woman, with a suitable sense of self-respect, would be likely to choose to divide with another the affections of her husband or to bear children for a man who did not love her enough to forsake all others. We have also appeared to find that the sexual union itself is marriage, with the potentialities of all the consequences of marriage in it; and that the distinction between ceremonial unions and other unions has been an unfortunate one in the main, as tending to encourage loose and lewd practices. We have seemed to find that all things good in our marriage system and customs just grew or evolved unconsciously from the needs of society, while what is unfortunate and really demoralizing has come from the interference of the church.

As the church's influence wanes and as the investigations of science push forward the evolution of what is good for society, we may expect the whole subject of what is social in sexual unions and of what is anti-social, to receive illuminating treatment. It seems reasonable to suppose that when men see the social good clearly, they will brook no trifling with matters of such supreme importance as the propagation of the human race. Indeed, among my reformer acquaintances I think that I have noted a rather general disposition to violently interfere in order to prevent improper unions. The idea of social unity, and therefore of morality being a social matter to the minds of some men, conveys the idea that men must be in some way restrained. Otherwise, they argue, society cannot be well served.

This view, it has seemed to me, is fundamentally erroneous, but at present I will confine myself to its application to sexual matters. In this field the conception is that men should be prevented from marrying to suit themselves, but should be compelled to choose according to the determination of science as to what person or class of persons will best harmonize with themselves for the advantage of posterity. This involves

the idea that a man must recognize some determining authority on all these points.

That such an unerring authority will exist, or will be recognized to exist, is altogether improbable. More mischief has come from well-intentioned interference with matrimonial choices than has ever come from mistaken choices of the parties themselves, and under any system of outside interference this will continue to be so.

It is a libel on nature to say that, if afforded good conditions, she will not bring forth good results. I do not believe that the woman lives who does not, unconsciously it may be, long to be mated with the highest, according to her standards. Remove the interferences instead of increase and complicate them. Remove among other interferences the tremendous interference of false social standards arising from great wealth on the one side and great poverty on the other side. These greatly and injuriously influence choices. And also remove the interference of consenting that a condition so monstrous as paternity, without the responsibilities of marriage, should even be thinkable. Remove the interference of the disabilities, political and economic, of woman. Let the question stand forth in all its essential nudity before every woman: "Which of these proposing for me shall I, knowing them as they really are, and myself free, choose, if any?" Do this, and, it seems to me, you may depend upon the mother-instinct to select wisely on the whole. Yet, and, moreover, you may also depend upon the sense of responsibility which this sort of social law would bring to men to so regenerate man's heart, that the selective power in man, which has already so powerfully influenced the development of woman's beauty, will quite as unerringly and more unrestrictedly operate to improve the race.

Under such conditions, involving no revolutionary upturning of our standards of sexual morality, but only their logical development along evolutionary lines such as have already guided their course of progression, we may expect marvelous things for our race of men. The golden age is not behind us; it is before us, and, in my judgment, so closely before us that we can catch the faint glow of its dawning. It will be an age when, innocent of other desire than to find mates with whom a lifetime of wedded joy, with perfect progeny about them, may be passed, the young people shall look into each other's eyes, fearing no guile, because the opportunity for illicit joys will not exist, and because each will have received the glad tidings that no unwilling or reluctant love can for a moment compare with the full-blown rose of perfect union.

# LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## AN ASTRONOMICAL LECTURE.\*

BY PROF. JAMES A. GREENHILL.



JAMES A. GREENHILL.

**MY FRIENDS:** By invitation of your secretary, Mr. Sinclair, I have come here this evening to speak to you for a short time, hoping some of you will be benefited by what I say. It is the first time I ever presented myself before an audience in this manner; so that if any of you have come here without great expectations, you probably will not be disappointed.

One of the objects that I have in view, in departing, so to speak, from things more immediately connected with my usual daily occupation is, that I may have an opportunity to say a few words to the coming men, and my first remarks will be to them. Boys! A few more years will make you men! Do you realize it? We older folks will soon pass away, leaving places that you will have to fill. You will have to take your places in society, and assume

the responsibility of citizenship, and to your care, in part, will be intrusted the management of the government that your fathers, through many trials and discomforts, succeeded in establishing. And it should be the desire of each of you to see that the principles for which they contended be cherished in their simplicity, unmixed by ism, and handed down to your posterity unsullied. That can only be done by you if you lead good lives; so that it is very important you should be men of good habits. It is doing, not make believe, that begets self-respect, and self-respect is at the bottom of all respect, and youth is the seed time of good habits. Character is of far more importance than belief. If we get our character right our beliefs may safely be left to take care of themselves. What we believe is of little consequence compared with what we are. Our beliefs deal with what may not be true, nor have we over belief any control. The mind forms its belief without any aid from the will. Not so with our conduct;

\*Delivered before the Y. M. C. A. of Clinton, Iowa, at their rooms, on the evening of March 5, 1898.

that we can make what we choose, therefore, our ideals should be of the best. If any, and I hope all of you, do not use tobacco or spirituous liquors, I earnestly ask of you never to begin. If any of you, in thinking it smart to imitate some of your elders, are in the habit of using either, I beg of you to stop. You are all forming habits, many of which will cling to you through life, and habit is a sort of second nature. Hard to shake off. And it is far more important than you are now aware, that you should form habits that are good. The use of liquors and tobacco is what our system does not require. They are foreign to it, and therefore, in that light, if no other, injurious. And, besides, it is wasting money in giving it away and no value received. It is even worse than thrown away, in that it helps to keep alive saloons to sell the villainous stuff that makes drunkards. The stuff that is the devil's best friend, if there be any devil. Now, if the young men of the rising generation can be induced to keep away from saloons it will break up the rumseller's business and give him an opportunity to go to work and earn an honest living.

I am not come here to give you much of a lecture on temperance, but being a man 69 years of age, and having never indulged in either of these vices myself, and feeling, as I do, for the rising generation, I consider that I have a right to so admonish you, and I am pleased to see that none of you seem to have taken it amiss, and I will now say a few words to you about the

#### TELESCOPE.

Although the use of an optical instrument is not absolutely necessary in the study of astronomy, its use should not be ignored, as it greatly assists in the elucidation of many phenomena that would be difficult to understand without its aid.

The telescope is an optical instrument for viewing objects at a distance. It is not a little surprising that it should be in the power of man to invent and construct an instrument by which objects, too remote for the unassisted eye to distinguish, should be brought within the range of distinct vision, as if they were only a few yards from the eye; and that thousands of august objects in the heavens, which had been concealed from mortals for numerous ages, should be brought within the limits of our contemplation, and be as distinctly perceived as if we had been transported many millions of miles from the space we occupy, through the celestial regions.

I need not go into details concerning the invention and improvement on the telescope from time to time, and of the abuses heaped upon those who dared to investigate on lines contrary to moss-covered ideas, but will mention some of the logic used by a Florentine astronomer named Sizzi as a specimen. In opposing Galileo's statement that four satellites attended Jupiter, he says: "There are seven windows given to animals in the domicile of the head, through which the air is admitted to the rest of the tabernacle of the body, to enlighten, to warm, and to nourish it. Two nostrils, two eyes, two ears, and a mouth; so in the heavens, or great world, there are two favorable stars, two unpropitious, two luminaries and

Mercury alone, undecided and indifferent. From which, with many other similar phenomena in nature, such as the seven metals, etc., we gather that the number of planets, necessarily, is seven. Moreover, the satellites are invisible to the naked eye, and, therefore, can exert no influence on the earth, and therefore would be useless, and therefore do not exist. Besides, the Jews and other ancient nations have adopted the division of the week into seven days, and have named them from the seven planets. Now, if we increase the number of the planets, this whole system falls to the ground."

Such learned nonsense is a disgrace to our species, and to the rational faculties with which man is endowed, and exhibits in a most ludicrous manner the imbecility and prejudice of those who made bold pretense to erudition and philosophy. He does not say: Let us examine this testimony, and see what truth can be found in it, as anyone worthy of the name of philosopher would have done. But in effect his logic is: We must ignore such testimony, because it conflicts with what our fathers and mothers taught us before we were big enough to wear pants. And if this is encouraged, it will turn things upside down, and we will have to throw our old beliefs away. And, strange as it may seem, many use just such logic to-day. The statement of such facts, however, may be instructive, if they tend to guard us against those prejudices and preconceived opinions which prevent the mind from the cordial reception of truth, and from the admission of improvements in society, which run counter to long-established customs. For the same principles and prejudices, though in a different form, still operate in society, and retard the improvement of the social state, and the march of science. How ridiculous it is for a man, calling himself a philosopher, to be afraid to look through a glass to an existing object in the heavens, lest it should endanger his previous opinions, or show error in belief. And how foolish it is to resist any improvement or reformation in society because it does not exactly accord with existing opinions, and with "the wisdom of our ancestors." Now I ask your attention for a short time, while I talk to you upon the subject of

#### ASTRONOMY.

In these days, when the sciences are becoming so familiar to investigators, and especially the science of astronomy, which is so favorably accepted by intelligent men and women, and being also taught in school, making the younger folks, as well as those more mature in years, fairly well acquainted with many phenomena, it becomes somewhat difficult to be able to group together views that will be new, or to clothe others already known in garments of language to make them presentable to an intelligent audience. I suppose there is not a boy in the United States, 16 years of age, who has received his education in the public school, who does not understand the cause of the phenomena known as the changes of the moon, as well as Prof. Newcomb, of the Astronomical Bureau at Washington. And it is well that such is the fact. Knowledge is power, and the more we get of it the better, as it broadens the intellectual horizon and tends in a general sense to make us charitable.

In what I say to-night I will try to make my sentences as free from



ambiguity as possible, and will take it as a great kindness if each of you, instead of believing, will carefully watch what I say, and if anything appears in any way doubtful, call my attention to it to-night, or at any future time, and if I cannot explain to your entire satisfaction, you need not accept it. No philosopher is apt to be offended, although the truth of what he says be called in question, as he usually invests himself in advance with sufficient evidence to prove his case, well knowing that doubt is one of the chief characteristics of the human mind. And when that characteristic becomes united with curiosity, it represents the most fertile cause of progress. And as I intend to state nothing except what I know, or have reason to believe to be true, I challenge your criticism. Truth is always ready to be tested to the extent of our senses, and the sooner error is detected the better for us all.

In astronomy there is no privileged road for any one; the way is open to all alike.

Doubtless the grandeur of the heavens has been the cause of wonder and admiration from the time that our earliest progenitors were sufficiently developed to use their reason in a very primitive manner. There is so much in the firmament above to attract our attention. There we have the Glorious Orb of Life and Light, shining in its wonderful effulgence by day and, after the sun has gone down, set as it were in the midst of myriads of gems, we have the beautiful Luna. This silent star of night, the first halting place on a voyage toward the infinite, shedding its sweet, calm light, which releases our thoughts from terrestrial bonds, and compels us to think of the sky.

Astronomy is said to be the child or offspring of Astrology, and probably there is much truth in the saying. If I were to speak my mind, I would say Astrology is not a science. It seems to be a matter of guesswork and assumption. While Astronomy is a correct science, as all its propositions can be verified and confirmed by demonstration. Science is classified knowledge, and can be communicated, or taught, by one to another, so as to be thoroughly known and understood. And you will notice, as I proceed, that my astronomy is Physical and Mechanical, more than it is Mathematical and Abstruse, on account of its having been received by direct observation of phenomena.

In beginning the study of astronomy, there is one thing that we should endeavor to understand, viz.: In space there is no up and down. These are simply terms and in connection with our earth, as is easily understood when we look to the heavens and see the panorama passing before the eye, ourselves being apparently at rest. It is true the senses are not at first cognizant of the phenomena, as we always appear, to ourselves, to be heads up. But, although not conscious, so far as the sense of sight is concerned, it is beyond question an established fact, and can, by demonstration, be made clear to any intelligent person, through the senses. Although it may be said that the real science of astronomy takes its date back about 610 years before our era, or about 2,508 years ago, there can be no doubt that the ancients were acquainted with many phenomena. Before that time the Chaldeans had recorded the rising and setting of

celestial bodies, and eclipses. Our records show that a list of eclipses was found at Babylon by Alexander the Great, 4,131 years ago. The Chinese also have recorded astronomical phenomena as far back as 4,754 years ago. The Egyptians also were well versed in the science. Ptolemy of Alexandria, who lived 1,750 years ago, was founder of a theory called the Ptolemaic System, which recognized the earth as the center, with the sun, stars and planets all going round it. We know to-day that he was mistaken, but he left a valuable collection of observations on record, which proved serviceable to his successors. He discovered the lunar evection.

After that time astronomy seems to have been neglected. Probably that terrible scourge known through what we now call the Dark Ages, as the church, is in a great measure to be blamed for it, as for centuries it rode rough-shod over everything good in Europe, with its engines of torture, in the form of racks, thumb-screws, iron virgins, and other hellish instruments, and destroyed everything in the nature of learning that could benefit humanity, that it could get into its clutch; and through threat and intimidation prevented the expression of genius, till the year 1453, only 355 years ago, in which Copernicus died. Born in 1473 he promulgated the true theory of the solar system, the theory that obtains to-day, and according to which all phenomena in our solar system can be satisfactorily explained.

But although the Copernican Theory is accepted to-day, it cost many lives after being promulgated by its author, before it was able to hold its own in an ignorant, priest-cursed world. And although we can to-night here sit in safety, and enjoy ourselves musing on, or contemplating the grandeur of heavenly phenomena, we should never let ourselves forget the obligation that rests upon us, to revere the memory of, and do what we best can, to make known the truths that some of those noble souls considered dearer than life.

We learn from history that Galilei Galileo was born in 1564, and in youth, being possessed of an ardent love for mathematics, applied himself so assiduously to the study of that science that at the age of 24 years he was appointed Mathematical Professor at Pisa, the place of his nativity. Later in life he constructed a telescope for his own use. His life, until he was 51, was given in a great measure to the defense of the correctness of the Copernican Theory. In 1615, at the age of 51, he was called before the Inquisition, and being threatened with death, was compelled to tell a lie. This apparently silenced him for a time, as, in speaking of these times, Draper says: "For sixteen years the church had rest. But in 1632 Galileo ventured on the publication of his work entitled 'The System of the World,' its object being the vindication of the Copernican doctrine. He was again summoned before the Inquisition at Rome, accused of having asserted that the earth moves around the sun. He was declared to have brought upon himself the penalty of heresy. On his knees, with his hands on the Bible, he was compelled to abjure and to curse the doctrine of the movement of the earth. What a spectacle! This venerable man, the most illustrious of his age, forced by the threat of death to deny facts which his judges as well as himself knew to be true. He was then

committed to prison, treated with remorseless severity during the remaining ten years of his life; and he was denied burial in consecrated ground. Must not that be false which requires for its support so much imposture, so much barbarity? The opinions thus defended by the Inquisition are now objects of derision to the whole civilized world." So much for Draper.

There seems to be one law governing the motions of the eight known planets. They are all moving around the day star in the direction that he turns on his axis, and each is turning on its axis in the same direction. And the moons, or satellites of the earth, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, are all going around their primaries in the same direction. The orbits of the satellites of the two most distant planets, Uranus and Neptune, differ from the others. The four that accompany Uranus revolve in a plane nearly perpendicular to that in which the planet moves, and from east to west. Their plane of revolution forms an angle of 40 degrees to the plane of the planet's equator, and of 98 degrees to the plane of the ecliptic. The plane of the planet's equator is inclined 58 degrees to the plane of the ecliptic. In an orbit 999,000,000 of miles beyond that of Uranus, swings the most distant planet known to our system, the discovery of which was the grandest mathematical achievement ever accomplished, and furnishes evidence incontrovertible of the correctness of the Copernican theory. From 1781 to 1822 it was noticed that the speed of Uranus in its orbit, from year to year, was increasing; and from 1822 to 1846 it was slowing up, year after year. Its erraticalness in motion was the reason of much speculation as to what could be the cause. After making due allowance for any disturbances by Jupiter and Saturn, there were yet others that had to be accounted for, and it seemed that the most natural cause of these other perturbations must come from some, as yet, undiscovered source.

On September 18th, 1846, Le Verrier wrote to Dr. Galle, of the Observatory of Berlin, requesting him to look for the planet. The letter reached its destination on the 23d, and the evening being clear, the doctor directed his glass to the place indicated in the letter, and found a star which was not on the chart, and which showed somewhat of a disc. Its position in the heavens was within one degree of that calculated. And that body is now known by the name of Neptune. Neptune has one satellite, which moves in a direction opposite to all the others. Either of the planets, with its family of satellites, is a very good representation of the solar system in miniature, especially in the case of Saturn, with his eight moons. There are other features of resemblance between the planet with his family, and the sun with his. The nearer the satellite is to the planet the faster it flies through space. And so it is with the sun and his dependents. Mercury being the nearest goes through space at the tremendous rate of 29 miles in one second of time; Venus 21 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles, and our earth nearly 19 miles in the same instant of time. A cannon ball flies 1,312 feet, a little less than a quarter of a mile; a train running at the rate of sixty miles an hour, runs 88 feet in one second; by these comparisons we can, in some measure, reach, or grasp, the immense speed of the planets.

A conjunction of two heavenly bodies means that they are in such relation to each other as to form a straight line with Polaris; that is, they are on the meridian at the same time, or, in other words, have the same right ascension. And when a planet is in conjunction with the sun it is in a straight line with the sun from us. A transit is the passing of one body across the disc of a larger. An occultation is the disappearance of a body behind a larger, and an eclipse is the disappearance of one body in the shadow of another.

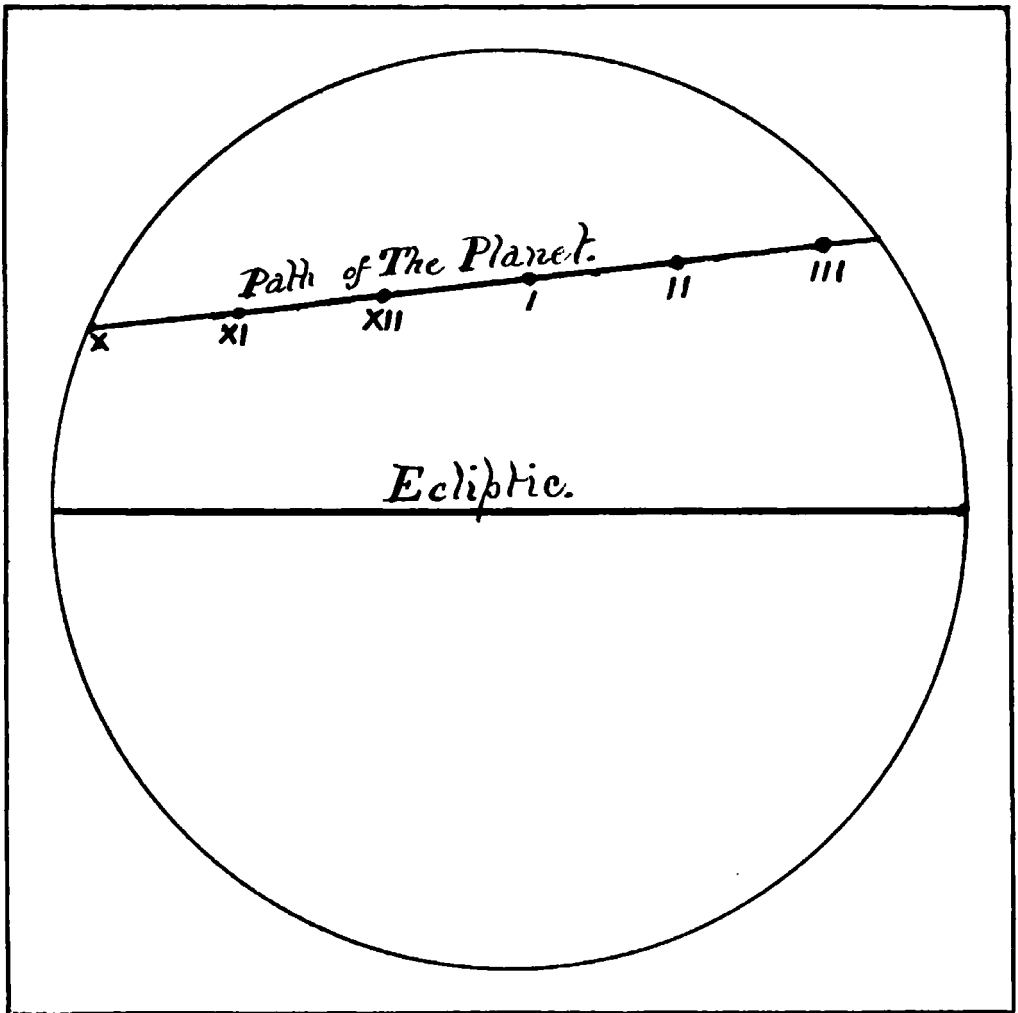
The Zodiac is an imaginary belt 16 degrees wide, crossing the equinoxial at two places, and in which all the planets move. The sun's path is in the center of the zodiac, and is called the Ecliptic. When the sun is in that point in the ecliptic that crosses the equinoxial, we say the sun is on the line, or at its equinox. These points determine the twelfth and twenty-fourth hours in right ascension, and at these times the days and nights are equal all over the earth. I ought to say that the equinoxial is the plane of the earth's equator projected into the heavens.

The planets are all moving in what we call an easterly direction among the stars; that is, when we face south, they all move from right to left. The stars remain in the same place in relation to each other. Each of the planets, after conjunction with the sun, in appearance moves westward from the parent, or, to put it in another way, it does not move east as fast as the sun; consequently it rises a little earlier each morning than it did the day before. That is caused by the motion of the earth in its orbit. The earth turns on its axis once in 23 hours 56 minutes and 4 seconds nearly, and that constitutes a sidereal day; but on account of its forward motion in its orbit, it has to turn a little more than one complete revolution to bring any meridian to the sun again, and that constitutes a solar day. The difference between the sidereal and solar day is three minutes and fifty-six seconds nearly.

There was a phenomenon in connection with Mercury that took place in '94, that I think will bear calling attention to, viz., a transit of the planet across the sun's disc on the 10th of November. I have here a white disc, 24 inches in diameter, to represent the sun, with a line drawn diagonally upwards across it to show the path of the planet. The line is intersected at points by chapter characters, to show the hours by Clinton time, of the planet's progress. You notice it contacted with the sun at 10 o'clock, and passed diagonally upwards, and disappeared about a quarter past three. The phenomenon lasted a little over five hours. If the day had been clear we all could have had a rare treat, as a piece of smoked glass alone would have been help enough to reveal it to those having good sight; while others would have had to bring to their aid opera or field glasses. But the best results would have been attained by those having telescopes, as they can be fixed firmly, and made to magnify to suit. But on account of its being cloudy, the sun was not visible here about all that day; nevertheless the show went on just the same. A transit under very similar circumstances occurred in 1664, the planet contacting the sun near sunset, in England. Transits can occur in May and November only, since at these times the plane of the earth's orbit and the

plane of the orbit of Mercury are in the same line from the sun. And when the earth and the planet reach these points in their orbits at the same time, we see the planet transiting the sun. In November, 1901, there will be a very near approach to a transit, the planet just grazing the sun's corona. There will not be another transit till Nov. 14, 1907.

Next in distance from the sun, and between the earth and Mercury, is Venus. The transits of Venus are less frequent than those of Mer-



TRANSIT, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

cury. The last one was on Dec. 6, 1882. The one before in 1874, an interval of eight years. The next will be an interval of 122 years, or on June 8, 2004. The one following in 2012. Every second interval is eight years, and they occur in June and December only. If, after the long interval, we have one in June, the one eight years after will be in June. And the same in the case of the December transits. They alternate in pairs,

from June to December. These transits are taken advantage of by astronomers in taking parallax of first contact of the planet with the sun, and again at full immersion, in order to determine more accurately our distance from the sun. The distance from the earth to the sun is used as the unit, by which the distance of the other heavenly bodies from the sun is determined, so that the accuracy of the unit is vital in that respect.

What would the Florentine philosopher say if he were alive to-day, and could be persuaded to lay aside his early prejudices long enough so that he could examine into the proofs of the facts that have come to light since his time. He would find that more than 200 heavenly bodies have been discovered belonging to our solar system, and that the proof is within the grasp of the senses, and all can understand it alike, because it is true. The probability is he would neglect to go back to some of his early prejudices, after finding that facts show us that our fathers didn't really know all that can be known, even if we used to think they did.

Now, I will redeem the promise made earlier, and answer you upon any point touched upon in regard to anything that either of you didn't fully understand.

At the close of the lecture about ten minutes was spent in committee of the whole, and after giving their entertainer a vote of thanks,

"They each to aff their several way.

Resolved to meet some ither day."

#### A WORD FROM "AUNT ELMINA" ABOUT THE LITTLE FREE-THINKER.

SOME twenty-five or thirty years ago I was over and over again importuned by Liberals to start a paper for the young, that should instruct them in the ideas of Free Thought. But I had no money to put into this all-important work, so I waited. Finally, a few years ago, Mr. Graves, of Hastings, Mich., suddenly and unexpectedly to me, published No. 1 of "Little Free Thinker," with "Elmina" as editor. He had an old hand-press and some old type, but neither of us had any money. Friends came slowly, and the little bantling grew apace. Then Mr. Graves took la grippe and for eight months was very sick; his illness and burial swallowed up the Little Free Thinker plant, and the publication was apparently dead. I grieved as over a pet child of my old age, but had resigned myself to the inevitable, concluding hereafter to take care of "number one," and secure a few extra comforts for the last years of a busy life, when my anticipated selfishness was broken in upon by the offer of H. G. Green to publish Little Free Thinker and retain me as editor thereof.

We have issued five numbers (five months) of the new edition. Nice, good, valuable little papers, well spoken of, but the Little Free Thinker is by no means so well patronized as it should be, nor is it as large or as well illustrated as it needs to be.

It seems to me there is hardly a Liberal who is able to make a living that could not spare 25 cents a year (its yearly subscription rate), towards helping in the very best work yet attempted by Free Thinkers, that of

starting the children on bed-rock principles, teaching them science, truth and nature, instead of Sunday school trash and Bible myths. The church well realizes the value of pious literature, pious associations and Sunday school training. Snowville, my home town, has just had a Campbellite revival, and they have taken in, as converts, ever so many boys and girls, too young to know what they subscribed to, and making solemn promises impossible of fulfillment.

This is the only distinctively Free Thought paper published for the young, and I here and now ask every Free Thinker who reads this statement to join in the work of sending me a nice letter and remitting the 25 cents for a year's subscription (stamps as good as gold). Come one, come all, and become laborers in this field of reform. Cordially and truly,  
Elmina Drake Slenker.

Snowville, Pulaski County, Virginia.

#### BOOK REVIEW.

**T**HREE JOURNEYS AROUND THE WORLD," by J. M. Peebles, A. M., M. D., Ph. D., published by the "Banner of Light Publishing Company," is, in many respects, a most valuable book, on account of the great amount of information contained therein in relation to the various countries through which Dr. Peebles passed. Especially his travels in the Pacific islands, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, India and Egypt. This book is entitled to be a standard work on the subject of the various religions of the world, as the doctor took great pains to learn the inwardness of each of these religions, and in this volume he fully explains the creeds of these various religions, or more properly superstitions, and shows how they differ and how they agree with the Christian religion.

When Col. Ingersoll was asked what he thought of the Congress of Religions that was held in Chicago during the World's Fair, he replied: "I think it a good thing for the various superstitions to get together and compare views, for they will each learn that their own are very similar to all others, and the world outside will see there is little to choose between them." And this will be the effect that Doctor Peebles' book will have.

And the report that Dr. Peebles gives us can be relied upon, for the reason that he is a broad-minded man who stands outside of all the world religions, and can have no object to misrepresent and falsify for the purpose of advancing the claims of any one of them.

This volume contains 454 pages, and there is not a page of the book but what is as interesting as the most popular work of fiction. When one has read the first chapter he will be loth to lay the book down until he has read it through.

The volume contains, as its frontispiece, a fine likeness of Dr. Peebles, is printed on heavy book paper, and beautifully bound in the latest and most attractive style. The price is \$1.50, postage 20 cents, and is for sale at this office.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## A. B. BRADFORD, THE OCTOGENARIAN.

The article in this month's magazine by an octogenarian freethinker being of the nature of a valedictory address by the author, to his old freethought associates, the writer, at our request, furnished us with the materials for the following very brief sketch of his career as a public man, since the time when he left the Princeton Theological Seminary, about the year 1830, as a licensed preacher of the gospel.

THE invention of the cotton-gin, at the close of the last century, whereby the seed of the cotton plant is separated from the staple, was an event pregnant with vast results, both for good and evil. The climate and soil of our Southern States produce the best quality of the cotton plant in the world, and this machine enabled the planters to furnish, not only our own country, but all Europe, and especially England, with a commodity of the best material out of which to manufacture human clothing, sail-cloth for ships, and other articles of manufacture and commerce, and which of all our exports to foreign countries, was the only one, if we are not mistaken, which brought back gold in exchange.

On the other hand, it breathed new life into the system of domestic slavery, which, as the first link in the chain of cause and effect, gave a mighty impulse to the slave trade on the coast of Africa; for it was the opinion of the planters that the labor of such slaves was the only kind that could be profitable in the cotton fields and rice swamps of the Southern States. This trade, by the civilized world, was considered "man-stealing," and on account of its necessary cruelty, was regarded as worthy of capital punishment; but the truth must be spoken, that the framers of our national constitution, in order to bring about a union of the Confederate States, which had achieved their independence, that would make them a nation at all, authorized this slave trade to be carried on up to the year 1808, after which date it was to be prohibited, and made a felony, punishable with death. It is, however, a historical fact that it never was abolished; but, under the connivance of the general government, and because it was to the pecuniary interest of the Atlantic and Gulf States, it was continued, clandestinely, down to the outbreak of the civil war.

As might have been expected, cotton was soon personified, and become a "king," and no king was ever crowned who was so absolute a despot; and no despot ever had such willing slaves of his own color; for, the fundamental principle of his legal code was, that a slave was not a person, a human being, at all, but a thing, an article of property, and



had no more "rights" than any other kind of brute property. As a single proof and sample of its imperial power, it compelled the National Congress, in 1850, to enact a "Fugitive Slave Law," which converted all the Northern people into sleuthhounds, compelling them, under heavy penalties, to chase down runaway slaves and return them to their masters.

But this was not all the evil results which the cotton-gin innocently occasioned. It brought about a complete demoralization of the whole Christian church in the United States, with the exception of the Quakers, and one or two other sects, of little or no influence, by inducing the clergy to take the ground that "slavery," as it existed in this "country," instead of being "man-stealing," and "a breach of every precept in the decalogue," as their fathers had declared it to be, was a divine institution, and a bond, instead of a bar, to Christian union. The Presbyterian church, at the time of this defection, was the leading sect in the country, and on account of the superior scholarship of her clergy, became the ringleader and exemplar of all the rest, in prostituting their pulpits and religious papers, to the interests and glory of King Cotton. It was one of the Princeton professors who furnished the Scriptural arguments, in his *Quarterly Review*, to show that domestic slavery, although it was the legitimate mother and nurse of the slave trade on the coast of Africa, was a divine institution, and that all who denied it were infidels. These arguments, through the channels of the religious press and pulpit, which had the eyes and ears of the people, soon spread all over the nation, until the church, from the North to the South, and from the East to the West, had become one vast synagogue of Satan, in which the Northern clergy, in consideration of their valuable services, were permitted to enjoy the distinction of officiating as chief priests.

About the year 1830 a handful of patriots and statesmen, alarmed at the progress toward ruin which the nation was making, met in one of the Eastern cities and, after an able and candid discussion of the subject, adopted a declaration of war against the institution of American slavery. It was not, however, to be waged with carnal weapons, but solely with reason, moral expostulation and politico-economical considerations, and, as William Lloyd Garrison had already become distinguished for ability and courage, as the editor of the *Liberator*, they naturally chose him as their leader. These men did not waste their time and strength in fruitless efforts to convert, either the actual slaveholders or the clergy, for they knew that, if the curse of slavery was destined to be abolished at all, it would be by law, or by war; and in either case the instruments used would be the ballots or the bullets of the common people. Accordingly, their

only weapons were the press and the lecture. In this war the women enlisted and served, as well as the men; and they went, with eloquence on their lips, and reading matter in their hands, into the highways and the hedges, the country schoolhouses and the groves, wherever they could get an audience; and they kept up this business of educating the people for thirty years, so that, when the slaveholding plutocracy attempted to dissolve the Union, and to found a new government upon the institution of negro slavery alone, the masses of the Northern people understood the subject, and the new President had no trouble in raising an army of volunteers to oppose the project.

The new generation that has come upon the stage since the close of the civil war have little idea of what it cost, during the thirty years of the anti-slavery struggle, to preserve the republic from disintegration and ruin. But they could and ought to get, before they die, an immense amount of information on the subject, from Parker Pillsbury's volume, entitled "The Anti-Slavery Apostles," among whom he was a conspicuous leader, and served in the moral revolution of this century, from beginning to end, evincing a courage, and clean method of sweeping, that often led observers to class him with the military heroes, Wayne and Putnam, in the political revolution of 1776.

In 1847, after exhausting every effort to induce the two pro-slavery branches of the Presbyterian church to reaffirm, and adhere to, their anti-slavery testimony of 1818, our octogenarian friend took part with other ministers of like convictions, and to free their own consciences from all sense of guilt, seceded from those bodies, on the sole ground of their obstinate and degrading subjection to the slave power, and kept up their organization as a church till the year 1863, when Mr. Lincoln, having signed the Proclamation of Liberty, they disbanded, leaving its ministers and congregations to dispose of themselves as they pleased.

The most disgraceful part of the history of the Northern church remains to be noticed. They continued their steady allegiance to the slaveocracy up to the year 1860, when, after the attack upon Fort Sumter, as the first part of the program, they all right-about-faced and played false to their Southern brethren! This explains the fact that, although the civil war ended in 1865, the Southern Presbyterians, while their theological creed was, and still is, verbatim, like that of the mother church, still refuse to rejoin the old communion. Is it any wonder? For, after educating the South, and all the rest of the country, so far as they could, for thirty years, in the doctrine that slavery was a divine institution; when, as Alexander Stephens, the Vice President of the Confederacy, had proclaim-

ed to the whole world that the sole object of the revolting States was to build up a new Christian government upon negro slavery as its foundation, and thus glorify God; then, when the crisis came, and the tide of battle turned upon them, to leave them in the lurch, and see them bite the dust of defeat at Appomatox, how could a high-minded Southern man have anything else but supreme contempt for such base, skulking cowardice? Not only the Southern people, but all the rest of the civilized world, who feel and cherish the lofty sentiment of honor, must join with the Southern Presbyterians in despising the Northern clergy; for although there is not now a slave in all the country, not one of the Northern sects has recanted its pro-slavery doctrine, and obliterated it from its church records, but still holds the old ground that slavery, which has shed so much American blood, is a divine institution.

What a contrast there is between the clergymen and the famous Judge Sewall, who, during the reign of witchcraft, in the colony of Massachusetts, in the seventeenth century, had taken an active part in putting witches to death. When he got his eyes opened wide enough to see the iniquity he had committed, although it was, and still remains, unrepealed in the Bible as a capital offense, he posted a handbill on the walls of the Old South Church, still standing in Boston, and appearing before the whole congregation, confessed and bewailed his sin, asking in suppliant tones, the forgiveness of God, and of man! But, among the thousands of our pro-slavery clergy, whose writings in favor of the institution form a respectable library, in point of size, not a single soul has had the manliness, since the abolition of slavery, to stand up in his pulpit and confess, with tears of repentance, that he and his church did wrong in the support they gave, for thirty years, to the enormous crime of American slavery! The reason is obvious. Judge Sewall was not an ordained minister and divinely authorized expounder of the everlasting gospel. Who will dare to teach the teachers, or doubt the infallibility of their decisions, on any question of either truth, or morals? The hardest word of three syllables in the Latin language, for that class of men to utter, is "peccavi."

But slavery was now abolished and the time had arrived for our octogenarian to examine the foundation on which the church had built up her claims to be the pillar and ground of the truth, and the medium of intercourse between God and man. Her character, as the bulwark of slavery, and the procuring cause of the rebellion itself, had completely destroyed all his ancient veneration for that body, so that he could investigate the subject, not as an attorney at law, whose chief motive is his fee, but as a court and jury conduct a trial, when sworn to base their verdict upon the

evidence alone; or, as a physician diagnoses a case to ascertain the real condition of the patient. Nature, his mother, while denying him many other gifts, had made him a sincere and honest man, and if he had any striking characteristic at all, it was his absolute loyalty to the sacredness of truth, as truth, and his utter lack of confidence in anything that was false, and unreal, and the entire safety of following the lamp of truth, wherever, in the darkness, it would lead. In process of time he discovered a historical fact, which was never alluded to during the course of his education at the theological seminary, and which, if it had been, would have changed the complexion of his whole life, and is, therefore, worth noticing in this sketch.

Matthew, Mark and Luke, but not, for good reasons, John, testify, in their histories of the life of Jesus, that he declared to those who stood around him, and in the most positive and assuring language that, although he would meet death at the hands of his enemies, he would return to the earth, and after resurrecting the dead saints and purifying the world by the fires of a general conflagration, would establish his kingdom at Jerusalem, and reign indefinitely; and that this second coming would take place before the generation then upon the world's stage would pass away. Paul, the Apostle, although he had never seen Jesus during his stay upon the earth, was so certain of the fulfillment of this promise that he did not expect to die at all, but to meet him in the air, accompany him to the earth, take part with him in the solemnities of the judgment day, and in due time march with the crowd to Jerusalem and there inaugurate the promised kingdom. But before his death, and to act as a bond of union and fellowship among his followers, during the short interval between his departure and return, he instituted what is called "The Lord's Supper," by taking common bread, and, after breaking and blessing it, giving it to his disciples, with the injunction that they should observe it, statedly, at their religious meetings, "till he come."

Now it is nearly two thousand years since this promise and prediction was made, but Jesus has never yet fulfilled it. After a delay of one thousand years, taught by the pope and his priesthood, all Christian Europe, believing that the end of the world was at hand, and that the second coming was about to take place, spent parts of three centuries to rescue the sepulchre of Jesus at Jerusalem, and all the "holy places," from the possession of the infidel Mohammedans, so as to prepare David's throne for the occupancy of David's son, when he should come, surrounded by a convoy of angels, to claim it. But, after the slaughter of countless thousands of the Crusaders, the sepulchre of Jesus is to-day where it has been

for many centuries past, in possession of the Moslems ; and the ground of a bitter and never-ending quarrel for the occupancy between them and the Greek and Catholic churches.

These indisputable facts clearly prove one of two things to be true: Either that Jesus was entirely mistaken in regard to his second coming before his own generation had passed away, and so proved that he was not the omniscient God, manifest in the flesh ; or else that the three evangelists, who had been, when on earth, the close, personal friends and followers of Jesus, and the ear and eye witnesses of the fact of the prediction, if he ever made it, falsified the truth!

We can easily see how a sincerely honest clergyman, blindfolded from the start, at a theological seminary, might go on for a hundred years, observing the ceremony of "The Lord's Supper" "till he come;" but no man, after he becomes convinced of a fact has a natural right to stultify himself, year in and year out, in order to please all the saints on earth, or all the angels in heaven. His business in this world is to be true to the eternal truth of things, as they really exist in nature. But he may have a religious right to do so; for, "dogmas" are inculcated upon believers by mere authority. They are never submitted to the judgment of the intellect for examination, but are swallowed whole, without chewing. The moment they are examined by the test of reason, they burst, like a bubble, and disappear.

Some years ago, when, during a Free Thought convention, at Salamanca, N. Y., a legal gentleman of distinction was present and heard a lecture delivered by our old friend, and could not understand how a man of such pronounced opinions in theology could have been, any length of time, a minister of the gospel. It looked, a little, as if there had been some hypocrisy in the case. But there never was a more groundless suspicion. A theological seminary is the last place in the world where one would find the subject of religion discussed as an important branch in the science of anthropology. For, when a young man enters such an institution he takes for granted the truth of Christianity, in contra-distinction to all the other forms of religion in the world, and the scriptural character of his own creed, to the exclusion of all others ; and his sole object is to qualify himself, as soon as possible, to go out into the field and begin the work of plucking perishing sinners as brands from the burning. He only takes, and that necessarily, an ex parte or profile view of the subject of religion. He agrees with religionists of all kinds, the world over, in the one fundamental doctrine of hell-fire for the unconverted, as the absolutely necessary doctrine to be preached, and this gives the reason why a clergyman, after

preaching his religion for years, may undergo a thorough revolution in his opinions, without being justly charged with hypocrisy.

It also explains another striking fact, that of the thousands of preachers now in the pulpit, as the sworn, official defenders and propagators of the faith once delivered to the saints, not one in a hundred could be induced, by any consideration, to debate the religious question with such a man as B. F. Underwood. Every preacher is so conscious of his total ignorance of the whole subject that he cordially agrees with the renowned Sir John Falstaff that discretion is the better part of valor. Hence, our old friend will not take offense when we say that it is among the possibilities, if not probabilities, that if the Presbyterian church had not led the van into the justification of American slavery, as a divine institution, he might be to-day, what he was many years ago, a blindfolded Presbyterian. Each one of the 143 Christian sects in this country, and as many in England, has a creed of dogmas which is a modification of those that were drawn up at a time, in the history of the world, when all the fields of natural truth, now open to the student, were fenced up. No age was ever entirely destitute of intellect. Every century gave birth, more or less, to great men, but, as a general rule, with an exception here and there, they were all under cow to the all-powerful, and everywhere present, organization, called the church. In this day, and throughout the civilized world, there are scientific associations, which annually meet for conference, and the search after new truths. But what English, or American association, could be induced to occupy a week in discussing the question, "How many angels could dance a hornpipe on a sunbeam, without touching one another?" Yet, the "Schoolmen of the Middle Ages," who were giants in intellect, spent their time and abilities in discussing just such ridiculous questions. Had they been allowed to study in the department of Nature, where everything is a reality, instead of wasting their energies upon the speculations indigenuous to the murky regions of religion and metaphysics, the world might have had, five hundred years ago, all the facilities and ornaments of our present civilization. Not one of the religions now existing upon the face of the earth, Christian or heathen, could be originated in this age. Not one of their dogmas could face the rudimental books on arithmetic, geography, astronomy and chemistry, which are used in our common schools. As when the Zulu converts of Bishop Colenso, in Western Africa, who went with the Bible in one hand and the mission schoolbooks in the other, and asked the bishop to reconcile the teachings of the one with those of the other, so, our American schoolboys and girls, though yet in their teens, would laugh to scorn the teachers,

pulpiteers and college professors, who would dare to give the lie to any of the proved truths in the domain of science, because they are condemned as such, in any religious book. And if this age, its patience worn out, with the weak and weekly mumblings of the dogmas, so long in vogue, felt any need of that undefinable idea called religion, and would summon a grand council of the most cultivated intellects now in existence to meet, confer and form a creed that was credible and creditable, they would not accept one, even the only one, upon which all the sects are agreed—the doctrine of eternal hell-fire.

Science has now become the acknowledged mother of all our substantial blessings, and we owe nothing to the church. All she offers us, as intellectual food, is a mass of unintelligible and indigestible propositions, called "dogmas." When one of these improbable assumptions strays on any of her fields of inquiry, she takes it, like a noxious insect, as it is, and puts it into the receiver of an air-pump, and deprives it of oxygen. But the process called investigation is always a slow, but sure one, implying that whoever undertakes it is like a man lost in the woods, and tracing every footstep that might help him out. So, with the prejudices of education, so strongly in favor of the old creed, our venerable friend found the work tedious; but the force of truth was so great that it resulted in a radical change of opinion, and he felt it his duty, as an honest man, to withdraw from the church, and ministry, entirely. While, however, his oath of office was still on record, he never uttered in the pulpit, any opinions condemned by the confession of faith. He had been the pastor of two congregations, and as both had stood nobly by him during the long anti-slavery struggle, and were not prepared to accept the new truths of the modern philosophy, as he did, he was not the man to disturb the serene equanimity of their orthodox belief, when he had entirely ceased to scare at the painted image of a lake of fire and brimstone, but, after seeing them comfortably settled with a good preacher to their mind, he retired to his farm, where he has lived ever since, doing what he could, on platform, and by pen, to prevent other people from being involved in the same condition of darkness, out of which it had cost him such a terrible experience to emerge.

## THEODORE TILTON TO ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

We are very sure that our readers will be very much interested in the following letter from that formerly well-known and highly distinguished American now residing in Paris, Theodore Tilton to Elizabeth Cady Stanton.—Editor.

## THEODORE TILTON'S LETTER.

73 Avenue Kleber, Paris, March 26, 1898.

**M**RS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON—My Dear and Honored Friend: I have allowed a week or two to pass without thanking you for sending me a gift copy of your "Eighty Years and More."

But it is only to-day that I have finished reading this ample and cyclopedic autobiography.

And how bright and breezy I have found these five hundred pages!

Let me confess that your piquant chronicle—especially the latter half of it—has caused me to live my own public life over again.

Of course you antedated me by nearly a whole generation. You had, therefore, been long and famously disporting yourself by "stirring things up" before I was there to look on! For instance, born in 1835, I was too young in 1843 to know of Brook Farm by personal experience—being but an urchin in those Arcadian days. So, also, I was not yet out of my "roundabout jacket" whilst you were frightening an incredulous nation by your primitive and audacious demand in 1848 for female suffrage. Nevertheless, from the Fremont period (or 1856) onward through the rest of your career, I, too, was a dabbler and mischief-maker in most of the reformatory agitations which you amusingly sketch in these serio-comic memoirs.

Yes, my brilliant friend, this good-humored and chatty book comes to me as if written with "sympathetic wit," and I am happily able to read the whole story "between the lines."

For I have personally known nearly all the people whom your pen praises or punishes: legislators, journalists, orators, philanthropists, fanatics, and quidnuncs!—the wise and the otherwise!—the philosophers on the one hand and the fools on the other!—in fact, the whole galaxy of stars of all magnitudes!—especially the "strong-minded women" and the wrong-minded "white males"

Furthermore, the Fates have vouchsafed to me, as to you, an exceptional knowledge of the nose-nipping and ear-biting frosts which tingle the mortal flesh of the lyceum-lecturer while on his wintry way to fulfill his engagements in the "wild and woolly West," the thermometer being at 40 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit!

Thus it chances that your merry allusion to your ice-bound experi-



ence on the Mississippi, where you were wedged fast in midstream opposite the lecture-loving town of Macgregor, so that you discoursed to an exiled fraction of the inhabitants who were huddled together in a large ferryboat; all this grotesque adventure reminds me that I, too, was one evening snow-blocked in getting to that identical town—not arriving till 11:30 at night; when, to my amazement, I found the hall still lighted, and the audience still waiting! They had spent the evening in social chat. They insisted on having the lecture, and I am proud to say that they had the patience to listen to me from midnight till 1:15 in the morning! Would such a courtesy be shown to any public speaker in London or Paris? But then, you know, good manners pre-suppose free souls, and there is something inimitably frank and winsome in the splendid sociability of the most Western of our Westerners. I might almost say that the politest young men whom I have met in all my travels have been the “cowboys”—God bless them!

How vividly your reminiscent volume brings all these memories back to me!

Then, too, in our public parliaments of free discussion, where the “enemy” was always specially invited to come to the platform and “free his mind,” what jolly good sport we used to have in arguing him down, and in sending him off to his seat abashed and discomfited! The more riotously he had dared to behave the more we liked the fun of squelching him! You always had some anecdote or sarcasm wherewith a woman’s wit could successfully torture a masculine mind! I think the form of wrangle which you most piously enjoyed was with deacons, elders and other “theologs” (and how loggy they were!), who ventured to the front with their Biblical and pre-Adamic proofs of the exact shape of “woman’s sphere!”—a sphere which, to them, was no sphere at all, but only a cube—four squared, with rigid house-walls, and religiously rectangularized into what is called a home

And what a tremendous amount of committee-work you have done! How deftly you have always approached our law-makers, in order to convict them of injustice! How many unrighteous statutes you have made them blush for, and amend, and modify! How many disgruntled Congressmen you have persistently worried, and at last conquered!

Our dear friend Gerrit Smith! How well I remember him—both at Peterboro and at Cooper Institute! What a “King Lear” he would have made, in private theatricals! He was as handsome a demigod as the real Zeus! I am glad that you pen-picture him so filially and fondly!

I am equally glad that when you were in California, among the “big

trees," you used your opportunity to give one of them the name of "Lucretia Mott." I hope it will keep her memory green for centuries. She deserves to be unforgotten by the women of her century.

And beautiful Paulina Davis! What a soul was hers! Sanctified by bodily sufferings which she bore like an angelic spirit! I visited her at her dying bed, and I attended her funeral. You also (and Susan) were there, and we took part in the services.

There is only one thing in all these copious confessions of yours that I resolutely deny. I refer to your unsubstantiated averment that you have "grown old." No, my honored friend. The counter-truth is this: You were born old, but you have ever since—during eighty years or more—been growing young. From title-page to colophon, this volume which you have sent me, with its autograph, exhibits the same youthful enthusiasm, the same audacious courage, and (what is best of all) the same moral and spiritual aspiration which, half a century ago, marked you then to be the chief prophetess of your people.

When my beloved friend Frederick Douglass was in Paris, he and I were one day perambulating among the statues of the Queens of France, in the Luxembourg garden. After we had passed a dozen or twenty of these weather-beaten marbles, he suddenly stopped, and exclaimed: "Pray tell me who and how many among all these royalties were the equals of Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton!"

"Not one!" I replied.

During the several months which he spent in Paris he spoke of you always with homage. He never forgot that he witnessed your debut in public life at Seneca Falls in '48. How much I miss him! He was to his race what you have been to your sex.

I remain, as in ancient times, your steadfast friend,

Theodore Tilton.

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their special attention to our editorial entitled "Books Given Away."

—The obituary notice of Matilda Joselyn Gage is put over to the June number for the purpose of making it more full and satisfactory.

—Although we are opposed to war on general principles, because it is a relic of barbarism, we believe the United States is fully justified in driving these Christian hyenas from the island of Cuba, where their treatment of the pen-

ple of Cuba has been a disgrace to civilization.

—The war excitement has greatly diminished the receipts of this magazine. The last month has been the poorest of any since we came to Chicago. Those of our friends who desire the magazine continued must renew their exertions in its behalf.

—The President is quoted as saying: "You may rest assured there will not be war, with my consent, except for a cause which will satisfy good men here, the nations of Europe, and Almighty God." Senator Hanna will probably inform the President when Almighty God is satisfied there is just cause for war.

—In the closing lines of President McKinley's "war message" are these words: "If this measure attains a successful result, then our aspirations as a Christian, peace-loving people will be realized." The President ought to know that all this trouble comes from the most "Christian, peace-loving people" on the face of the earth—the Spaniards.

—Two little tots of Hudson were kneeling at their mother's knee saying the Lord's prayer, says an exchange. The oldest one was repeating after his mother, and when he reached the passage that reads, "Give us this day our daily bread," what was the mother's astonishment when the little tot exclaimed: "Hit him for a pie, Johnny; hit him for a pie!"

—Prof. D. T. Ames, the well-known Free Thinker of New York City, is soon to remove to Mountain View, Cal. He will be located there by July 1, where his mail should be directed after that date. Mr. Ames informs us that he intends to hereafter devote much time and labor to the Free Thought cause. The Professor is an able writer and a good speaker, and will be a great accession to the Liberal movement on the Pacific coast.

—The most disgusting thing in all this war controversy is the attempt of the Pope to interfere. The next thing that

we may hear is that "General" Booth of the Salvation Army will try his hand in dictating terms of peace or war. There is nothing humanity has to fear so much as the assumed authority of these religious "pontiffs," who claim to be the vice-regents of Godalmighty. If we had a truly American President he would resent any interference by any religious functionary as such of any religious denomination whatever.

—Very few of our subscribers seem to have read our "Special Notice" on page 200 of the April magazine. We therefore extend the offer to June 10. Now we ask and most earnestly request each one of our present subscribers to at once send us one new subscriber at 50 cents a year. If you cannot obtain one put your hand into your pocket and, with 50 cents, send us the name of some intelligent friend or neighbor. If this request is strictly complied with, the magazine will be safe for this dull year, and a number of thousand readers will be added to our list. In the June number we will give the names of every person who complies with this request.

—The Truth Seeker Company some time since published a little book entitled "Col. Robert G. Ingersoll as He Is." This book consists of the refutation of the lies that Christians have told about Col. Ingersoll. And in a late number of the Truth Seeker we notice the editor publishes denials of other charges made by orthodox people against the noted Agnostic. The Truth Seeker no doubt does this with the best of intentions, but we consider it worse than useless labor. Col. Ingersoll's public and private life is the best defense that can be made to all this orthodox calumny.

—Robert Purvis, said to be the last survivor of the little band who organized the American Anti-Slavery Society at Philadelphia in 1833, died in that city a few days ago at an advanced age. As a member of the second and most prominent anti-slavery society in this country

—the New England society, having been organized at the beginning of the year 1832—Mr. Purvis was brought into intimate association with such pioneers in the anti-slavery cause as William Lloyd Garrison, Benjamin Lundy, James G. Birney, Beriah Green, Lewis Tappan, and John G. Whittier—the last two named being secretaries of the American society. At the date of the organization of this society slavery existed over a large part of the globe, including the British West India Islands, in most of the South American countries, and throughout half of the American union. —Chicago Tribune.

—The following request has been received by us:

"April 26, 1898.

"Publisher Free Thought Magazine:

"Dear Sir—We are desirous of obtaining reading matter to distribute in our work here. We are urging the people to read the Sunday papers less and their Bibles and good religious matter more. Will you help us by sending fifteen or twenty copies of your publication? Yours in His Name,

"CAPT. D. F. LADD,

"Evangelist in charge.

"Address St. John's Post, United States church, army, 210 Pacific avenue, Jersey City, N. J."

We have complied with the above request by sending a package of Free Thought Magazines, and we hope every one of our subscribers will send Capt. Ladd a package of "good religious matter" of a similar character.

—Unless Rev. Charles A. Briggs has materially altered his views since the famous heresy trial it is difficult to see how he can find more comfort in the Episcopalian church than in the Presbyterian communion—or in any church at all, for that matter. A man who doubts the inspiration of the scriptures rejects the Messianic prophecies and holds human reason superior to divine revelation may be a good man, but he certainly isn't a good Christian of any

denomination whatever. His profession of faith—if he make one—must be mere lip service and his attitude one of mental dishonesty.—Chicago Chronicle.

What the Chronicle says is all very true, and it might have kept within the truth by saying that there is not a man of any ability in the orthodox church to-day who fully believes in the creed he professes. All are to that extent hypocrites, or, in more plain language, liars.

—Senator John M. Thurston, who recently made a magnificent speech in the United States Senate on the Cuban question, among other things said:

"I shall refer to these horrible things no further. They are there; God pity me, I have seen them; they will remain in my mind forever—and this is almost the twentieth century. Christ died nineteen hundred years ago, and Spain is a Christian nation. She has set up more crosses in more lands beneath more skies and under them has butchered more people than all the other nations of the earth combined."

The question will recur to many thoughtful persons that if there be a just God, who is able to prevent these horrors, so ably set forth by the Senator, why does he not prevent them? The Spaniards would probably reply: "He is on our side because we are such a Christian people." "Great is the mystery of Godliness."

—Funny incidents often occur that destroy the monotony of life. Such a one we came across recently that may interest our readers. As it happens, there is another man in Chicago besides the editor of this magazine who signs his name H. L. Green. This man is a zealous Christian. He sent us a note the other day requesting us to call at his office. We did so, and he stated a grievance. It was this: He was a Christian and often letters came to him written by infidels that terribly shocked him. He said the writers of some of them ought to be hung. And he therefore requested that we change our name on the magazine

so that he would not be thus annoyed. His reading these bad letters reminded us of what happened in a small town where we once resided. Some boys were arrested for going in swimming without proper clothing. The complainant contended that their nude condition was very disgusting and mortifying to his wife and daughters. The boys' lawyer on cross examination asked the complainant if it was possible to distinguish the sex of these persons at the great distance they were from his house. He replied: "Not with the naked eye, but we have a spy-glass in the house."

—C. K. Tenney, Esq., our valued contributor, takes a very reasonable and liberal view of the question of supporting Liberal publications. In a private letter in which he sends material aid to this magazine, as he often does, he says:

"Were I a member of any church the expense to me would be much greater than the amount I contribute to the magazine. In fact, there are but few days in the year, as it is, that I am not called upon to contribute to some church sociable, lecture, concert and the like. I always contribute something, but not from any regard for the object, but out of sympathy for the poor deluded person who asks it. Your magazine stands in the relation of a church to me, and in which I worship when time affords me the opportunity to read. It gives no sociables and indulges in no 'skin games' for the purposes of extracting money from the pockets of its readers, and insinuates no everlasting punishment for those who refuse to be victimized. This magazine, on the contrary, seeks to earn its own living and support its proprietors. It cannot now do so, for the reason public sentiment and fear of the hereafter or loss of business prevents it. Therefore, we, who are its subscribers, must see to it that it is not financially embarrassed. Let it continue in its good work, and until the people are educated to a point where it will be fully appreciated. When that time arrives it will have an abundance of sub-

scribers and many pages of paying ads., and its present subscribers will then rejoice with you in its prosperity."

—I see in every human being, and likewise in every living creature, even a crawling worm, a life given of God, and believe that for me to strike at that life is for me to strike at God. From my earliest recollection, I never killed even a fly, wantonly. I was, however, when quite a lad, thirteen or fourteen years of age, induced by my companions to admit that fishing was a legitimate sport, and so, with many misgivings, knowing that we were not seeking food, but merely sport, I went fishing once. I caught a little fish upon my hook and, horror of horrors! the hook protruded through its eye! My heart was more than saddened—'twas sickened at the sight. I saw at once that its case was hopeless and, literally praying then and there for God's forgiveness, I took my pocket-knife out as quick as possible, cut the fish's head off, to end its suffering, threw my hook and line away, and have never touched one since—and never allow myself to witness the so-called sport. And to this day, the poor little fish, wriggling in mortal agony upon my hook, is before my eyes. I committed sin in the murder of the innocent one, but, by God's grace, the sin repented of has been the means of making my heart tenderer.—Rev. J. G. Lemen, in the *Word and the Way* (Council Bluffs, Iowa).

We clipped the above from that admirable magazine, *Our Fellow Creatures*. It would seem that this good clergyman refrains from cruelty to animals for fear of hurting God. He says: "I believe that for me to strike at that life (in animals) is for me to strike at God." If, therefore, there was no God in an animal he would have no mercy for the animal. We radically differ with the Rev. Lemen on that question. We think the God in an animal or outside of an animal ought to be able to protect itself. It is the poor animal that we desire to see protected from cruelty. And if Brother Lemen's God was what a God

ought to be he would protect these innocent animals from the cruelties of mankind.

—Henry Morrison, living near Plattsburg, N. Y., has a fine eagle which is raising a brood of orphan chickens. As a stepmother the eagle is a success and the chickens are happy in their new home. The domestic scene attracts many visitors and the eagle showed her pride in raising the chickens to maturity.

The eagle was captured by Morrison while hunting six months ago, and was kept in a cage. Ten days ago an old hen became the mother of a dozen chickens and died a few days afterward. The eagle's cage was near the chicken coop, and the eagle showed unusual interest in the chickens from the beginning. After the hen died Morrison carried the chickens to his kitchen and cared for them until the cries of the eagle suggested the thought that the captive bird was really pining for companionship.

Then Morrison took the chickens to the cage, and to his surprise, they immediately responded to the shrill cries of the eagle and ran between the bars. The eagle's delight was unmistakable. She ran forward, and spreading out her wings took the chickens under her fold. The chickens crowded under her wings and refused to leave her.

Then Morrison made another experiment. He removed the eagle from her cage and turned her loose. She refused to leave her captive home or desert the chickens. She walked about the yard with a stately stride and the chickens kept close to her wings. Two hens in a fit of investigation tried to move the chickens away from the eagle. The bird flew at them with open beak and was soon in absolute control of the yard.

The chickens eat cornmeal, and the eagle not only inspects the meal carefully, but crushes the large pieces to powder before the chickens eat. She has a mother's jealous care over the brood and is fierce in resisting every at-

tempt to win the chickens from her for a moment.

—Charles C. Moore, in his "Blue Grass Blade," in an argument with a young man on the question of immortality, has this to say:

"About the coldest day last winter my wife and I buried an old dog, in a nice little grave and home-made coffin in the back-yard, and when my married son and his wife and his baby boy, and my daughter, at school there, all come home in June, from Washington City, they will all go out to see that little grave of poor old 'Grover Cleveland,' or 'Mr. Cleveland,' as we all called him in his old days, for he was loved almost like one of the family, and, after he could not walk, my wife fed him with a silver spoon, and he died, nicely covered in his bed, like an old gentleman, and that dog's intelligence and devotion to my family and myself, and his regular morning habit of coming in and out of his room and saying 'Good morning' to each member of the family as he went the rounds from room to room, and his evident love and appreciation of our kindness to him, could only be understood by those who had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, and his picture among a group of boys and girls, in a hammock and on the ground, under the trees, is cherished among our collection of photographs.

"To the very last he looked at us as if to say that he appreciated our kindness, and that dog died in his old age—having been named when Cleveland was first heard of—and we all talked over his life and said we had never known him to do an unkind or unjust thing in all his life.

"Now what has become of the soul of that dog?"

We have heretofore had a very good opinion of Brother Moore, but the above increases our esteem for him ten-fold, and we are sure his wife is fully as good as he is.



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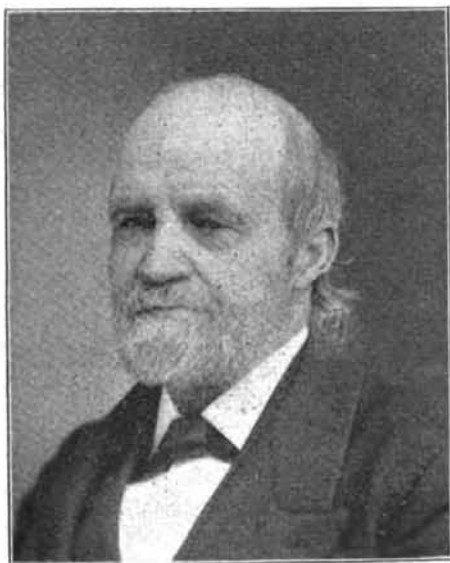
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# FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1898.

## THE HIGHER CRITICISM OF THE LEARNED AND THE BIBLIOLATRY OF THE MASSES.

BY C. B. WAITE.



C. B. WAITE.

"We hold in our hands an ancient historical document. Before we can with confidence use it as a source of knowledge for the history of the times of which it treats, two things are necessary: The first is to eliminate from the text the errors which have crept in in the course of transmission by written copies or printed editions; to restore the text to the oldest attainable form; to get as near as we can to the very words of the autograph. This is the work of textual criticism, or, as it is sometimes called, the Lower Criticism. But when we have thus satisfied ourselves that we have before us just what the author said, a new series of questions arises: Is the book in one piece, or has it a composite character? who wrote it? When? Where? For

whom? For what purpose? Was the author a witness of the things he describes? Does he write of his own knowledge, or is he dependent on others? If he has got his information from other sources, what were they? Were they competent and credible witnesses? How has the author used his sources? Then, what is the character of the work itself? Does it bear the internal marks of trustworthiness, or the opposite? Does it agree with, supplement, or contradict other credible accounts of the same period?

"In answering many of these questions, we are able to avail ourselves of both external and internal evidence. The distinctness of the testimony, the clearness of the internal evidences, the agreement or dissent of the two kinds of evidence, determine the degree of certainty attainable in the result.

"Questions of this kind must often be asked, not only in regard to whole books, but to the parts of which they are made up; to single passages or statements.

"To ask, and as far as possible to answer, these questions, is the business of historical and literary criticism, or, as it is often called, the Higher Criticism."

THIS admirable statement and definition of the Higher Criticism is taken from an editorial in the *Andover Review* for January, 1885. The editor cannot refrain, however, from expressing his regret "that the Bible must thus become the field of a critical controversy;" but consoles himself with the reflection that "it can really be no worse than the controversies about doctrine and polity which have been fought back and forth over it for so many centuries." He then adds: "After all, controversy, which is a trial of error on a large scale, is the way by which truth is established. But whatever may be our feelings, the controversy is inevitable; it has in fact already begun."

Our satisfaction at this apparently unequivocal indorsement of the Higher Criticism, and at the writer's resignation to the result of the inevitable conflict now going on, is, after all, destined to be short-lived. Directly we find ourselves handicapped by the following remarkable declaration:

"Two things criticism cannot assail, for they are not within its field. One is, the inspiration of the Scriptures; that is, not merely that they were inspired, but that they are inspired; that here are His words, which are spirit and which are life. The other is the necessary correlate of inspiration, the immediateness of religious experience. There we stand secure."

There is but a shade of difference between this position and that taken by Catholic writers upon the same subject.

The Catholic view is that while the Higher Criticism is not discarded, the Scriptures must be approached on the assumption that they are the inspired word of God, and the Higher Criticism is to be applied only under and within the limits of that assumption.

The Protestant view, as explained in the *Review*, is that the Scriptures may be approached like any other writings, but with the understanding that the Higher Criticism is incompetent to assail their inspiration. While the fact of inspiration is not actually assumed as something not to be inquired into, yet it is assumed that if the inquiry be made, it will be of no avail. The difference between these two views is the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. While the Higher Criticism is professedly accepted, it is really rejected by both. Suppose, by the application of the Higher Criticism, it appears incontestably, from internal evidence, that the writing is essentially contradictory to itself, or, from external evidence, that it contradicts well-established facts of history. What becomes of its inspiration? Is God the author of falsehood? Or, to take another illustration, from the words of the writer in the *Review*: "Who

wrote it? When? Where? For whom? For what purpose?" etc. Suppose, in answer to these questions, we find that the writing was a forgery; written long after the time when the facts are alleged to have occurred, by a person who had no knowledge of the facts, and no adequate sources of information. What then becomes of the inspiration? Was this man inspired by God to commit this forgery? It is manifest that the Higher Criticism must be left free and untrammelled, or it must be abandoned altogether.

A striking statement of this limited use of the Higher Criticism may be found in an article written by Charles P. Grannan, a professor in the Catholic University at Washington, and published in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for July, 1894.

"A book," says he, "whose author is God should not be handled after the same fashion, nor by the same standards, as purely human literature.

"Once admit that God is its author, and it will be self-evident that the mere fact that Isaias mentions Cyrus by name some centuries before his birth, does not prove that the book was written after the time of Cyrus."

And this notwithstanding that in Isaiah (Chap. 45) Cyrus is spoken of as having been upheld by the Lord previous to that time, which was, according to the Bible chronologists, nearly two hundred years before the time of Cyrus. If a reference to Cyrus in the past tense does not prove that the book in which the reference was made was written after the time of Cyrus, then what is the use of a Higher Criticism? Of course, any other inconsistency, discrepancy, or contradiction, could be explained in a similar manner, by reference to some principle of exegesis higher than the Higher Criticism itself. In this case the language of Isaiah, although in the past tense, is considered prophetic. Under such a latitude of construction, any difficulty whatever could be explained.

The result is, that the Higher Criticism, in its only correct and effective use, is and must be, free from the limitations placed upon it by those who adhere to the doctrine of inspiration. It can no more be used in its completeness by orthodox Protestants than by Roman Catholics.

Hence, the Higher Critics are, properly speaking, rationalists; and every Protestant teacher or writer who adopts the Higher Criticism without restraint must eventually be charged with heresy. And such has in fact been the case: witness, Prof. Charles A. Briggs, Prof. Preserved Smith, Prof. Newman Smyth, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and others.

Notwithstanding the charges of heresy the Higher Criticism is making rapid progress among the learned in all the churches. It is spreading

among the clergy, among religious writers, and among professors and students in all the collegiate institutions.

Not so with the commonalty in the churches—the laity proper. They are devotedly attached to the Bible as it is and has been for nearly three hundred years. They have an instinctive feeling that the Higher Criticism means what it really does mean—destruction to their religion. Hence they cling with desperate tenacity to the Bible of the past, with all of its errors, discrepancies, and contradictions, rendered more glaring by advancing scholarship from year to year. They prefer to take the Bible, not from collegiate professors, not from doctors of divinity, nor even from the most intelligent of the clergy; but from Mr. Moody, and those of his ilk. They are not willing to give up the story of Jonah and the whale—of Elijah going up in his chariot, or of the devils in the swine who were driven into the sea. These stories, which have been preached from the pulpit in sonorous tones for fifteen hundred years, are sacred to them. They have drunk them in from their infancy; they have become a part of their life, from which they find it difficult to sever themselves. The bibliolatry of the masses, which has been the growth of hundreds of years, cannot be eradicated in a day.

Among the Protestant masses it need not be surprising if the attachment to the Bible should remain as long as the religion of which they have been taught the Bible is the exponent. With the Roman Catholics it is different. With them the Bible has always been secondary and subordinate to the church; and should the time come when the growth of the Higher Criticism among the Catholic clergy should render it necessary, the Bible, which has never been used except under limitations and restrictions, would be entirely withdrawn from general use. As their religion does not, like the Protestant religion, rest upon the Bible exclusively, it could not be destroyed by the Higher Criticism.

What has been accomplished by the Higher Criticism up to the present time?

The entire composition of the Bible, as a collection of books—the entire arrangement of the books with reference to each other, both in the Old and in the New Testament—has been overthrown. One of the earliest conclusions of the Higher Criticism was that the previous arrangement must be entirely broken up. As soon as that was ascertained, the books of the Bible lay before the critics in a confused and at first almost indistinguishable mass—something like a house, or a ship, which had been blown up or fallen to pieces. The materials were there, but the entire work must be reconstructed. Upon this the critics have been en-

gaged for the last fifteen or twenty years. The theories have been almost numberless.

The following points may be considered as agreed upon and established by a consensus of the Higher Critics of the present time:

Of the books of the Old Testament, that Deuteronomy became known about six hundred years before Christ, having been written not long previous to that time. That the Torah, or Jewish law, in the rest of the Pentateuch, became known in 444 B. C., and was unknown until that date. That the book of Isaiah was not written much before B. C. 500, certainly not until the taking of Babylon by Cyrus. That most of the other books of the Old Testament are of uncertain date and authorship. That there was no such Hebrew Bible before the time of Christ as has been generally supposed. That the collection now known as the Old Testament was compiled long afterward.

Of the books of the New Testament, that several of the epistles of Paul are genuine, and were probably written in the first century. That while several of the apocryphal gospels were in circulation early in the second century, the four gospels known as canonical did not appear until from A. D. 170 to 180; Luke and Mark appearing probably first, and John and Matthew afterward, according to some, the gospel of John considerably later than the other three.

These results are not, however, accepted by the religious masses, and will not be for many years to come. They still adhere to the Bible as it has been handed down to them from their ancestors. This has become manifest by the utter failure of the Revised Version. That version has never been able to make its way into general use, and it is doubtful if it ever will. This great work of scholarship—the greatest of the kind within the century—is practically unknown to the generality of the Protestant world, for whom it was made; and if the Revised Version cannot attain general acceptance, how can the Higher Criticism? “Do we not lose by the change?” asks one critic, J. H. Long, writing from a religious standpoint in the *Arena*. “As the woman at the grave said, ‘They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.’ So does not this new treatment virtually rob the Christian world of its Bible, with all implied therein? The reply is: This is not the point. The point is, whether the old view is the correct view or not.”

That may be the point with scholars, but the other is the point with the religious masses. The Higher Critics have taken away their Lord, and they do not know where they have laid him. They look with suspicion upon everything of the kind, and prefer to travel in the old paths.

When the Higher Criticism shall finally prevail throughout the Protestant world, as in the course of time it must, the Protestant religion will have become so diluted that it will be ready to disappear.

The Roman Catholic religion will continue until the slow but eventually certain progress of intelligence shall undermine and overthrow the power and influence of the Catholic priesthood; a priesthood which is the consolidated growth of seventeen hundred years.

### EXAMINATION OF THE GOSPELS.

BY LEMOYNE BENJAMIN.

IN these latter days of the nineteenth century, when all about us we behold the grandest panorama of thought and deed that has been displayed since the advent of man, the emancipated mind of the Free Thinker still perceives one powerful source of ignorance to be removed, one mighty stronghold of superstition to be overthrown, before intelligence can exert unrestricted sway upon the principles and practices of the denizens of earth. Our esteemed Christian friends read with amusement of the religions of the ancient world, of the Ganges worship of the Hindus, the Isis, Osiris and Horus of the Egyptians, the petty quarrels of the Olympian deities, and the wild Norse orgies in honor of Thor and Odin, but they never pause to consider that in the opinion of any rational thinker their own belief has as unmerited grounds for general acceptance as had the religions of those heathen nations whom they deride.

Before the rise of scientific criticism it was claimed that the Bible contains all we know of God, the maker and ruler of the universe, but now, when all the important dogmas of the Hebrews have been shown to be merely incorporations from various other religions of antiquity, we are assailed by a branch of pseudo-science termed natural theology, the expounders of which desperately endeavor to prove the existence of a Creator by the argument of design, and similar fallacies.

While some of our more liberal-minded clergymen reject to a certain extent the blasphemous anthropomorphism of the Old Testament, they are unanimously agreed that in the New is to be found the fountain of all truth, and the sum and substance of all ethical precepts. They pass over in silence every error, every contradiction, every impossibility of the four gospels, and pray to their crucified God in as fanatical a manner as does the most benighted African savage to his idol of wood or stone, and with precisely the same effect.

We know absolutely nothing of the life of Jesus Christ other than what we read of him in the documents of "Matthew, Mark, Luke and



John ;" if we turn to the pages of history for corroboration of the wonderful tales recounted of him by these ancient myth-makers, we find no trace of such a personage save that which has been proved to be rank forgery on the part of the early Christians.

The evangelists disagree on every matter of importance, and even in the most trivial particulars. These discrepancies are so glaring that it is impossible for them to remain unremarked by the unprejudiced reader, and so numerous that the most skillful exegetist fails in the attempt to reconcile them. The Christian world has always believed, and still believes, that Christ was born at Bethlehem, but the gospel of John would seem to indicate that he was not. The four gospels, and particularly that of Matthew, were written for the manifest purpose of fulfilling the Messianic prophecies of the Hebrew scriptures, and the synoptical writers carried out this purpose in naming Bethlehem as the birthplace of Christ, although they state that he always resided at Nazareth. This Nazareth apparently had a very unsavory reputation, for the guileless Nathaniel, on being informed that the Savior was found, exclaimed: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" John vii. says of Jesus: "There was a division of the people because of Him," some believing that he was the long-expected Messiah, while others said: "Shall Christ come out of Nazareth? Hath not the Scripture said that Christ cometh out of the town of Bethlehem, where David was?" From this passage we must infer a perversion of the truth on the part of the "beloved disciple," or on that of the synoptists. We have no means of determining the correctness of either statement, and it would be manifestly unjust to accept the preponderance of opinion as the criterion of truth, thereby excluding the testimony of John, who by reason of his Alexandrian mysticism is a favorite with theologians. The place of the nativity is of little moment, but such conflicting testimony goes far to show how little reliance can be placed upon the asseverations of those whom God has inspired to write the "wonderful story of Jesus."

Matthew rather overstepped the boundaries of historical license when he wrote "that it might be fulfilled that was spoken by the prophets, he shall be called a Nazarene," for nowhere in the Old Testament do we find any reference to Nazareth or Nazarenes. He also records an important event in the occurrence of which he is sustained neither by his fellow-writers nor by secular history, namely, the slaughter of the innocents by Herod. This story is but one of the romantic embellishments which we so often meet in Matthew's gospel.

Jesus gives us various conflicting statements as to his social standing

in the celestial regions, sometimes asserting that he occupies a subordinate position, and at others placing himself on a par with the Almighty. He admonishes his disciples to "be perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Now, setting aside natural theology, of which the disciples knew nothing, if the tales told of the "Father" in the Old Testament are to be considered as true, the infinite ideas of perfection are altogether different from the finite. According to "Moses and the prophets" the Father was accustomed to setting all manner of traps for his children, and then wreaking a terrible punishment on them when they happened to get caught. He also encouraged the commission of the crimes of murder, prostitution, bigamy and robbery, and advocated lying, drunkenness and slavery.

The Christ of the New Testament, while at times kind and loving, is possessed of the same fierce, relentless spirit that characterizes the Jehovah of the Old; instead of inflicting speedy vengeance upon his enemies he promises to burn them in "everlasting fire."

The story of the "Legion of Devils," as narrated by the synoptists, has been one of the greatest difficulties with which the reconcilers have been obliged to contend. Matthew, in our authorized version, places the scene of the episode in the "country of the Gergesenes," but the location of this country must remain a mystery. Mark and Luke, on the contrary, agree in naming the territory of the Gadarenes as the spot where this matchless miracle was performed. Matthew says there were two men possessed of devils, Mark and Luke mention but one; Matthew says nothing about the demoniacs being chained, while Mark asserts that "he had been often bound with fetters and chains," yet in the preceding verse says "no man could bind him;" Matthew and Luke fail to tell us the number of the swine, but Mark says "they were about two thousand." The three evangelists are agreed that the people besought Jesus to depart from their coast, and, since he had been the cause of such great destruction of their property, they would have been justified in inflicting upon him the penalty of the law.

Some of our learned commentators have endeavored to dodge the consequences of the literal interpretation of the Gadarene episode by reasoning that the demoniacal possession referred to was merely a violent form of insanity, and that Jesus restored the men to reason by the exercise of mental suggestion, or by some process not clearly understood. Nothing can be more absurd than such strenuous efforts to conceal the ignorance and superstition of the gospel writers; those men who spend their lives in vain endeavor to substantiate the mass of myths which tradition

has clustered around the person of the "gentle Nazarene," are acting a literary lie, prostituting their intelligence in an ignoble cause, and making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of all right-minded people.

If the synoptists were aware that the Gadarenes were merely insane, why could they not express their knowledge in intelligible language, and not branch off into a rambling discourse on devils, unclean spirits, and the like? Our theologians tell us that there were two natures inherent in Christ, the "divinely human, and the humanly divine." From the accounts of Him in the four gospels we are led to believe that the writers were conversant with but one side of his development, the "divinely human;"—imagine the Almighty on familiar terms with devils, curing insanity by the formula, "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit;" think of omnipotence cursing a fig-tree because it had not borne fruit out of season, or overturning tables in a temple and driving out the money-changers with "a scourge of small cords!"

Jesus informs us that "whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." He gives us no means of determining the nature of this "unpardonable sin," and has left his worshipers to go through life in deadly fear lest they have inadvertently been guilty of it. There is, however, no consistency in the above-quoted passage; the "Son of man" is a title frequently applied by Jesus to himself; in John x., 30, he says: "I and my Father are one," and the church teaches that the members of the trinity are "three in one, and one in three." According to this interpretation, it would be equally sinful for us to speak against the "Son of man," who was evidently not overburdened with shrewdness, else he would have made no declaration containing so obvious a paradox.

The narrative of Jesus' public entry into Jerusalem is of a very suspicious character; Matthew says he rode into the city "on an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass," presumably after the fashion of the equestrians in the Roman standing-races. Mark and Luke claim his steed to have been "a colt on which man never sat," and add that as the disciples were loosing it the owners said to them, "Why loose ye the colt?" Their reply was, "The Lord hath need of him." Any person who is acquainted with the thrifty proclivities of the Jewish nation will require stronger evidence than that adduced by Mark and Luke before he can believe that an Israelite would stand quietly near and see two strangers depart with one of his beasts, under the flimsy pretext that "the Lord hath need of him." Matthew and John introduce a prophecy from Isaiah, which they mould to

suit their purpose, as a confirmation of their story. John, after quoting this prophecy, says: "These things understood not his disciples at the first, but when Jesus was glorified, then remembered they that these things were written of him, and that they had done these things unto him." If John had said that when he was searching the Scriptures for prophecies of the Messiah he discovered this particular one and invented its fulfillment in the person of Jesus, he would have been nearer the truth.

The synoptists, after describing the scenes that will attend the second coming of Christ, represent him as uttering a palpable falsehood: After drawing a vivid picture of the desolation which will attend that wonderful event, he is made to say: "This generation shall not pass away till all these things be done." We are living evidences that "these things" have not been done. There has been no perceptible "darkening of the sun," the lustrous moon still diffuses her soft radiance upon the earth, and the "stars of heaven" continue to occupy their accustomed places.

The synoptists apparently conform to the truth in their narration of the "Lord's Supper." There is no reason for doubting that Jesus made use of the language attributed to him on that occasion, as it is such language as might be used by any semi-insane individual while in a state of religious exaltation,—or intoxication,—and the latter would seem in this case to be the more applicable, as Jesus' remark, "I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine until I drink it new in the kingdom of my Father," bears a suspicious resemblance to the "swearing-off" process of the devotee of Bacchus.

The abominable custom inaugurated by the Galilean reformer on that fatal evening so many centuries ago, is still practiced by his deluded followers, who imagine that with the morsel of bread and sip of wine they are absorbing the spiritual grace of the one whom they style their "Great Redeemer." If there is one rite of the church that merits greater condemnation than the others, it is the cannibalistic orgie of communion; of all the puerile, idiotic ceremonies of the religious world, it is the one most utterly at variance with the dictates of morality and common sense.

The "agony in the garden" is described by the synoptists in such a way as to awaken grave doubts as to its reality. They attest that Jesus prayed, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me," meaning, in other words, "If it be possible, visit not death upon me." At the moment when the object of Jesus' incarnation is about to be consummated, we find him weak, regretful, fearful of destruction, although to his certain knowledge he must be reanimated in three days; we behold the master of death, afraid to die!

We must, however, regard the narrators of this impossible scene as deliberate falsifiers, and from their own testimony the justice of such a conclusion becomes apparent; they unanimously state that when Jesus finished his prayer he "went unto his disciples and found them asleep." If so, it is difficult to conceive in what manner the evangelists received so exact an account of the prayer said to have been voiced by Jesus. We can draw no inference from these two irreconcilable statements other than that the synnotists lied—either when they transcribed the prayer or when they wrote that Jesus on his return found his disciples sleeping. To say that one of these passages is true, presupposes the absolute falsity of the other.

The four biographers of Jesus agree in naming Judas as his betrayer. Mark and Luke say that the chief priests "covenanted with him for money," John makes no mention of a pecuniary consideration, while Matthew inserts his stereotyped phrase, "Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by the prophet," and says the traitor received thirty pieces of silver as the reward of his iniquity. There is a great division of opinion as to the fate of Judas; Matthew avows that "he went out of the temple and hanged himself," John represents him as doomed to "tarry until the return of Christ," and Peter, in Acts i., 18, tells the disciples that "falling headlong he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out." Peter adds that "This was known to all the inhabitants of Jerusalem." These last two accounts of Judas' fate indicate that Jesus punished him by some supernatural means. We can discern no fitness in such procedure on the part of the "Lamb of God." His avowed purpose was to offer himself an atonement for the sins of the world, and to accomplish this it was necessary that he should be delivered up to the rabble and that they should crucify him. Judas was predestined to betray him, and according to Peter suffered a horrible death for his innocent instrumentality in carrying out the designs of God. It is no wonder that the Presbyterians hold fast to the doctrine of predestination.

We are now come to that part of the story of Jesus which, from the Christian standpoint, is regarded as the most wonderful event in the history of the world—the crucifixion. Matthew says that when the soldiers having charge of Jesus arrived at Golgotha, they gave him "vinegar to drink mingled with gall, and when he had tasted thereof he would not drink." Mark states that "they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh." The inscription on the cross is differently transcribed by each of the four writers. The evangelists could have derived their information from no trustworthy source, or we should have met with uniformity

of statement in their descriptions of incidents requiring naught but observation.

The conversion of the thief on the cross is an occurrence often pointed out by our worthy brethren, the clergy, as a marvelous illustration of what they term "the saving power of Jesus," but Matthew states that both thieves reviled him, and we have no more reason to question the veracity of Matthew than we have that of Luke. Matthew, Luke and John tell us that the crucifixion took place "about the sixth hour," or 12 o'clock, while Mark asserts that "it was about the third hour, and they crucified him." The synoptists would have us believe that a preternatural darkness overspread the whole earth for three hours; of this John says nothing, and we find no record of any similar phenomenon in the writings of contemporary historians.

The rationalistic expositors have endeavored to explain the rending or the vail of the temple by arguing that an earthquake, by a curious coincidence, had taken place at the moment of Jesus' death; be that as it may, the most terrible convulsion of nature would hardly cause dead saints to arise from their graves and appear in the streets of a city, as Matthew informs us they did.

The story of the resurrection is related in such a conflicting manner that no person, unless he is mentally unbalanced, can place any credence in it. The oft-repeated statement of Jesus, that he would arise from the tomb in three days, is controverted by the testimony of the peerless four, who relate that he arose after two nights and a day. Matthew says that when the women arrived at the sepulchre an angel of the Lord descended from heaven and rolled away the stone; Mark makes no mention of an angel, but states that the stone was already rolled away on the arrival of the women, and that on entering the tomb "they saw a young man sitting on the right side clothed in a long white garment;" Luke says "two men stood by them in shining garments." John's version of the affair is that Peter and "that other disciple" going into the sepulchre, saw two angels in white sitting one at the head, the other at the foot, "where the body of Jesus was lain," and adds that Jesus himself appeared to Mary Magdalene.

Ignoring these gross contradictions, Christians would yet attempt to force upon the rest of the world a belief in their "Redeemer," the incarnation of the Jewish God, Jehovah; the Hindus might with as much consistency urge upon us the claims of their nine avatars.

When our devout friends read their Bibles, they read with their minds full of the conviction that every word is inspired, and must be true. They shut their eyes to all errors, because they fear their God will cast

them into the "lake that burneth with fire" if they doubt a single syllable of his history. For these intellectual serfs there can be no happiness such as that which comes with the eradication of the germs of superstition; they must ever be hopeless slaves, cowering before the creature of their imaginations, breathing their supplications to the cold, impassive power that neither sees them nor hears their prayers.

Sioux City, Iowa.

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"SOULLESS SECULARISM."

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

SOME short time ago Mr. John Morley delivered a noble address at the opening of the Passmore Edwards Settlement, erected in the north-west of London, by the munificence mainly of Mr. Passmore Edwards, the proprietor of the *Echo* newspaper, the *Building News*, and other publications. The Church of England, the Wesleyan and other bodies have established Settlements, which seem to have a three-fold character—Christian, Collegiate and Secular. The Secularism is not heretical, but ethical—not that the difference is very great, for the ethical is heretical inasmuch as it stands upon ground independent of Christianity. The Passmore Edwards Settlement is mostly ethical, and instructive. It has residential chambers and a fine lecture hall, co-operative and ethical societies, and other progressive causes, opportunity of holding meetings there, which is a new advantage in London, and in the course of the inaugural address by the Right Honorable John Morley, M. P., he said he had "no sympathy with 'soulless secularism.' " I was asked by some hearers whether that referred to the form of Secularism for which I were responsible. I answered I did not believe it did, but if so, it would make no difference in my regard for Mr. Morley, for it was the essence of Free Thought to recognize diversity of individual opinion, which Free Thought inculcates, without regard to conformity to any given standard.

Mr. Morley is the last man in the world to speak disparagingly of Secularism, which he has vindicated so brilliantly in the lives of the great French Secularists which he has written. I understand him to speak of that Secularism which is soulless—there is a good deal of that about, of which I, like Mr. Morley, do not think highly.

I last met him at the grave of Mr. Bradlaugh, and thought it a bold thing, of which I know no parallel, of a member of the Government testifying personal respect at the grave of an atheist. On my saying I was glad to meet him there he answered: "Why should I not be here?"

I have seen objection taken to Mr. Morley for voting against Mr.

Bradlaugh's Oath Bill, which enables a man to make affirmation providing he declares an oath to be "contrary to his religious belief." (This applies only to a few Bible Christians who feel themselves bound by the command of Christ to "swear not at all") or he may be exempted from the oath by declaring he has "no religious belief." This is the Christian definition of an Atheist, which in Christian eyes is a scandalous stigma which the affirmer by this Act is made publicly to affix on himself. All the Liberal Non-conformist members in Parliament objected to this. Had I been a member I should have objected. The late Lord Derby, who understood what Atheistical liberty really meant, proposed that anyone should make affirmation at will, giving no reason. Mr. Morley was of this opinion. Christianity has no business to exact an ecclesiastical confession, either from minister or member of Parliament. For this I have always contended, and I cannot conceive how any person, Free Thinker or Atheist, valuing equality and independence in opinion, can doubt Mr. Morley's rectitude and honor in this matter. His whole career is proof that he follows the course he thinks right, whether a friend or foe dissents. He may compromise with adversaries, as every man has to do—but he never compromises with principle.

Mr. John Morley's book on "Compromise" is the noblest work which has appeared in England since John Stuart Mills' famous essay on "Liberty," which Grote said was equal to a Grecian classic. Mill taught us what Liberty is, Morley how Liberty could be used without sacrificing principle. Both books are inseparable and superb.

The color of the war creeps into your April number. You are doing with Spain what we ought to have done with Turkey. All honor to America for its magnanimity and resolution.



## THE WOMAN'S BIBLE.

BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

WHAT does the Bible say about woman? And is what it says of any value or consequence? Such are the questions which Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and her assistants have answered by "The Woman's Bible." The answers are interesting and valuable principally for the reason that the Bible has become the chief instrument of the emotional, intellectual, political and economic slavery of man, and especially of woman. The question of the emancipation, progress and welfare of the human race now depends largely upon getting the Bible to be estimated for what it really is, under the laws of Science, History and Evolution. The Woman's Bible is extremely valuable from this point of view, for it is a startling eye-opener to those who are not stone blind—blind from being brought up in the church influences of Theology like the blind fish in the darkness of the Mammoth Cave. This exposure of the utter barbarism and insufficiency of the Bible in regard to woman makes it impossible for every rational person not to see its utter insufficiency as to Science, History, Morals, Religion, and everything else. For if anything is true in Sociology it is that the progress of mankind is, and is more and more, to be measured by the independence of woman and her equal companionship in the higher life to which Evolution beckons us onward. The closing line of Faust lifts us up over all of the Past, and adumbrates the Future in ever-memorable prophecy: "Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan." The eternally womanly draws us ever on. The fact that the Bible damns woman, as the cause and source of all evil, makes her the slave of a slave, from Genesis to Revelation, so that the man is ever "the head of the woman," places the Bible unmistakably among the "back numbers" of emotional literature. Under the laws of Evolution its treatment of women shows that it is the old record and remains of past tribal barbarism, and that, therefore, it cannot be of any use or authority to us now, except historically, in showing us just what the Present, which has outgrown the Past, should not feel, or think, or do. Human progress must now, if Evolution is true, consist in reversing and rising above barbarous ignorance of those past stages of social, political, moral and religious life in which the Bible books had their origin and which they can only represent to us. The Bible is the heavy flat stone of the Past which the churches and priests place upon the expanding head of the Present generation in order to stop its growth. The one thing the Present has to do is to get that stone off, and send it rolling

down through the horrid strata of the Past, from whence it was exhumed, and of which it is a part. Evolution has passed its just and scientific judgment on the Bible. Just as the ancient strata of geology and their fossil life-beginnings and horrid monsters were the ground work from which our modern soil and life evolved, so those obsolete strata of the past social, political, moral and religious conditions, and their societies of the past, are preserved for us, but in part only in the Bible. Think of a farmer spending his life in trying to dig up and restore to life and utility those old strata and fossils as the ideal of modern life, and the "criterion of his Faith and Practice," in agriculture to-day. Yet that is just what we are set by the churches to do in regard to the religious and higher nature of man. Could anything be more absurdly wicked? Yet the masses of the people, and many half-fledged Liberals seem to be so hypnotized by these absurd pretensions and claims for the Bible that they walk about and hesitate about trying to do anything without some Bible sanction. The dead past, instead of being allowed to bury its dead, is made to dictate our present and future. The evolution and proper position of womanhood has been retarded beyond power to estimate by the Bible influences which have kept her for centuries under the brutal and selfish subjection of the past.

It is like the rising of the sun of a new day to have works from women like those of Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Gage, which compel the recognition of woman in the present, not from what she has been in the past, but from what evolution points out she is to be and do for the race in the future. The emancipation of woman's soul and higher life from her old spiritual prostration is of extreme importance to all, for it means the advance of the lines of progress in every field of human effort and aspiration. Civilization is waiting for woman to recover from her terror over the devils and the hells of the past in order to move onward toward the true heaven that can only be built with her aid in the human future. Nor let the mistake be made that there is any hostility to the Bible in anything we have said, or that these noble women have said. Just as soon as the churches and priesthood cease to use the Bible as a club to beat out the brains of the advancing part of the human race, we are ready to welcome it for its historical, social and poetic value as a part of the past records of the human heart. We may even admit and glory in its ideal, though never existent, "Christ" and "Heaven," as a prophetic longing of human nature for a state of things which may be more than realized in and by the progress of Humanity as the real Christ, and the bettered conditions of mankind on earth, as the true heaven guaranteed by Evolution itself. Thus the Bible falls innocently in its place among the noted scriptures of the

past as a great dramatic poem, unconsciously composed and produced by the older generations, and complying splendidly with Aristotle's Law, of a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. That is:—the tribal "Old Testament" leads us to the metaphysical "Apocrypha," as the Middle, and that to the Apocalyptic "New Testament" as the End: the final vision of its aspirations and hope for a celestial heaven, which never was, and never can be, as the Copernican Astronomy now proves, but which is still useful as a suggestion of the triumph of Humanity which man, under Scientific Evolution, may well hope to realize.

The Bible, the books of the Past, made present, as an infallible revelation, is an obstruction and a terror. The Bible, a Drama of the Past leading up to the Present, is a beautiful poem prophetic of the hope and "Heaven," which a blind and selfish dream of the Christians, a Mirage of the Heart, may yet help to realize and reach in a vaster reality for the whole of mankind.

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## POPULAR FANCIES ABOUT THE MOON.

BY MYRON H. GOODWIN.

**M**ANY years ago our ancestors were worshippers of nature. The sun, moon and stars being thought to exert a good or a bad influence over human affairs, were regarded worthy of especial adoration. The sun being the most striking object in the heavens and the one most serviceable to man, was held in highest esteem. It was a good divinity bringing joy and delight to the heart of the husbandman. On the other hand, the moon, whose beams were without apparent warmth, was thought to be the natural enemy of mankind. To avert the wrath of this supposed divinity prayers, offerings, and sacrifices were instituted. Queer and fanciful tales about the moon grew up around primitive man. Some of those early superstitions still linger in the folk-lore and customs of our race.

A curious survival of this worship of the moon is seen in the gender of the word. In English we still, in poetry at least, regard the moon as feminine. This has not always been the case with other nations, nor has it always been true with us. Among the Hindus the word for moon is masculine. The same can be said generally of the Slavic, Lithuanian, and Teutonic races. The modern German still says *der* (masc.) *mond*, the moon. The Latin word *luna*, and the Greek word *selene* are feminine. We, perhaps owing to the Norman Conquest of England, have followed the custom of the Romans, for the Anglo-Saxon word for moon is masculine.

Everybody has seen the Man in the Moon, and certainly there is on

the lunar disk some resemblance to the human face. In this fancy we have the masculine conception of the moon, an inheritance without doubt from our Germanic ancestors. The iron rule of the Norman was able to modify the language and the political institutions of the Saxon, but it could not change this simple folk-lore tale, still so dear to the heart of childhood.

There is a curious North German superstition that, if you talk of cabbages while looking at the moon, you will hurt the feelings of the man in it, who was a cabbage stealer in his salad days.

During the Middle Ages many household affairs and the work of the husbandman were governed by the heavenly bodies. Thus we read that no important work should be begun, when the moon is on a decline. The sowing of seeds, the cutting of wood for fuel, the gathering of herbs, the taking of medicine, and many other things were timed in accordance with the changes of the moon.

In a recent popular almanac is the following advice: "To have early peas, it is necessary to plant them when the moon is in a movable sign, and, if possible, increasing in light. Farmers should time their fall butchering to the signs of the moon." The meat is said to shrink, if a pig is killed when the moon is on the wane.

Seeing the moon over the left shoulder is still considered by some to bring bad luck for the month. We have inherited this superstition from the Romans. Curiously enough the Greeks held to the opposite belief, a sign on the right side being considered unlucky.

Maidens in modern as well as in ancient times have thought that the moon plays an important part in love affairs. If a young girl sees the new moon through the trees, she shudders at the future. If she sees it without any obstruction, she believes it to be a good omen. Often she repeats words somewhat like these:

New moon, true moon,  
Tell unto me, who my true love is to be,  
The color of his hair,  
And what I am to wear,  
And when he is to marry me.

The answers are supposed to be given in that night's dreams.

Our word lunacy, derived from Latin luna, the moon, shows us what during the Middle Ages was the general belief as to the cause of insanity. Even to this day many dislike to have the moonbeams fall upon them, while

they are sleeping. May not this superstition have originated from the beautiful story of Endymion?

We are living in a scientific age, which is making sad havoc with the folk-lore of our ancestors. It is none too early for us to try to preserve these fanciful ideas. Scientific such things may not be, but they are often poetical. Written history too many times has consisted principally in describing the pomp of courts and the lives of the upper classes. In these simple tales we get nearer to the life of the common people, whose doings are as important and interesting as are the more dazzling deeds of kings and of conquerors.

West Newbury, Mass.

# LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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## BRAIN MECHANICS.\*

BY CHARLES J. LEWIS, M. D.

ONE thought the soul was air, another fire;  
Another blood diffused about the heart;  
Another said the elements conspire,  
And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians thought our souls were harmonies;  
Physicians held that they brain-products be,  
Epicures made them swarms of atoms,  
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some thought one general soul fill'd pin'l brain,  
As the bright sun sheds light on every star;  
And others that the name of soul was vain,  
And that we only brain mechanics are.

Now, coming to our time quite new,  
When knife the hand, and lens the eye outgrew;  
The man of science tells us true,  
That brain, the mind and soul in all doth brew.

Strong, wise, is protoplasm of brain,  
To, from phenomena, words brew so plain,  
That soon dream-views of soul and mind  
Will fade, and disappear, as fluff by wind.

Dream-views of mind are vision born  
To early man in sense and brain-cell storm—  
Emotion's storm—a threat'ning cloud,  
Imagination-reason's hapless shroud.

To early man and modern, too,  
Dream-views of mind and soul to all untrue;  
Untrue to objects natural;  
Illusions wild and vague, impractical.

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\*The first three verses are a paraphrase from the Cent. Dict. article "Soul."

What fulsome words, then, sense and brain,  
To those—the work of matter-gray explain ;  
How justly proud, too, will they be  
When nature, real, true, alone they'll see.

By nature's laws all parts conserve,  
As parts from objects flee in objects merge ;  
So sense and brain mind make from crust ;  
Not so with those who introspection trust.

All objects wear excess from crust  
As tap of bell makes sound or peal robust ;  
And with its ring goes matter forth  
Quick into brain for thought to make so worth.

As food to mouth and stomach in  
Absorption thence blood makes, some thick, some thin ;  
So matter fine from object's crust  
In brain is built to mind as sacred trust.

As parts from objects enter brain,  
Mechanics strong will all ideas frame ;  
For matter-gray all mind hath wrought,  
As acts or motion, speech, or written thought.

From objects flee materials raw  
To matter-gray for all of human law ;  
For nature's law, all else doth pass  
To merge in things, small, great, en masse.

By introspection thought declin'd,  
All work of hand, of eye, of head combined  
Into distrust, disgrace, did sink,  
And man from thence foredoom'd, did cease to think.

For introspection is but tomb  
For mind in age, in youth, or in man's bloom ;  
The wheels of progress sharp it blocks,  
Deludes, ensnares, and wisdom all it mocks.

When hand unused, nor eyes attend,  
In trial fair, keen observation bend,

Then dullard quite and dwarf'd is brain,  
Through introspection's self-inclusive train.

Nor stay'd will be the downward course,  
Of introspection's blight and self-remorse,  
Until experiment will show  
With observation, how we all things know.

Matter-gray is mechanic strong,  
To make reflections into thought or song;  
Reflections cast from objects bold,  
As mind-stuff raw for sense and brain to mould.

To mould ideas of objects sens'd  
From mind-stuff raw in organ-sense commenced,  
And image then to center may  
Pass on and finish'd be in matter-gray.

Reflections cast from objects bold,  
By me the name phenomena I hold;  
By others undulation waves,  
Believing these from mental blight will save.

Phenomena but matter are  
Passing, moving, yea, from near and from far  
In senses five a-streaming go,  
And give the image form and meaning too.

Image fair of objects clear  
To sense of eye, smell, touch, taste, ear,  
From out phenomena is wrought  
By nerve of brain in organ-end so fraught.

So fraught that organ-end can make  
Sensation too, as well as image take,  
From 'pressions all to it will come  
Of objects true receiv'd at this, its home.

The work-shop for sensations all,  
Is matter nerve in organ-end so small;  
In organ-eye, its rods and cones;  
In organ-touch, its sharp papilla's dome.



In ear quite true hair-cells are found,  
That when vibrations in, do sense as sound ;  
In tongue we have papillae-taste,  
For food select, the good, the sound from waste.

We next have smell to tell so well,  
Bouquet of rose, of wine, of youthful bell ;  
And last will come organic sense  
To call to body's waste full recompense.

Sensation fair in nerve so fine,  
Yet organ-sense is double, all opine ;  
(Save taste alone in median space),  
As eye, ear, nose, touch on either side th' face.

Phenomena is object's shell  
Escaping thence from noumenon so well ;  
Without which naught of noumenon  
By man, though over-wise, would e'er be known.

The noumenon, that which remains  
To breed phenomena again, again ;  
Until quite gone the noumenon  
Into phenomena, wee, thin and wan.

Phenomena, still once again,  
Is only that which sense will gain,  
By laws call'd physics, all else brought  
To objects solid by accretion wrought.

No sprite or ghost is object true,  
To send phenomena sense-organ through ;  
In brain-cells center they do grow,  
From cells ideation they spring and flow :

When sense attentions false were brought  
To cells ideation, false notions wrought ;  
False in sense, ideation wrong ;  
And thence in cells the center the wrong prolong.

Attention weak, can naught but bring  
Dismay, regret, ennui, brain's bitter sting ;

When quick shall come the true all bright  
That intuition false gives ghost or sprite.

Cells ideation all thought make,  
From objects which phenomena forsake ;  
While cells the center readjust  
From these, imaginations, sprites and ghosts.

Sprites, ghosts, and imaginations,  
Are to the cells center sore vexations ;  
Vexations sore from attention dull  
To phenomena hazy, murky, under-full.

Attention poor, sensation weak ;  
Sensation slim, ideas false or freak ;  
Ideas freak, all reason seek  
Expression's voice in words occult to speak.

Gray-matter cells that words do speak,  
Are motor, much volition make, yet meek ;  
And out to muscle red they send  
O'er fibre nerve secure to full plate-end

Their freight which now is Will so brawn,  
That views opposing soon to them are drawn.  
Thus man, his Will, cell-motion great  
Dispatches out ideas, thought, as freight.

Cells-motor sound, volition strong,  
Volition weak, then mysticism and song  
Break forth instead of reason great,  
Or business, scholar true, or man of state.

All motor speech in frontal lobe,  
Where convolution Broca has abode,  
Goes out from cells of matter-gray  
To larynx, vocal cords, and mouth to say

The words from cells ideation.  
The center-cells and cells cerebation  
Of matter-gray, three billion  
To quell imagin'd sky rebellion,

Invading hosts of spirits came  
Into the sense of man and plastic brain ;  
Usurp, intrude—pretend to found  
All mind, ideas true, without a wound.

Nor naught permission did they ask  
For room therein to do, to work and task ;  
But, straightway did pretend to show  
That sense and brain of man did nothing know.

Did nothing know nor nothing do  
Though man, not they, had sense and brain-cells, too ;  
For spirits lack both loom and thread  
To weave a thought, connote, or wisdom spread:

Though lacking all mechanics true,  
They claim'd the right to make ideas new ;  
Claim'd function had, though organ none,  
As if a cloth could come all fresh unspun.

Ideas new from naught they made  
Of objects gross, of sun, or grass's blade ;  
From breath or matter super-thin  
That room for store they found enough within.

Though organ none, they function claim'd,  
Ideas good which could not well be blam'd,  
Were by them into language fram'd  
Without a sense, a cell, or brain so fam'd.

What great offense is this and now,  
To brain of man its function disavow,  
And claim the work of spirit force,  
Which put on matter-gray such deep remorse.

733 Carroll Avenue, Chicago.

## RAMBLES FOR RELICS.

BY GEORGE J. REMSBURG.



GEORGE J. REMSBURG.

We desire to know about a man, his weight and his measure, the shape of his head, the color of his skin, and the curl of his hair; we would pry into all his secrets and his habits, discover his deficiencies and debilities, learn his language, and inquire about his politics and his religion, yes, probe those recesses of his body and his soul which he conceals from wife and brother. This we would do with every man and every woman, and, not content with the doing it, we would register all these facts in tables and columns, so that they may become perpetual records, to which we give the name "vital statistics." The generations of the past escape such personal investigation, but not our pursuit. We rifle their graves, measure their skulls, and analyze their

bones; we carry to our museums the utensils and weapons, the gods and jewels, which sad and loving hands laid beside them; we dig up the foundations of their houses and cart off the monuments which their proud kings set up. Nothing is sacred to us; and yet nothing to us is vile or worthless. The broken potsherd, the half-gnawed bone, cast on a refuse heap, conveys a message to us more pregnant with meaning, more indicative of what the people were, than the boastful inscription which their king caused to be engraved on royal marble.—Prof. D. G. Brinton.

BEING the possessor of what has been pronounced by competent judges the best private collection of aboriginal antiquities in Kansas, a story of how I conceived the idea of starting such a collection, and how I have proceeded and progressed with the enterprise, might be of interest to some of the readers of the Free Thought Magazine. Archaeology is classed under the nomenclature of "Science," and as your magazine purports to be "hospitable to all truth and devoted to the exposing of ancient error by the light of modern science and criticism," my little narrative will doubtless be in conformity with the spirit of progress that pervades your pages.

My career as a collector has been one of "ups and downs," for I have ascended and descended, time and again, every hill and knoll in this region in search of the hidden treasures of Mother Nature and of aboriginal art. My collection, which occupies a spacious room, is the result of several years of arduous, yet pleasant research.

Visitors invariably ask how I came to start the collection. In the first place let me say with Voltaire: "I was born to be a fawn or creature of the woods," or like Byron, I found "a pleasure in the pathless woods." That portion of my childhood which was not applied to the monotonous manual labor which constitutes the routine of rural life, or passed, at the country school, was spent "amid the beneficent fruition of Nature"—in the solitudes of the forest where Nature reigned supreme. I found an inspiration in the sylvan haunts.

It was a delight to stroll along the pebbly brink of some stream, or follow the old sequestered, water-worn trails, in search of curious stones, shells, and other specimens. When my pockets were almost over-weighted with gathered specimens I would retire to some inviting spot, sit down on a boulder or grassy tussock, and with Nature's hammer, a hard pebble, crack the specimens to see what their interior might reveal. I had not yet learned their geological significance, and I saved only those which were attractive to the eye. I soon had a collection, which, although a beautiful diversity of colors, and apparently a rich treasure in stone, possessed no scientific value at all. My love of Nature grew so intense that it soon broadened into a desire to study the true meaning and import of the objects which my daily meandering brought me in constant contact with. I then began to realize that the rough, unsightly specimens should occupy a place in my cabinets with the gems. Thus I inadvertently began to collect and study everything, but found the variety so exhaustless that my limited apartments would not permit of a complete collection.

During my early collecting career it seems that I successively (I can't say successfully) tackled the various branches of Natural Science. I found myself emerging from one branch of study to another. I was a sort of erratic curiosity seeker and lover of Nature. Ophiology tried to tighten its coils around me, but after I had captured a garter snake and lain by a log a whole day in a vain attempt to ensnare a lizard, the reptilian science relinquished its hold on my unsettled brain. Again, I concluded that a miniature zoological garden would not be amiss, and I set about to capture the necessary attractions. I soon had a common wood mouse and a flying squirrel, but they drooped and died, and the zoological venture vanished like the morning dew. At one time I was stung by the science of Entomology and had a brief battle with the insect world. I was a close observer of the various species of insects, and learned something about their queer habits, but when I tried to convince the neighborhood that there was such a freak as a bumblebee without a stinger (the drone bee), they said I was surely losing my mind, and so I alighted into the bird kingdom. I became deeply interested in the birds because they were so closely associated with the forests wherein I loved to dwell. Their sweet music seemed to have a particular charm for me. I listened to their warbling so attentively that I became a veritable mocking-bird, and could imitate the notes of any woodland songster. For a time I engaged in trapping and marketing the red bird, that gay-plumed minstrel of the sylvan haunts, which is easily domesticated. The birds brought from 75 cents to \$1 each, and I found the business quite profitable. But I was

suddenly seized with a serious reflection. I realized that it was cruel to thus take the birds from their wonted freedom in the forest and imprison them. Then another link in my chain of studies was broken, at least so far as this wanton practice of cruelty was concerned. The stamp craze had gained a popular place as a pleasant diversion and study, and I contracted the Philatelic fever. The contemporaneous Numismatic craze attacked me at the same time and I soon had a goodly collection of stamps and coins. One of my correspondents on the Pacific coast got me interested in shells and marine curiosities and soon had me equipped with a veritable Conchological Cornucopia.

About this time I chanced to observe among the family "bric-a-brac" a tiny flint arrow-point which was then commonly called an "Indian dart." It had been picked up by my sister and haply placed among the parlor curios. It then occurred to me that I had seen another Indian relic about the place and I commenced a search for it. My search was rewarded by the finding of a stone ax or hatchet, which had been carelessly thrown aside after lying around the premises for years. It was originally found by my father when he first came to Kansas in 1868. I still retain the hatchet and shall always preserve it as the "nest egg" of a collection of several hundred other hatchets and tomahawks of aboriginal manufacture.

At school history was a favorite study with me. Especially was I interested in Indian history. When I gazed at the flint arrow-point and realized that this innocent-looking little weapon had been spent by the unerring aim of some aboriginal hunter, or warrior, and had perhaps been drawn from the quivering flesh of many a victim; when I beheld the rude tomahawk and thought of the brawny red arm that had wielded it, I was suddenly struck with a fascination so fervent that for the time I lost all interest in my other studies. From that moment I was a confirmed antiquarian. Then and there budded the collection which has since blossomed into a veritable museum of archaeology.

Occasionally some one intimates that the time I have devoted to this pleasant diversion has been wasted. I assure them most emphatically that it has not. It has been a practical education to me. I have had the open books of Nature ever before me, and have availed myself of their valuable lessons. I have learned to love Nature, and he who has not learned to love Nature has missed half of the real enjoyments of life.

"Wist ye not that I might hustle among the bones of my antecedents?" This is the perplexing question with which the antiquarian must confront those at whose portals he hopes to unveil the mysteries of the past. Ofttimes his question is spurned and he is obliged to live on knowing that the buried treasure is "so near and yet so far," lying at his very feet, with a mountain of prejudice or superstition as an obstacle to its access. My debut in the archaeological field of this region several years ago occasioned no little amount of dissatisfaction and in the pursuit and promulgation of this unpopular and neglected, yet highly important subject, I encountered an almost impregnable obstruction in the way of prejudice and superstition. In numerous instances an application for a permit to explore a mound or burying ground of some early race, was spurned

because of a lingering fear that the operations might disturb the tranquility of aboriginal spooks, perhaps occasion a ghost dance and cause them to haunt the modern habitations of their pale-faced successors. Yet, after all of my experiences in prehistoric graveyards, after handling the musty bones of the misty past, and even sleeping on several occasions with grinning skulls all around me, I have yet to see a single ghost or phantom. Such apparitions ply their wands only in the realms of fear, and in the imaginative perturbations of the brain.

The prevalence of prejudice has manifested itself on several occasions and has been instrumental in debarring me from access to many archaeological treasures. For example, I will refer to a little incident that occurred at Oak Mills, Atchison County, Kansas, in the fall of 1892. After pursuing some investigations in that vicinity I was the recipient of a very disparaging and threatening communication signed, "Committee No. 1." It purported to be a protest against such "ghoulish and heathenish" work, and warned me that I was liable to personal injury at the hands of a mob if I continued such investigations in that vicinity. The admittance of such a threatening communication to the United States mail is an unlawful act punishable by a heavy fine or imprisonment, or both. Acting upon the suggestion of a lawyer I immediately posted a notice in the Oak Mills postoffice offering a reward for the identification of the author or authors of the anonymous letter. The identification was never definitely revealed, although suspicion pointed strongly to several parties who left for parts unknown.

This deplorable state of affairs did not discourage or deter me from the pursuit and promulgation of a study which I deemed a legitimate and important one. I commenced a sort of archaeological mission work, and in the face of an almost irresistible fire I gradually pushed forward with the banner of the new science. I did not lose a single opportunity to get in a word, and I made it a point to disseminate archaeological literature on every hand. It could soon be seen that the intelligence of the citizens on this subject was broadening. They began to grasp its meaning. Realizing that in the pursuit of this work I was prompted by honest motives, and that I was not to be intimidated by threats of personal injury, they began to think and investigate, and as a result the once popular prejudice soon died out in that community. These same people have since conferred many favors and greatly assisted me in accumulating and preserving the aboriginal records of this region. The day is no doubt near at hand when this foolish prejudice will be eradicated from every community and archaeological research will receive a new impetus at the hands of hundreds who have hitherto been detrimental to its progress.

My faithful little pony, "Daisy," which was the subject of a "pome" in No. 3, Vol. II., of *Gameland*, has carried me on most of my relic hunts, and her agility and tenacity have in a measure enhanced the pleasure and success of many a search which would otherwise have been fraught with fatigue and failure. Besides the accoutrements of the antiquarian, I have taken along on several occasions, the equipments of the sportsman, and after a semi-successful search on some obsolete Indian village site or

camping ground, have been amply compensated by a visit to the "happy hunting grounds."

To assist in eradicating the prejudice which prevails against archaeological research, in disabusing the public mind of erroneous impressions, in counteracting in the minds of the people certain foolish superstitions which linger there, in redeeming the important science of archaeology from the reproach cast upon it by the same, and in stimulating a more active interest in this important study, is a student's apology for the thoughts expressed and the incidents related in this article. In closing I will say with Prof. D. G. Brinton: "Prehistoric archaeology is a new science. I can remember when neither its name nor its methods were known to the most learned anthropologists. But it has already taught us by incontrovertible arguments a wonderful truth, a truth opposing and reducing to naught many teachings of the sages and seers of past generations. They imagined that the primal man had fallen from some high estate; that he had forfeited by his own falseness, or been driven by some hard fate, from a pristine Paradise, an Eden garden, an Arcady; that his ancestors were demi-gods and heroes, himself their degenerate descendant. How has prehistoric archaeology reversed this picture? We know beyond cavil or question that the earliest was also the lowest man, the most ignorant, the most brutish, naked, homeless, half-speechless. But the gloom surrounded this distant background of the race is relieved by rays of glory; for with knowledge not less positive are we assured that through all hither time, through seeming retrogressions and darkened epochs, the advance of the race in the main toward a condition better by every standard has been certain and steady.

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### WILL THE OLD BOOK STAND?

BY T. DARLEY ALLEN.

THE MARCH FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE contains an article by Mr. George Allen White in criticism of "Will the Old Book Stand?" a pamphlet by H. L. Hastings, of Boston. A tractate that has circulated as it has, being in all probability the most widely circulated work on Christian evidence ever printed, cannot be expected to escape criticism when we consider the many people into whose hands it is likely to fall, who are not friendly to the subject treated on its pages.

The fact that the Bible speaks of the faults of some of its best characters, men who it asserts were saints of God, certainly seems to show that there was no intention to conceal anything, no matter how it reflected upon the piety of even the most saintly people. It seems to me that were the Bible a mere human book, the authors would certainly have left unsaid everything which would reflect upon the goodness of men whom they were particularly anxious to have their readers believe were among the holiest who ever lived. Mr. White's assertion that the newspapers can be proved divine by similar methods is not very difficult to answer. The object of newspapers is to publish all kinds of news, while the Bible writers, in mentioning the faults and failings of people whom they desired



their readers to consider holy and righteous, were doing what they could not help but see was to their disadvantage to record. The fact, therefore, that the unholy acts of David, etc., are related shows that the Bible is not a work that impostors or mere enthusiasts would have produced. I will pass over the rest of Mr. White's article, because, although it is able, it does not deal with what I think are Mr. Hastings' strongest arguments, and I will conclude by asking a question which I trust Mr. White will give attention. How does he answer the argument for Christianity derived from prophecy? Mr. Hastings and nearly all Christian writers consider this the strongest of all evidence for the Bible, and if Mr. White would take up the argument on this subject in "Will the Old Book Stand?" and answer it, he would disprove what is believed by Christians to be an impregnable argument. Travelers to the East tell us that the present condition of Bible lands is exactly as prophecy declares, and the agreement between Messianic prophecy and the New Testament history affords an argument greater than can be brought forward in support of any other religion the world has known. For if it be admitted that many of the so-called Messianic predictions are not in reality Messianic, there are nevertheless a large number which can only be satisfactorily explained as having reference to Jesus of Nazareth. Will Mr. White deal with the subject of prophecy and show how he explains this great argument for Christianity?

Kingston, Ontario.

EDITOR'S COMMENTS.

We willingly give place to the above article from an orthodox brother, and Mr. White will have an opportunity to reply in some future number if he thinks best to do so. We will only say here that it seems that Mr. Allen thinks that the prophecies that are found in the Bible that have been fulfilled are the impregnable arguments in behalf of Bible infallibility. Our orthodox friends claim that Jesus was God himself manifested in the flesh. Now, if any one of the Bible characters should be possessed of prophetic powers, it ought to be Jesus the Christ. Let us see how he succeeded as a prophet. He said before his "ascension:" "There be some standing here that shall not taste of death until they see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven." All of those who stood there, at the time, have been dead nearly two thousand years, and up to this time Jesus has not appeared in the clouds of heaven. Again he said: "This generation shall not pass until all these things shall be fulfilled." That generation passed nearly two thousand years ago, and none of "these things" have been fulfilled.

The fact is there never lived a man who could tell what would come to pass in the future, except the astronomers. The man who best understands cause and effect can come the nearest to telling what the future will produce. The abolitionists said that if slavery was not abolished by peaceable means it would go out in blood. And they prophesied correctly, and Brother James A. Greenhill tells us in the May magazine that there will be a transit of the planet Venus on June 8, in the year 2004, and we are very sure that the professor is a true prophet. He could give us the

hour and minute of its appearance—a thing that Jesus Christ or none of his Apostles could have done. As to what are called the prophecies of the Old Testament, it has been proved over and over again by skeptics that not one of them ever came to pass, and recently the best scholars in the orthodox church admit it. If Brother Allen depends on the “prophecies” of the old Bible to sustain the Bible and the church, he is relying on very frail evidence.

## IS WITCHCRAFT A CRIME IN ILLINOIS?

BY JOHN F. GEETING.

THE doctrine of witchcraft is a feature of many of the religions. It is particularly identified with, and a part of, the Christian religion. Its origin is in the idea of supernatural powers, and in the belief of their agencies operating through human beings. With those who are not disposed to look upon Nature as furnishing all the energies that produce results, each act or result, not easily accounted for through the natural senses, is attributed to some good or evil spirit. Each result adverse to a desire is attributed to an evil spirit. Accordingly he who incurs the displeasure of a religious zealot is presumed to act through the influence of evil. In past ages, when, and in localities where the laws of Nature were less understood, chemistry was in its infancy, and the sciences and arts almost unknown, the doctrine of witchcraft flourished.

By the laws of the ancient Hebrews, a witch, or one acting under the influence of an evil spirit, was, by supposed divine order, declared unworthy to live. The Christian Religion, discarding a few of the rules declared by Moses, clung with tenacity to the doctrine that an evil spirit could operate through a human being, and that public safety required the agency to be terminated by the death of the visible agent. This opinion was not only entertained by the Christian nations of Continental Europe, but met with approval for centuries in Christian England. Before the Norman Conquest, according to Edward Coke, witchcraft in England was recognized as a criminal offense, punished sometimes with death, and sometimes by exile, and without any statutory enactment, so continued after the conquest, to be recognized as a crime deserving death. According to Coke, the first statute enacted by Parliament declaring witchcraft a crime, was about the thirty-third year of Henry the Eighth, but the most important English statute upon that subject for our consideration is one enacted in the first year of James the First, and which was in force at the time of the settlement of Jamestown, in the fourth year of James the First, and accordingly was brought across the Atlantic. Therefore, unless it is repealed by our Legislature, or repugnant to our form of government and institutions, it is in force in this State, for such is the rule laid down by the Illinois statutes.

There is, however, a very serious doubt as to whether or not the statute of witchcraft is, in its spirit, in force, for, as was said by Mr. Justice Breeze of the Supreme Court, in 1841, “It is true we have, like most other States in the Union, adopted the common law, by legislative act; but

It must be understood only in cases where that law is applicable to the habits and conditions of our society, and in harmony with the genius, spirit and objects of our institutions."

Customs, changes of conditions, and it may be changes of opinion, often change the interpretation or modify the effect of a statute, or in fact render it obsolete and inoperative. The statute of James I. was enacted as a religious statute, at a time when the people believed in the existence of witches, which belief was but a creature of the mind. Such belief doubtless existed in the minds of a large per cent. of the citizens of Illinois, when it became a State in 1818. (Two executions of supposed witches in Illinois had already occurred.) But with the general advancement in knowledge, the changes of conditions, the wane of religious influence, the people are changing their opinions, and the doctrines of darkness are gradually being abandoned. Many of the advanced clergy of to-day entertain views similar to those of the heretics of the past. The theory of everlasting punishment is but a belief in form, while a mild figure of hell is now preserved on ice, to be used only on special occasions, as an agency to replenish the treasury of the church.

In England, following the doctrine of St. Paul of "Wives, be obedient unto your husbands in all things," the courts have declared that a man had the right to chastise his wife, provided he used a stick no thicker than his thumb. This common law doctrine, though never expressly repealed, is repugnant to the institutions and society of Illinois, and has in fact been repealed by the law of common sense. The same tribunal would probably declare that, as no witches in fact exist, the statute cannot be enforced. However this may be, the doubt that may exist should induce the General Assembly to enact a law declaring that all common law offenses are forever repealed, and that no person shall be adjudged guilty, except for the violation of some statute enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Illinois.

#### THE NEW YORK SUN ON THE WOMAN'S BIBLE.

THE Revising Committee of "The Woman's Bible" (European Publishing Company) settle a few scores in the second part of their enterprise, which consists of comments on the Old and New Testaments, from Joshua to Revelation. Some of the critics of the first part are dealt with in the preface. One is bowled over with the simple statement that

There's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility.

One clergyman had suggested that the "Woman's Bible" was "the work of women and the devil." Hereupon the editor remarks, "This is a grave mistake. His Sanatic Majesty was not invited to join the Revising Committee, which consists of women alone. Moreover, he has been so busy of late years attending synods, general assemblies and conferences, to prevent the recognition of women delegates, that he has had no time to study the languages and 'higher criticism.'

"Other critics," she continues, "say that our comments do not dis-

play a profound knowledge of Biblical history of the Greek and Hebrew languages. As the position of women in all religions is the same, it does not need a knowledge of either Greek, Hebrew or the works of scholars to show that the Bible degrades the Mothers of the Race. Furthermore, 'The Woman's Bible' is intended for readers who do not care for, and would not be convinced by, a learned technical work of so-called 'higher criticism.'"

The following are examples of the gentle humor of the exposition which characterizes the present volume. Speaking of the chariot of fire in which Elijah went up to heaven, the commentator says: "Probably Elijah knew how to construct a balloon. Much of the ascending and descending of seers, of angels and of prophets which astonished the ignorant was accomplished in balloons—a lost art for many centuries. No doubt that the poor widow, when she saw Elijah ascend, thought that he went straight to Heaven, though in all probability he landed at twilight in some retired cornfield or olive grove, at some distance from the point where his ascent took place."

Another interesting piece of constructive criticism is the following: "The question is often asked where the ravens got the cooked meat and bread for the prophet. Knowing their impelling instinct to steal, the Creator felt safe in trusting his prophet to their care, and they proved themselves worthy of his confidence. Their rookeries were near the cave where Elijah was sequestered. Having keen olfactories, they smelt the cooking of dainty viands from afar. Guided by this sense, they perched on a fence near by, where they could watch the movements of the cook, and when her back was turned they flew in and seized the little birds and softshell crabs and carried them to Elijah, halting by the way only long enough to satisfy their own imperative hunger."

Certain social questions are dealt with broadly in the book. "Monogamic marriage," says one writer in the appendix, "is the strongest institution of the Christian system; yet all the men of the Old Testament were polygamists, and Christ and Paul, the central figures of the New Testament, were celibates and condemned marriage by both precept and example. In Christian lands monogamy is strictly demanded of women; but bigamy, trigamy and polygamy are in reality practiced by men as one of the methods of elevating women. Largely, the majority of men have one legal wife; but assisted by a small per cent. of youths and of bachelors, Christendom maintains an army of several millions of courtesans. Thousands of wretched women are yearly driven to graves in the Potter's Field, while manhood is degraded by deception, by drunkenness and by disease; and the blood of the innocents cries out against a system which thus 'elevates' woman."

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### THE LUNAR HALO AND SUPERSTITION.

**T**HE ordinary newspaper editor is a singular specimen of humanity. He is generally a man of good common sense, but does not put that kind of material into his editorials. He writes these to please his readers.

The editor of the New York Press the other evening thought he saw a "Lunar Halo," and straightway declared in his journal that it was a sure sign of war. But when Brother Morris sent him the following explanation he refused to publish it. He knew that Brother Morris was right, but it would not do for him to admit it.—Editor.

To the Editor of the New York Press: Your "Lunar Halo" was nothing but atmospheric changes of the horizon, caused by electricity. You must think that nature is in the spirit medium business. The two-legged animal, man, is superstitious enough without making him more so. Nature never works miracles. Her laws are uniform and never change. There never was spontaneous conception and never will be. Life is produced by a natural process, and death also. Nature can never be persuaded to change her laws by fanatics or crafty priests.

The clergy declare that the more we suffer in this world the greater will be our reward in the next world. But they do not seem to suffer very much here. Some of them would stand a better chance for heavenly joys if people were all like me, for then they might have a little suffering here, for if I have anything to give away it goes to the poor and not to the priest.

Vanderbilt has possession, and claims to own, nine miles of land nineteen miles above Albany, N. Y., that rightly belongs to my grandfather, Abraham Rolls, that Vanderbilt and his company took possession of without paying one cent for it. If he would give me my share I could make a little heaven here below for a number of poor men who need a heaven here. It would be much better for them than the priestly promise of the future heaven, where the streets are paved with gold.

Christians claim to believe in the efficiency of prayer. Allow me to present them a test. I have a son in his twenty-second year. He has had epilepsy for nineteen years. I have spent nearly all of my property trying to cure him. Have done everything it was possible for me to do, without the least benefit whatever. And now my poor son, whose reason has not entirely left him, prays to the orthodox God to either relieve him or take him out of the world, but God pays no attention to the honest prayers of my suffering child. Now allow me to give the Christian world this test. Try and influence your God to answer my son's prayer, or your prayers, if you pray for his recovery. If you believe what you say, that your God answers prayers, and you have humane hearts, I am sure you will make the effort. If you do not make the effort I shall certainly believe you have no faith in them, notwithstanding your "God's Word" plainly states that the sick can be cured by prayer. Here is a good test for you. If you succeed, I promise to publish the fact in every Liberal paper in the land. But if you do not try the experiment I shall believe you are all either hard-hearted or hypocrites, who do not believe what you profess.

W. W. Morris.

Newark, N. J.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.—OBITUARY.



MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.

MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE died on the 18th of March at the home of her son-in-law, L. F. Baum, in Chicago, at the age of 72 years.

In 1863 we opened a law office in the city of Syracuse. On the floor above us was published a temperance paper edited by Dr. Hezekiah Joslyn. We soon made the doctor's acquaintance. He was an able, enthusiastic reformer, and we became intimate friends. He had but one child, Matilda Joslyn Gage, the subject of this notice, and he was very proud of her. He read to us an able article written by his daughter that appeared in

the Atlantic Monthly, and shortly after introduced her to us. We found her a very bright, intelligent young woman, much interested in radical reforms, but not entirely emancipated from orthodox religion. Soon after this she, her father and the writer attended, as delegates, a radical Republican convention, held in Cleveland, Ohio, in the fall of 1864, at which John C. Fremont was nominated for President, but who, before the election came off, withdrew in favor of Abraham Lincoln. At that convention we became quite well acquainted with Mrs. Gage and have been well acquainted with her ever since. She was a growing woman, and soon became too large for any orthodox creed. The first time that she ever spoke on a Free Thought platform was at the Watkins (N. Y.) Free Thought convention, in 1878, when, to our great surprise, she came to us, at that convention, and said she had an address she wanted to deliver that was very severe on orthodox Christianity. She said she expected that her attendance at that convention, and the speech she proposed to deliver, would virtually excommunicate her from the National Woman's

Rights party, of which she was a very active member, but she must be true to her honest convictions, which were that the Bible and the orthodox church were the two greatest obstacles in the way of woman's advancement. Her speech was in the same line as that taken by Mrs. Stanton in the pamphlet we recently published, entitled "Bible and Church Degrade Women." Shortly after attending the Watkins convention she called a convention of the Free Thought Women of America, at Washington, and organized the "Woman's National Liberal Union," of which she was elected President.

Mrs. Gage was for a number of years the editor of a Woman's Rights journal, entitled "The National Citizen," and was the author of a number of books, the last, and most radical one, entitled "Woman, Church and State," which has had a large circulation. She was associate editor with Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton of the most important work that has ever been published relating to the woman movement, "The History of Woman Suffrage" in three large volumes.

Matilda Joslyn Gage was one of the most indefatigable workers in the cause of humanity that this country has ever produced, and we are glad to publish below testimonials of her worth from a number of her distinguished female acquaintances and co-workers:

BY LUCY N. COLMAN.

Editor Free Thought Magazine: I'm afraid I shall not be able to say as an obituary all that should be said of the late Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage. She was a woman of good intellect, and very superior attainments. I do not know any woman among those who have publicly worked for the cause of "woman's rights" who equalled Mrs. Gage in knowledge of the condition and position of woman in the past, as well as of the present; perhaps I should except Mrs. Stanton, but Mrs. Gage did not succeed in becoming a popular speaker—she will be regarded in the future much higher than now; as a writer the future will, I think, give her merited justice. Mrs. Gage early joined the orthodox church, and remained in it many years; when I first knew her she was interested in spiritualism, and I think retained her belief in a future life; she called to see me in the autumn of this year, and from her conversation I found she was something of a theosophist, which seems to be just another phase of spiritualism. I had hoped that Mrs. Gage's removal to Chicago would bring her more content and happiness than she experienced in Fayetteville, and that the use of her pen would continue to help the cause which was of so much consequence, in her estimation, in lifting the world to a higher plane. Mrs. Gage died comparatively young, and certainly the work which she loved has lost a valuable champion. Her late published work, "Woman, Church and State," was rejected by the librarian of the "public library" in Fayetteville, but there are libraries all around the country easily reached, where the book is found; the refusal has only made the ignorance and

bigotry apparent, and some time Fayetteville will be ashamed, not of the book but of the librarian who excluded it.

BY LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

Editor Free Thought Magazine: With the passing of Matilda Joslyn Gage, a noble and sorely fettered spirit has entered a freer life and lain off a physical form that had become a heavy burden. The work of Mrs. Gage through a period of thirty years for the improvement of the political and social conditions of women, is a matter of history.

Her chief peculiarity of mind was her persistent search for the causes of all conditions in mental states and social institutions. Her work, "Woman, Church and State," was the result of her earnest endeavor to find why and how women had been compelled to accept and remain in a subordinate position, religious and political, and why marriage laws had made her the subject of an owner and master instead of a coequal partner. Liberty was to her the priceless possession, and the ceaseless aspiration of her soul was that humanity might be free from all forms of oppression, ecclesiastical and civil.

The last two years of her stay her thoughts were concentrated upon metaphysical subjects, and the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism and Theosophical studies. During her critical illness in 1896, she experienced some illuminations that intensified her interest in psychical research. Her state of health after that illness was very precarious, and she suffered greatly from physical weakness and depression of spirit. But at no time did her mental vigor abate. It was remarkable how she kept in mind all current events of importance, and especially everything bearing upon the conditions, opportunities, and achievements of women.

To her analytical mind the facts and truths of the invisible and psychical realms of being became a philosophy that gave a larger and grander meaning to life. The occult sciences of Astrology and Palmistry were fascinating to her. It became a satisfying truth to her that the things that are not seen are greater than the things that are seen. That Matilda Joslyn Gage accomplished a grand and helpful work for woman and humanity will appear more perfectly as the evolution of manhood and womanhood proceeds. That she was prepared for and is now enjoying the freedom she longed for is a satisfaction to the loved ones still waiting here.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

Editor Free Thought Magazine: It was not my good fortune to know Mrs. Gage in her earlier years, though I knew of her work as a lecturer and writer, and was a subscriber to her "National Citizen" during the four years she was its editor and publisher, and I was therefore familiar with her thought, which was always aflame with love of liberty for herself, for her sex, and for all humanity.

During the last years of her active, earnest life, she made frequent visits from her home in Fayetteville, N. Y., to that of her youngest daughter in Chicago, whence she so recently "crossed the bar"—and during those years I frequently met her for an interchange of views on the various subjects in which we were mutually interested.



Mrs. Gage must have been beautiful in her girlhood, for even at 70 she was a woman of fine presence and striking appearance, with her slim, erect form, clear complexion, touch of girlish bloom on her cheeks, silken, silvery waves of hair and brilliant eyes. There was still a certain air of youth about her movements, her conversation was breezy, her thought abreast of the times, and her sense of humor unimpaired. She was one of those bright souls who bid defiance to age in thought and expression to the last. Even on her sick bed she penned the address she had been asked to deliver before the National American Woman's Suffrage Association, which met in convention at Washington, D. C., in February, her subject being "Woman's Demand for Freedom; Its Influence Upon the World," a subject which the author of the work entitled "Woman, Church and State" was splendidly equipped to cope with. She was not, however, able to go to Washington, but her address was ably read by Rev. Anna Shaw.

Like Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Gage had early taken as decided a stand for perfect freedom in religious as in political rights for both sexes. And she made it a large part of her public work to show that Christianity had done little for woman's advancement, in spite of its professions. While she wrote much on other subjects, and was identified with Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony in the authorship of "The History of Woman's Suffrage," yet the work dearest to her heart was her large and carefully prepared volume on "Woman, Church and State," published shortly before her death, and to which she had devoted years of study, thought, and preparation.

This voluminous work shows extensive research in history and in theological literature, and it is a valuable contribution to the record of woman's condition in all ages and countries, and of her social and intellectual development. The history of marriage and information in regard to the various forms of marriage which have prevailed, are given with great fullness in this book. I am not acquainted with any other work in which the influence of theology and ecclesiasticism is so clearly and thoroughly shown in its opposition to woman's advancement. Mrs. Gage had come to regard theological Christianity as the greatest obstacle to woman's freedom of thought and to the attainment to her rightful legal position; and this is the reason that the author of "Woman, the Church and the State" devoted so much space to the refutation of Mosaic and Pauline teachings and identified woman's progress with the gospel of Free Thought and radical reform. The book is a mine of information on the subject treated, and much of the information given before this work appeared was not easily accessible to the ordinary reader.

So strong was her interest in religious, as well as political, liberty for her sex, that in 1878 she organized the association known as the Woman's National Liberal League, of which she was made President, the object of which was work for State Secularization, and to enlist women in behalf of Free Thought and expression in every direction.

Despite the fears of the opponents of Woman Suffrage that the reform might interfere with the duties and interests of home and motherhood, Mrs. Gage—as well as Mrs. Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Mary A. Liver-

more, and many other workers for the enfranchisement of their sex—was an excellent housekeeper and a loving wife, mother, and grandmother, and her children, several of whom are still living, were devoted to her, as she was to them. I can speak from personal knowledge of the strong bond of loving, sympathetic thought and interests existing between Mrs. Gage and her daughter, Mrs. Baum, a woman lovely in character, disposition, and person, at whose home she passed away, and who has been greatly prostrated by the event of her beloved mother's demise. And to judge from Mrs. Gage's frequent loving reference to her other children, there was a very united family, though the mother was a Suffragist.

It may interest those readers of the *Free Thought Magazine* who have lost all belief in the continuity of life beyond this material plane, to know that, despite her liberal opinions (perhaps I might better say because of that liberality of thought), Mrs. Gage most sincerely believed in the law of progressive evolution in the realm of spirit as well as of matter, and like Gail Hamilton and various others, she had good reasons for that belief from personal experiences. Two years ago she had a severe attack of grippe, when her life was despaired of, and her children were sent for to bid her farewell. She passed into a state of semi-unconsciousness, and as her daughter told me at the time seemed to be holding conversation with some friends whom she called by name, who had previously left the body. In a day or two she rallied, much to their surprise and joy, and afterward pretty fully recovered, and it was from her own lips that I was given a most interesting account of what she clearly remembered as her experiences on the borderland between this life and what we misname death. She saw and conversed with her father and mother and many other friends whom she knew as "dead"—was delighted and deeply interested in the appearance of what she thought was to be her new home, and felt sad when she was told that it was decided that she must return to this phase of life for a season.

When once she had arrived at a conclusion on any subject, by study and reason, Mrs. Gage was strong in her convictions and fearless in regard to giving them expression. Her moral courage was strong to defy public opinion even to the point of aggressiveness. In spite of her sex she had pre-eminently one of the virtues of a good soldier in that the uproar of contention served as a stimulus to her spirit and nerved and steadied her for the battle in defense of rights.

I will conclude this brief tribute to one of the modern heroines of *Free Thought* by an extract from one of her daughters—Mrs. Carpenter—in regard to her death and funeral. She writes:

"Mother's death was a surprise and shock to us all, although she had been ill all winter, confined to the house since November. During February we thought her slowly improving, and she was planning to go to her old home this spring, but Sunday, the 13th of March, she was stricken with paralysis, and died the following Friday, without regaining consciousness. The funeral was held at the house Monday afternoon. Mother lay in a profusion of flowers, which she so much loved, and we hope she is

now in the enjoyment of the Rose Garden of her vision. By her own request her body was cremated at Graceland."

It is typical of the advanced woman's quick adoption of the most sane and sanitary methods that such women as Lucy Stone, Frances Willard, Rosa Miller Avery and Matilda Joslyn Gage have decreed that their bodies should be cremated. Apropos of this another "advanced" woman and a poet, writes me to-day: "Yes, I'm a thorough lover of cremation, and cannot bear to think of any other disposition of my 'leavings.' I do not like the idea of submitting to have them 'lie moldering in the grave;' if they should the 'ghosts that sit on tombstones' will be likely to hear some complaining from me, if I do have to submit to such a slow process of dissolution—and, oh the sadness of laying away the body in which our dear one dwelt."

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Editor Free Thought Magazine: In the death of Matilda Joslyn Gage the Woman's Suffrage Association has lost one of its most able speakers, writers and actual thinkers. She and Ellen Batelle Dietrick have each published a book on woman's position, under church discipline, of the Canon law, that should be in the hands of every thinking woman. Would that their silent lips could speak through these written pages and emancipate the mothers of the race from a blind faith in religious superstition. As the years roll on women will appreciate more highly these books, unheeded now. The loss of these two women is irreparable; there are none to fill their places.

Mrs. Gage was early trained to think and to express her opinions. Being an only child, her parents devoted all their leisure hours to her education. Her father, Dr. Hezekiah Joslyn, was a man of profound thought—well versed in the natural sciences, a skillful physician, and identified with the reforms of the day. Her mother, Helen Leslie, was born in Scotland; she was highly educated, belonged to a noble, influential family, and was married when quite young to Dr. Joslyn. Their home in Central New York was always a most pleasant resort for Liberal thinkers on religion, politics and social ethics. To their discussions the young daughter listened with keen satisfaction and thus early learned the difference between logical reasoning and mere dogmatism.

Mrs. Gage's latest literary labors were given to "The Woman's Bible." Her astrological commentaries on "The Revelation" mitigate, in a measure, the terrible pictures as they appear in plain English to the ordinary mind. It is a great pity that many of the chapters in that ancient collection had not been left in the original Greek and Hebrew, as they bring no divine message to the understanding of common mortals.

In the closing years of her life Mrs. Gage was much interested in the occult mysteries of Theosophy and other Eastern speculations as to reincarnation and the illimitable creative power of man.

## JOHN PECK.

JOHN PECK, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece of this number of the magazine, was born in Seneca County, N. Y., November 19, 1819. When a child his father bought a hundred acres of land on the east bank of Canandaigua Lake, about a mile south of the famous Bare hill, where, according to their tradition, the Seneca Indians had their origin. In his younger years he was considered a little wild and mischievous, and his parents predicted that his adventurous spirit would some day end in disaster. As soon as the fury of a storm was past he was out in a boat riding the bounding waves. He would plunge into the water in the middle of the lake with as little concern as a duck. This familiarity with the water proved of great importance in after years. He saw a man sink in the water, and plunged in after him. He secured the man, but came near sacrificing his own life.

In those early days the schools were of the most primitive character. The log schoolhouse, in which he received his first lessons, would be a curiosity at the present day. The schools were not such as to arouse the latent faculties of the young mind.

He worked on a farm until he was 19 years old, when he went to Penn Yan, Yates County, N. Y., to learn the blacksmith's trade. After he had partly mastered the trade he attended an academy three terms, paying his own way, and for a time was engaged in teaching.

Quite early in life he turned his attention to astronomy. From general reading he had acquired some ideas of the science. He made up his mind that the facts of astronomy had been ascertained by observation, and that the book of nature was alike open to all, and a faithful teacher to all who would study its pages. By a diligent study of the heavenly bodies, and by adopting one theory and then another until he hit upon the right one, he obtained a general knowledge of the science without an instructor, and before he had ever seen a work on the science. He has delivered many lectures on astronomy, and received flattering notices of teachers and of the press. Even ministers have complimented him very highly. Mr. Peck is of the opinion that the reason that astronomy and geology are not generally taught in the schools is because they are mostly under Christian control, and the wiser ones know that a full knowledge of these two sciences would leave the old superstition not a leg to stand on.

Before Mr. Peck was a voter he saw the great iniquity of slavery and believed that freedom or slavery must ultimately be the rule in this country. For twenty years he was identified with the anti-slavery movement.

After slavery was abolished he turned his attention to the cause of temperance, and labored faithfully to have the people understand that drunkenness was incompatible with good citizenship, and that every drunken man was an element of danger in society.

Few of his Free Thought friends know the amount of work he has done for political, financial and land reforms. A friend of his in Baltimore requested him to write an essay setting forth his views upon such subjects, for publication. He wrote in reply that it would only be a waste of time, as no paper in Maryland would publish such an article if he wrote it. By the persuasion of his friends the article was finally written. The manuscript was read to a prominent lawyer, who declared that it should be published if it cost a dollar a line. It was published in the *Baltimore Sun*, and in pamphlet form, and thousands of copies were sold. A meeting was called and the essay was read before the meeting, and a society was formed for the promulgation of the principles enunciated therein.

Mr. Peck has received the nomination for different town offices, and twice for member of the Assembly, and once for County Treasurer, but was always a candidate in some reform movement, greatly in the minority, and of course could not be elected.

During a long and busy life the subject of this sketch has never failed to give the old superstition a black eye when an opportunity was offered. He has held a number of public discussions. At one time he gave a challenge to any minister or number of ministers to discuss the divine authenticity of the Bible. Five ministers accepted the challenge. The discussion was a long one. Night after night the house was packed. Owing to the number engaged, it was agreed that each should speak ten minutes. The ministers found themselves in a trap. Owing to the great advantage in numbers they could not well back out, which they would like to have done.

At the end of the discussion the chairman showed himself to be a coward. If there had been a chance to decide in favor of the ministers he would gladly have done it, so he said he would let each one decide for himself and herself, and it was agreed to take a vote. It is safe to say that ten votes to one were cast against the ministers. The ministers were humiliated. Afterward one of them was taunted for letting a hard-handed mechanic beat five of them. The minister said the question was put in such an ambiguous way that the people did not understand it—that he had talked with four or five. Mr. Peck requested the names of those men, and the names were given. Then he brought these men face to face with the minister. They told him that all they had ever said was that they did

not agree with Mr. Peck's theological views, but they voted in his favor because he had the best of the argument. The poor minister had that falsehood crammed down his throat, and found to his sorrow that it did not pay to lie, even for God's sake.

Mr. Peck has written many essays on theological subjects, some of which have been published in pamphlet form, and one has been translated into the German language. Some have thought that Mr. Peck is censurable for treating "serious subjects" with ridicule. But in all that he has written he has tried to impress the minds of others as his mind was impressed. Mr. Peck contends that there is only one serious thing about many of the Bible stories, and that is that men can be duped to believe that God was the author of such nonsensical twaddle. Our friend has no belief in either heaven or hell—in gods, ghosts or devils. His "creed" is that the man who tries to better conditions here, to banish sorrow and make his fellow beings happy, will enjoy all the heaven that is vouchsafed to any mortal—that the man who lies and deceives, cheats and extorts and has no regard for the rights or happiness of others, will bear the heaviest cross, see the most devils, and suffer the tortures of all the hell that man can know anything about.

Looking over a long and busy life, Brother Peck feels that under all the circumstances he has done as well as he could, and has no concern about the hereafter, and but few regrets. He believes that there is a cause for every bubble and every breeze; that there is a law which pervades nature, and that nothing can take place contrary to that law; that a spirit without body or parts can in any way affect material things, is the sublime of the ridiculous to him.

We have personally known the subject of this sketch for the last thirty years, and have observed with great satisfaction his grand life work for humanity. We can think of no Free Thinker in this country who has been more true and loyal to his honest convictions. The brave and uncompromising stand he has always taken in behalf of every reform that had for its object the betterment of humanity has commanded the respect, not only of his friends, but of his opponents. His neighbors may denounce his heretical views, but they are compelled to admit that he possesses a character beyond reproach. Free Thought owes a debt of gratitude to such advocates as John Peck.

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## ALL SORTS

—There are 32,000 priests in Spain, all supported from the national treasury. There can be no doubt of the "loyalty" of the priests.

—During the last month we have mailed a large number of circulars. We hope every person who has received one will be polite enough to reply.

—We extend the time to procure new trial 50-cent subscribers to July 10, and earnestly request each one of our present subscribers to procure all they can.

—Those who are procuring 50-cent trial subscribers should impress it upon those whom they ask to subscribe that at that price the magazine will cost only about 4 cents a number.

—We desire to thank our good friends who have come to the support of this magazine during the last sixty days with contributions of money, renewals of subscriptions and the procuring of new subscribers, and we will make a full report in the July magazine.

—Mrs. Eliza W. Haines, a Free Thought lady, of St. Magdalena, Ind., has a good farm of over four hundred acres for sale, at a reasonable price. She will take part pay in town or city property. Persons desiring to purchase a farm are requested to correspond with her.

—The special friends of this magazine must remember that the war excitement attracts the attention of the people generally, as might be expected, and it therefore depends upon them to see that the magazine is sustained until the war is over, or business is in a more normal condition.

—Mr. Moody says there are three great temptations for Sabbath breaking—viz., the trolley car, the bicycle, and the Sunday newspaper.—Chicago Tribune.

Moody forgot to mention the preachers who earn their living by preaching on Sunday.

—Our Catholic friends are putting their God into a very tight place. It is a requirement of that church, in the time of war, to pray to their God to give the victory to "our armies." Now that prayer will be offered up in the Catholic churches in Spain, and also in the United States. Of course, it is expected to be answered in both countries.

—Half of the adults of Spain cannot read or write. No wonder Christianity is prosperous there. No one has the least doubt about the flood story or the whale and Jonah episode, or that Balaam's ass was a good talker, or that Samson slew three thousand foxes with the jaw bone of an ass, or that the first woman was made of a man's rib.

—The Chicago Chronicle suggests that those clergymen who are preaching and praying so earnestly for the success of our armies form themselves into a regiment and go to the front. We second the suggestion. Then let the Catholic priests of Spain organize into a fighting battalion and meet the Protestant preachers on the battle field. The result would show which side the Lord is on.

—Edward Panton, of London, Canada, we learn from his daughter, passed away some time since. Mr. Panton had been for many years a zealous advocate of Free Thought, and a liberal supporter of this magazine, and was respected by all who knew him for his honorable character and earnest labors in behalf of humanity. The world was made better by his life labors. Peace to his ashes!

—We think our friends ought to be pleased with this number of the magazine. It contains articles from three of the ablest Free Thought writers, viz., George Jacob Holyoake, Judge C. B. Waite and T. B. Wakeman. Memorial notices of the late Matilda Joslyn Gage by four of the ablest female writers of this country; Lucy N. Colman, Lucinda Chandler, Sara A. Underwood and Ella

abeth Cady Stanton, a scientific poem by Dr. Charles J. Lewis, a biographical sketch of John Peck, and much other interesting matter.

Jones—Funny about Deacon Pratt. Awfully absent-minded, you know. Brown—What's he been doing now? Jones—At the prayer-meetings last evening Elder Goode asked him to lead in prayer, and before he knew what he was saying the deacon replied: "It isn't my lead. I dealt 'em." It was evident that his mind was still on the little game he had the night before.—Boston Transcript.

—"Papa," said the 7-year-old son of a Buffalo clergyman last Sunday, "do you ever look at me while you are preaching?" The father, thinking that he was a little hurt by supposed neglect, said: "Certainly, my son; I often look at you and think of you when I am preaching."

"But to-day you did not notice me at all."

"Yes, I did, son, several times," said the father.

"Well, papa, did you see me wink at you two or three times?"

"No, my son; what did you wink at me for when I was preachin'?"

"I winked at you, papa, to get you to stop; you were spinning it too long."

—Pearl W. Geer, President of the Oregon Secular Union, sends us the following notice:

"The Tenth Annual Convention of the Oregon State Secular Union will be held at Wagner, Ore., three days, beginning Sunday, July 3, E. M. 298. This is the first time a convention has been called to meet in this part of the State, and a splendid time is anticipated. The first day will be devoted to exercises at the grave of Katie Kehm Smith, and the second day to the celebration of Independence Day. A full program will be announced later."

We hope our readers in the West will try and attend this convention and make it a great success.

—The most faithful animal in the world is the dog, but, notwithstanding,

the men who wrote by the inspiration of God seemed to have a great antipathy to the animal. We ask the pardon of Anthony Comstock while we quote a few passages from Holy Writ to substantiate what we here say: "Beware of Dogs," Phil. iii., 2; "Give not that which is holy unto the Dogs," St. Math. vii., 6; "Thou shalt not bring the hire of a whore or the price of a Dog into the house of the Lord," Deu. xxiii., 18; "For without are Dogs and whore-mongers and murderers and idolaters," Rev. xxii., 15. Now, as the faithful dog cannot speak for himself, we speak for him, and in behalf of justice and mercy, protest against such slander of a worthy animal.

—We read many of the printed sermons of M. J. Savage with interest, profit and satisfaction, but when he talks about his God he is as nonsensical as any orthodox preacher. We clip the following from one of his sermons:

"The old Hebrew, with an ox-team, carried his God in a box that he called the ark, into battle, and supposed that he had a very present help in time of need. But we have the eternal stability and order of the universe, a God that never forgets, a God on whom we can lean, in whom we can trust, who is not away off in heaven, but here, closer to us than the air we breathe—a God in whom we live and move and have our being."

We can as well understand the God that the old Hebrew carried in a box as the "God in whom we live and move and have our being." They are each the product of imagination.

—F. A. W. Salmon, of Holcomb, N. Y., writes: "I called upon a clergyman not long since to remunerate him for services rendered at a funeral of one of my family. Business being finished, our conversation turned to the character, habits, etc., of the departed, and incidentally on myself and my opinion concerning a future life. I replied that I understood the Christian belief to be that the spirit, soul or mind of man is immortal. He said yes. I replied that it seemed to me that spirit, if immortal,

must have existed previous to the birth of the body, therefore I would ask any person what their memories or experiences were, as a spirit previous to their birth. If they should reply, blank unconsciousness, or no knowledge or memory, then in the nature of things it seemed to me reasonable to expect unconsciousness after death. If the belief be that the spirit is born with the body, then the belief must be it has a beginning; hence it is not in its nature immortal, therefore ceases to exist at death. He made no further remarks, but seemed pleased with my call and said he would see me again."

—The following reply from "a field just beyond the churchyard" would be a very appropriate answer to most of the sermons preached:

"A certain clergyman, well known for his powerful voice and a habit of interspersing his sermons with sudden and spasmodic pauses, was preaching one summer's evening to a crowded congregation in a large west of England church. In the course of his sermon on the opinion of the world as affecting the religious life, he wound up by asking in stentorian tones:

"What does the world say to that?"

"Here he paused, and while his hearers were pondering in silence on the momentous question, there came from a field just beyond the churchyard a loud and emphatic 'Baa!'

"Any one who now mentions cold shoulder of mutton to that clergyman does so at considerable personal risk."—Moonshine.

—Dr. J. M. Peebles, now of Indianapolis, Ind., we have known since our boyhood days. At the age of 20 years he was about the brightest young man of our acquaintance. We heard him preach, we think, the second sermon he preached as a Universalist preacher. He long since evolved out of theology, a bogus science, and has ever since been advancing in light and knowledge. He knows very much about this globe, having been around it three times, and claims to

know considerable about "the next world," being an ardent spiritualist, but not of the kind that Oliver Johnson, as a witness on the Beecher trial, characterized as d—d fools. The Doctor was quite old soon after being born, but has been growing young ever since. We were elated a little the other day by a private letter we received from the distinguished pilgrim, in which he said:

"Some time when I am running through Chicago, I shall drop in and see you, for I really want to re-clasp your hand, and thank you for being such an able worker in crushing out these cramping, crushing sectarian creeds that bind in chains human souls. These old creeds are an abomination to the liberal thought of this century. The paper that they are written on is hardly fit for spittoons. The human mind must be free. Success to you in your good work."

—Rev. J. H. Crooker (Unitarian) says in the Outlook:

"With all the vehemence of my moral nature, I protest against claims to liberty which are not based on fact, and against practices which obscure the points at issue, and also obscure moral duties and produce heartaches. I remember the painful confusion of the child who asked: 'Papa, if you do not believe in hell, why do you send me to a Sunday school where it is taught?' And in behalf of such sorrowing children, I enter my protest. I remember the young man whose heart had been wounded by the minister, who, in private, confessed his rejection of dogmas which he required that young man to profess in public on joining his church. And in behalf of these outraged souls, demoralized by such duplicity at the altar of religion, I cry aloud in denunciation. I remember the mental agony of the merchant who, when elected an elder and asked to sign the confession and pledge himself to dogmas that he had never believed and never heard from the pulpit, felt the sting of hypocrisy and realized that for years he had been, in the eyes of the community, an advocate of a creed that

he did not approve. And in behalf of these distressed minds, I lift up my voice for absolute sincerity."

"Absolute sincerity" would empty every church in America.

—E. P. Peacock, our Free Thought friend, sends us the following notice of "The Woman's Bible" from the Chicago Inter Ocean of May 7, 1898:

"Part II. of 'The Woman's Bible' continues the work on the same plan as part I., which we had the pleasure of denouncing some eighteen months ago. Fortunately for the public, the authors have apparently exhausted their spleen for the time being, and the second part, being 'Comments on the Old and New Testaments from Joshua to Revelation,' is said to conclude the work. Would it had never been begun! For the bitterest enemy of womankind, were he gifted with the malice of Satan himself, could not have invented anything to bring such deep disrepute upon the sex as to call this ignorant and blasphemous tirade against the scriptures 'The Woman's Bible.' Happily, good women everywhere repudiate it, and it is unnecessary to say that the clique with whom it originated is so feeble in numbers and influence that its presumption in claiming to speak for the entire sex provokes scorn rather than serious attention."

We noticed that the Inter Ocean strongly opposed war with Spain. We now understand the reason. The religion and morals of the Spaniards are about what the editor who wrote this notice fully indorses. He ought to emigrate to Spain, where he belongs.

—Stylish Spanish society is enthusiastic over a new way of raising money to attack the "Yankee swine." The means are just such as might be expected—the tormenting and killing of dumb animals for the delectation of spectators. The bullfight has become the patriotic fad at Madrid, where it is being used as a means for raising war funds. About the time when the Puerto Rico fortifications were being reduced to junk twelve bulls

in Madrid were being goaded and tortured and killed, "amid great rejoicings," before a packed audience of the highest society and the most beautiful women. There were twenty picadors to prick the animals with their pikes, twenty banderilleros to stick barbed irons into them, and the proper number of gorgeous matadors to finish the exhausted beasts with swords. Two bulls were put to death with short medieval lances which broke off when driven into the animals—a most successful feature of the show. Such is the Spanish notion of patriotic ardor. It is entirely in accord with the inborn cruelty and heartlessness of the Spanish character. The love of blood and torture is born and bred in the race, and what ought to be its best impulses are poisoned with this innate cruelty. This is the nation that prates of its own honor and of "Yankee pigs." No wonder Cuba begged to be free from the dominion of such a tyrant. —Chicago Tribune.

And not withstanding this cruelty to these dumb animals, Brother George T. Angell, editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, deplores this war on Spain. But even these people are not so cruel as is the God that they and Brother Angell worship. Spaniards would not burn their own children in fire and brimstone for all eternity. All these stylish Spanish people, who witnessed this cruel exhibition, were good Christians, who in the forenoon of the same day had worshiped their God in their costly churches. We can never have a real civilization until the Christian religion and every other religion, excepting the religion of Humanity, is banished from the world and science takes the places they now occupy.

—A little boy in the east end has taken too great interest in the war question. His mother frequently cautions him against showing a cruel spirit, but his father, who is something of a belligerent himself, says nothing. The other day—it was Sunday—the youngster was extremely warlike, boasting what he

would do to the Spaniards, and lopping off the heads of imaginary dons at a great rate. His mother overheard some of his talk, and at once said to him:

"Now, Frankie, you have shown yourself a very naughty boy. Such talk is wicked, and I want you to go right into your bedroom and ask God to put all naughty thoughts out of your head."

So Frankie went into the bedroom and hastily shut the door behind him. It didn't latch, however, and this is the prayer which his father says he heard through the narrow opening:

"O Lord, you know that women don't like to fight, and my mamma is a lady. Men is different. There was a coal wagon man swore at mamma once, and papa hauled off and knocked the stuffin' out of him. I want to be like that when I get big. And, O Lord, you know that those starvers are a-starvin' and murderin' poor little babies and women and men. You've seen the pictures, and you know what they look like. You know those starvers have got to get a darn good lickin' for all that, and for sinking the Maine, too. Papa says you must never fight except your cause is just. You know how that is, 'cause you've licked the devil so many times. And, now, O Lord, please let Uncle Sam go ahead and do what he thinks best, for ever and ever, amen."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—George J. Remsburg, the son of the President of the American Secular Union, not having been brought up to spend his time studying the "mystery of godliness," devotes much of his spare time to study of the works of Nature. The Atchison Globe has this to say of him:

"George J. Remsburg, of Atchison, probably has the largest and finest collection of relics in Kansas, the most of which he found himself. Remsburg has discovered and examined the remains of about twenty aboriginal villages, camping grounds and workshops in Atchison, Doniphan, Leavenworth and Wyandotte Counties, and explored many mounds.

Some of the mounds were found to contain stone vaults, which showed signs of fire. In these vaults were found human remains. They were, however, so badly charred and decomposed that they crumbled instantly on being exposed. Remsburg claims that these mounds were the work of a race which antedates the modern Indian, and the vaults were used for crematory or sacrificial purposes. He also pursued his archaeological investigation along Sugar creek and the lakes in Buchanan County, Missouri, with considerable success. To Remsburg these old mounds tell wonderful tales, and yield up treasures of priceless value to science. The little pieces of crockery, arrow heads, bones and other things 'which the rude swain turns with his share, and treads upon' speak volumes to Remsburg. They demonstrate to him that the Kansas mounds were built by the race known as the Mound Builders, instead of by the modern Indians, as many suppose. Remsburg believes that many more evidences of prehistoric man lie hidden in the bluffs in this vicinity, and he will continue his research in hope of finding something that will startle the scientific world. In pursuing his investigation, Remsburg is not prompted by selfish greed, or a desire for notoriety, but he feels that some one should devote his spare time to the preservation of the antiquities of Kansas, and to place on record every fact that serves to lift the impenetrable and mysterious curtain between this great American people and the strange races of long ago, and he has undertaken the job. There is no money in it. Remsburg will make an extended tour of the State shortly to collect additional material for a book he is writing on "Aboriginal Antiquities in Kansas," the only book of the kind ever written in the State. He has already written a number of articles on the subject for periodicals, and corresponds regularly with the Kansas Historical Society and the Smithsonian Institute. Archaeology is a subject in which very few people are interested, and Remsburg admits that he experi

ences considerable difficulty in making folks understand the true aim and object of his work. Remsburg is 22 years old, and is a thorough Kansan. He is well educated, and has worked as a reporter on the *Champion* and *Patriot*. His father is noted throughout the West as a lecturer and an author."

—We are sure our readers will be interested in the following letter from the veteran Free Thought worker, Dr. York, of 529 Dolores street, San Francisco:

"Dear Friend Green—I am glad to be once more at home in San Francisco, after a nine months' campaign in Seattle. Our work on the Sound during the past winter has been attended with promising results. A liberal union has been organized, with the following officers: President, R. J. Wilson; Vice Presidents, Dr. Neville and S. Davidson; Treasurer, Mrs. Nellie Wood; Secretary, Walter Walker. Our work during the winter has been to reorganize the scattered elements of free thought which had been dormant since my last visit to Seattle, nearly seven years ago, in consequence of the great financial depression over the entire Puget Sound country and the severe struggle for bread. The Queen City of the Northwest is now on the up-grade from the influx of gold hunters and the tide of business. Ship-building and outfitting for the Klondike gold fields has given a new life and great increase to the population of the city. The following report of our closing work in Seattle we take from the *Seattle Daily Times*:

"Dr. York has lectured here every Sunday evening during the last nine months past, to full houses, with unflagging interest; and has reorganized the Liberals of this city on the lines of the *Nine Demands of Liberalism*, under the title of the "*Seattle Liberal Union*," which gives promise of future usefulness in our noble cause. The audience, by a unanimous rising vote, tendered to Dr. and Mrs. York a resolution of thanks and a cordial invitation to return and resume their work in the near future.

"The following report of Dr. York's

golden wedding is taken from the *Seattle Daily Times*:

"The *Seattle Liberal Union* gave a literary entertainment and social dance on Wednesday evening at Masonic Temple, which was highly enjoyed by a large audience. The occasion was made memorable by the golden wedding of Dr. and Mrs. York, who have passed the half-century milestone of wedded life. The marriage ceremony was performed by Judge Benson in his most felicitous style, after which a well-filled purse was presented to the young couple by the members and friends of the *Liberal Union*, under whose auspices the Doctor has lectured during the past nine months.

"The presentation to the Doctor and wife was made by Mrs. Nellie Wood, treasurer of the Union, with well-chosen remarks, and was responded to by the Doctor with thanks, after which congratulations, dancing and good cheer were the order of the evening. The music for the occasion was furnished by the Schultze family, and was most highly enjoyed. The literary part of the entertainment consisted of recitations by Mrs. Nellie Wood, Mrs. George Stetson, Mrs. Macdonald, E. A. Nellis, Prof. E. Rowland and Miss De Peatt, in fine taste and with hearty acceptance. Songs were rendered in most happy and appropriate vein by Mrs. George A. Edmunds, Miss Clara Walker, Miss Clara Spray and Mr. Fred Long. Piano solos by Mrs. A. E. Partidge and Professor Moline were rendered with most exquisite skill and good taste. Another treat of the evening was the music by the Mandolin Club, under the direction of Prof E. W. Wood, successor to Professor Pickerill.

"After the literary and musical entertainment, refreshments were served and dancing continued until a late hour.

"Dr. York will deliver his farewell lecture here on next Sunday evening, and then goes to fill engagements in San Francisco and Los Angeles, and will carry with him the kindly regards of many friends."

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Robert M. Reeves

# FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE

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AUGUST, 1898.

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## HOLY SMOKE IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY DANIEL K. TENNEY.

PALESTINE has for centuries been sanctified by many millions of good people as "The Holy Land." The myths and traditions in which its early history is involved have surrounded it with a glamor of glory. To personally acquaint themselves with such sacred places, multitudes of good people have, for many ages, made pilgrimages to that far off country. Some have gone out of curiosity only; others to strengthen a waning faith; and still others to awaken into more vigorous emotion a faith already well possessed. It was my pleasure, a short time ago, to join a pilgrim band of about three hundred and fifty intelligent people, mostly Americans, in quest of Oriental experience. We devoted a week to Jaffa, Jerusalem, Jericho, Jordan, Bethlehem and the Dead Sea. The trip afforded a most interesting and instructive experience, some account of which may interest the readers of these pages.

Palestine is about two-thirds as large as New Hampshire, and, like the old Granite State, is chiefly a mountainous country, presenting little else than fierce and rugged rocks. Small plains and valleys of considerable fertility are occasionally visible, on which grain and some vegetables thrive, and oranges, figs, grapes and olives also flourish. Olives and grapes are produced quite abundantly, but of inferior quality, on the numerous mountain sides also. These, and wild flowers in great variety and of wonderful beauty, constitute about the only products of the soil. To those not accustomed to mountainous countries, there seems to be here no soil at all, except in the small patches of low land. Impelled by actual necessity, however, the natives, by prolonged industry, have constructed little walled terraces on the mountain sides in great numbers everywhere, behind which, in the course of time, some disintegrated rock and soil have accumulated. It is upon these little spots that the vines and olive trees flourish, and the wild flowers bloom in the mountainous regions. They present a quaint and queer appearance, inspiring those familiar with the fertile regions of America with wonder that human

beings, other than savages, were ever content to live from year to year amid such desperate and desolate surroundings. The population is quite sparse, and, except in the larger towns, consists mostly of wild and untutored Arabs. Nowhere is there any evidence of thrift and comfort. Poverty seems to reign supreme. Sheep and goats are very numerous, so that everywhere the Biblical rule is observed, "Sheep on the right hand and goats on the left." Donkeys and camels also abound. The horses and cattle are lean, lank and few in number. No suitable food for them flourishes in the land. They are fed mainly on finely chopped barley straw. The whipping and whaling which these faithful animals undergo, when climbing the steep and rugged roads of the country, is horrifying to those unaccustomed to such cruelty. Some well deserved reproof which I administered in forcible English to my Arab driver for the almost continuous thrashing of his team, seemed to impress him with the idea that he knew his business better than I. As I could not talk Arab, I dropped the subject and let him have his own way. To my mind, it was he, and not the horses, who deserved whipping.

The territory now known as Palestine, we are told, was, about fifteen hundred years before our era, owned and occupied by the Amorites, the Canaanites, the Hittites, the Perizzites, the Hivites and the Jebusites. These tribes were accustomed and probably adapted to such a miserable country, and doubtless were happy there. But horror of horrors! they worshiped the sun as the source of all earthly life, and bowed down to images representative of that glorious orb. They had heard of Jehovah and of his methods of dealing with mankind, and believed him a fraud. This made Jehovah, or, as he is oftener called, God or the Lord, angry. He determined to destroy those tribes from the face of the earth, and give their country, about the poorest on the globe, and their property, to the children of Israel, then residing in the valley of the Nile, in Egypt, the richest country known. Why those people, some two or three millions in number, who surely must have known the worthless character of Palestine, were willing to abandon the beautiful and fertile valleys occupied by their ancestors for four hundred years and more, in exchange for the barren plains and mountains of Palestine, which they could only acquire by desperate and long-continued wars, is one of the mysteries of godliness. But they did so, for so saith the good book. It took forty years, however, for them to travel over the few hundred miles between the land of Goshen and that of Canaan, during which time, though generally rebellious and in hard luck, they were fed by continual showers of

manna and quails sent directly from heaven. Indeed, the Lord personally conducted the expedition most of the time, and advised freely with its commander, Moses. After passing through the Red Sea, on dry land, however, the Lord became vexed with Moses and the elders, and by special intervention gradually killed off all those who were adult when leaving Egypt, including Moses and Aaron. Joshua was excepted and placed in command. He crossed the Jordan with his army on dry land; advanced upon the enemy; captured all their towns and cities; butchered the inhabitants; "left alive nothing that breathed," except a few hundred thousand maidens, "who had not known man by lying with him." These were distributed among the boys of the army, who captured also the flocks and herds and other property of the enemy as lawful spoils of war. None of these things are doubted by the faithful. How can they be? For here rest in eloquent testimony, the Red Sea, with its dry-shod crossing only temporarily closed, with old Jewish carcasses everywhere underlying the soil, and quail tracks innumerable. And the country is surely one where human beings could not survive without celestial fodder of some sort. Besides, here is the River Jordan itself, into which the big-footed priests stepped, and thus "the waters were cut off from the waters that come down from above and stood upon an heap," until Joshua and his army had crossed over for the attack on Jericho. Both sides of the Jordan are still there in plain sight, with Mount Pisgah and the mountains of Moab looking right down upon them as of old. Surely none but an agnostic could wish more conclusive testimony to the truth of the sacred tale.

This wonderful land, since Joshua captured it, has been the scene of almost continual warfare, rapine and desolation. Because it is considered holy, every savage and semi-savage people in Europe and Asia, and some who thought themselves civilized, seem to have coveted it. It has been captured and possessed in turn, for the love of God, by Egyptians, Syrians, Chaldeans, Babylonians, Persians, Macedonians, Jews, Romans, Greeks, Parthians, Arabs, French and English Crusaders, and finally by the Turks, who have held it for several hundred years. It is a splendid country for Arabs and missionaries, but worth little for other purposes.

Upon the sacred soil thus conquered to godliness we landed from our glorious ship at Jaffa. It is the only port in that country, and the worst in the known world. Though used from necessity for thousands of years, it does not deserve to be called a port at all. Ships come to anchor in the open sea about a mile from shore, and passengers and

freight have to be taken to land in large row boats. Each is manned by ten to twenty stalwart oarsmen, standing up and facing the bow, each operating one oar about twenty-five feet long and four inches square in its body. To reach the wharf these clumsy boats have to be manipulated in serpentine fashion, around and among numerous threatening rocks, some beneath the water, and some projecting above. With the waves heaving and surging mightily, the task seems to a stranger one impossible to accomplish. The accustomed oarsmen are, however, skillful, and fatalities seldom occur. When the sea is too fierce no attempt at landing is made.

This crude and craggy port, it will be remembered, is the one whence Jonah sailed on the most celebrated whaling voyage recorded in history. The craft in which he returned to shore was better adapted for safety in the port of Jaffa than that in which he departed three days before. So many of our clerical friends are backsliding of late that the lesson of this wonderful marine experience related in the Book of Jonah, and vouched for by our Savior, seems to be losing its force. As a warning to your clerical readers, let me now remind them afresh that Jonah also was a preacher. The Lord ordered him to proceed to Ninevah and start a religious revival. Instead, the gold fever seized him and he took ship for Tarshish, in Spain, the Klondike of those days, and a prosperous mining region. Whether he attempted a revival on the ship is not stated, but he aroused such a wind of some sort that the sailors became disgusted and cast him overboard. The Lord, being of a forgiving disposition, promptly manufactured a whale, with throat big enough to swallow a preacher, and with stomachic capacity adequate to his comfortable storage and sustenance. Jonah repented, and the whale set him on shore without even wetting his feet. He proceeded to Ninevah and opened religious exercises at early candle light. This is the first recorded example, which has since been faithfully pursued, of free hospitality to the clergy, and at the same time a horrible warning to our brethren of the cloth, not to deviate from the will of the Lord, so plainly prescribed in their creeds. Strict clerical obedience seems ever since to have prevailed on the Mediterranean shores, and not another whale, with throat big or little, has ever been found in its waters. If fond of unfaithful preachers, big throated whales might do a big business in this country. Being so busy in answering the prayers of the faithful, the Lord seems to have abandoned the personal superintendence of clergymen in countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and turned it over



to the Holy Father at Rome. He finds anathemas and excommunications more effectual than the milder stomachic methods pursued by his predecessor.

When finally landed in Jaffa, we find it a small, dirty city, ruled by Mahometans, its population being composed chiefly of Turks and Arabs. A few Englishmen attend to its small commerce and capture its spare cash. There is nothing to drink but water and Turkish coffee. It was thus evident that we were not in a Christian city. Back of the town for ten miles or thereabouts, lie the plains of Sharon. They skirt the coast for a considerable distance north and south; are decidedly undulating, and present the appearance of great fertility. Oranges, the finest I have ever seen, are abundantly produced, and olives in vast quantities. Some small grains also flourish, and vegetables in great variety. Little save oranges and olives is sent abroad. Native stomachs usually require nearly everything produced about here, and extensive importations are at times necessary to avoid actual hunger. There is nothing interesting in Jaffa. We were glad to depart by train for Jerusalem, a distance of thirty-three miles direct, but sixty-nine miles by rail. Time, five hours.

Winding over the beautiful plains of Sharon, we soon reach the base of a mountain range, and by means of narrow gauge cars wearily wend our way through the gorges and canyons, climbing and climbing to the mountain's summit, where, upon a hillside, we halt in the outskirts of the Holy City. The scenery of the adjacent mountains all along the route is quite romantic and attractive. Though little soil is visible, wild flowers of great beauty and variety, especially the red poppy, grow in innumerable rock crevices in great luxuriance, and lend a pleasant fragrance to the cheering atmosphere. Sheep and goats on the mountain side are everywhere in evidence, with occasionally Bedouin shepherds, who seem to live mostly in rocky caverns, quite visible as we pass along. These are generally located near small springs of water, struggling from beneath the rocky surroundings. I am fond of wild flowers, mutton-chops and spring water, but would be averse to wandering over precipitous hillsides, stumbling over rocks, sleeping in caves and getting bit by mosquitoes, in search of a little grass for the animals, even with ever so many sheep or goats as companions. I would rather practice law in Wisconsin.

We were greatly surprised to find that Jerusalem lies, practically, at the summit of a mountain range twenty-five hundred feet above the

Mediterranean. There is no level land within or about it. Ravines and declivities everywhere abound. There are, indeed, some small mountain peaks overtopping the city itself, but only a few hundred feet. Barrenness is everywhere apparent. A few old olive trees and wild flowers alone relieve the gaze as one rides about the country. There are no forests, all having been cut down and consumed. The city itself, within the old walls, is noted chiefly for rubbish and rottenness, religion and ruins, piety and poverty. The general architecture is cheap and uninteresting. One or two story buildings of cement or stone mostly prevail. Little or no wood enters into their construction. Rough arches overtop the rooms, and many are entirely without floors. Most of the windows are without glass, and few houses have chimneys. The first floors of dwelling houses are commonly used as stables for camels and donkeys. Whitewash seems to be freely used on the buildings, giving about the only appearance of cleanliness visible in the city. The streets are absolutely abominable. They vary in width from mere lanes, five or six feet wide, arched over from side to side, dark and dingy, to others ten or twelve feet in width. Most of them are poorly and roughly paved. Some are upon the original rock, into which stairs have been cut to facilitate the upward or downward climb, and are very steep in places. All are filthy. The ordure of men, women and children is as offensively and publicly deposited in the streets as is that of camels, donkeys, dogs and cats. The stench is unspeakably horrible. It was shrewdly suggested that the peculiar corpse-like odors prevailing in these holy streets are attributable to the bodies of the saints who came out of their graves at the time of the resurrection and "went into the Holy City and appeared unto many," and who, perhaps, never returned to their graves again. As there is no record that they ever did return, and surely they would not wish to, there would seem a deal of plausibility, especially to those who have scented these unearthly stench, that the corpses of those old saints, though no longer visible, are still stalking about the city, shedding their pious odors for the benefit of whom it may concern. Surely such a phenomenon would be appropriate in Jerusalem, if anywhere. All things are possible with God.

The city is said to contain about eighty thousand people, of whom eight thousand are Turks and Arabs—Mahometans—two thousand Roman Catholics, four thousand Orthodox Greeks, one thousand Armenians, a few hundred Copts, Ethiopians and Syrians, and about three hundred Protestants. Of the remainder, sixty thousand are Jews, at least

half of whom were expelled from Russia a few years ago, and have wandered here because they knew nowhere else to go. These are for the most part supported by the charity of Baron Hirsch, and some other wealthy people in England and elsewhere. The Turks are in political control and heartily despise both Jews and Christians. All of these unanimously reciprocate the sentiment. So the people of the Holy City do not dwell together as brethren in unity. Most of them, of whatever age or sex, are the most filthy in appearance and conduct, most ragged, unkempt, bare-headed, bare-footed, beggarly specimens of the race possible to imagine. Large numbers are afflicted with sore eyes. The only business carried on, outside of the hotels and hospices, is the manufacture and sale of rosaries, crosses and crucifixes of olive wood or mother of pearl; wooden saints, pious photographs, olive-covered Bibles, pressed flowers of the Holy Land, and fuel from camel dung. Of course, there are market places for the sale of camel and goat meat, mutton and vegetables. Of the latter, the cauliflowers are the largest and best I have ever seen. Numerous camels and donkeys come to town daily laden with them. Other vegetables do not flourish, potatoes being not much larger than chestnuts. The common people do not often indulge in meat, but live principally on olives, olive oil, and a quality of bread, black and unsightly. There is no water in Jerusalem save that caught in cisterns, and this in dry seasons becomes both scarce and foul. Babies and children up to two or three years of age are carried by their mothers astride of one shoulder, being held in place by the arm or leg. It is a novel sight.

From all that has been said, it is plain that Jerusalem as a place of residence is not attractive. Yet, outside of the walls, or city proper, there are many handsome residences, missions, monasteries, convents, hospices and the like, on which millions have been expended. The Jews have about a hundred synagogues, the Greeks about twenty monasteries, nunneries and religious schools, and the Roman Catholics about as many more. The Armenians and Copts also have a considerable number of chapels and other holy edifices. The Mahometans are well supplied with magnificent mosques. The Protestants also have several structures devoted to religious uses. The principal source of popular revenue consists in preying upon the fifty or seventy-five thousand pilgrims, whose credulity or curiosity annually leads them to visit these weird and weary scenes. Beggars are even more abundant than ruins.

Why should we, however, especially care for the present appearance of this wonderful country and city, or for the material occupations of its

present inhabitants? Evidences of the holy past are more in demand, and are visible on every hand. There were, of course, some scoffing sinners in our party who challenged the divinity of the Scriptures and insisted that the many tales of marvelous things alleged to have occurred here are mere fictions devised by priests to deceive an ignorant people. How strange!

Let us examine these sacred evidences a little. If I mistake not, they will appear quite sufficient to justify the faith of those who still believe in them. For convenience let us consider them in appropriate subdivisions. First, those sustaining the truths of the Old Testament; then those sustaining the New Testament; and later, those sustaining the Koran, for these last are merely supplementary and in confirmation of both the others.

To those familiar with Christian literature, it is well known that Jehovah, though frequently walking and talking with men on earth, never made or authorized a written revelation until about twenty-five hundred years after the creation. About that time, by a special providence, a little Jewish child was found concealed in some bulrushes on the bank of the Nile, near where Cairo now stands. He was miraculously preserved and educated at the court of Pharaoh, on purpose to receive and record, ultimately, the first divine revelation, and later did so, in the first seven or eight books of our Bible. When he became a man, it is true, he was at first a bad citizen, murdered an Egyptian in cold blood, ran away, and was for many years a fugitive from that justice which he afterward recorded for others—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Still, the forgiving disposition of divinity was not to be balked by a mere murder. The offense was either forgotten or condoned, and Moses proceeded, in after years, to the business for which he had been originally rescued from the bulrushes. Of late, a few skeptical people have dared to doubt the veracity of this simple tale. Let the facts silence them forever. I have personally seen the very Nile, on the banks of which these bulrushes grew. Even the bulrushes themselves are still there. Any doubter can see them on an island near Cairo, at an expense of only ten piastres. Besides, the mummies of any number of Pharaohs are shown for a like figure. Knowing these facts, and the undoubted disposition of a king's daughter to rescue a babe in distress, who can longer question this fundamental truth of our holy religion. For if Moses was not rescued from the bulrushes "then is our preaching vain" and all is lost.

Further confirmation of the facts recorded by this eminent man, and by others, in the Old Testament, are visible throughout the Promised Land. For instance: No one can doubt that the Israelites occupied Palestine for many centuries. If Moses did not lead them here, who did? The Lord commanded Abraham to sacrifice his son Isaac on a mountain here, and the good man was about to do so, when a ram was divinely provided for the purpose as a substitute, caught in a bush near by. This bush has now grown to a huge tree some four thousand years old, and, for a small fee, is shown in several places in Jerusalem. Affidavits of identity are easily obtainable. None but skeptics demand them. The tombs of David and Solomon are both on exhibition. We had not time to hunt for those of his seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. A suitable fee to the dragoman would undoubtedly disclose them, as the Holy City is literally surrounded with cemeteries. Not far away, those concubines must have had their harem, and warbled in chorus that wonderfully lecherous "Song of Songs," which has so surprised the world as a work of divinity. We sadly missed also the bath-tub of the beautiful Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, in which she was innocently performing her ablutions, when King David, a man after God's own heart, espied and was enamored by her charms. Doubtless this precious relic, like so many others, has been transferred to the museum of the Vatican at Rome. A stately column, showing the middle of the earth, is carefully exhibited. Under it lies the tomb of Adam. Surely none will doubt this. We did not inquire about Eve. The site of Solomon's Temple is much in evidence, where two hundred and seventy thousand paschal lambs were devoured at a single banquet. There is no temple left, and mutton is now only served at the hotels. How are the mighty fallen! The place where Abraham, Elijah, David and Solomon used to pray is easily seen. It is well adapted to the purpose. It is easy to see where Jeremiah buried the Ark of the Covenant. The place where Solomon's throne was located is pointed out. We visited also his immense underground stables carved in the natural rock. There is room enough for a regiment of cavalry, but, of course, if Solomon took the females of his family out riding every day or two, like a gentleman, it would require just such accommodations for his teams. Not far away, toward Bethlehem, is Mount Horeb, where God talked with Elijah, and where he had such a wonderful time with angels, wind, earthquakes, fire, and a still small voice. The track of this prophet in the rock is still visible in confirmation. Next, we see the house where Zaccheus used to live, and the

tree he climbed "his Lord and Master for to see." Both of these speak for themselves. Then we saw the very place where Elijah and Elisha had such a wonderful time by the River Jordan. They started for Jericho, and coming to the river, Elijah took off his mantle and with it "smote the waters and they were divided hither and thither, so that they went over on dry ground." And then Elijah went up to heaven "in a chariot of fire and horses of fire," in a whirlwind, but dropped his mantle. Elisha picked it up, and with it smote the waters again, and went back to the other side of Jordan dry shod. The view of this wondrous riparian and celestial scene is deeply touching to the devout heart. It was impossible to obtain from the Arab in charge one of the buttons from this mantle as a souvenir. He was expecting a fresh supply by the first camel train from Jerusalem.

Near there is also that wonderful place where General Gideon was taught by the Lord the most successful military tactics recorded in history. With thirty-two thousand soldiers, he was confronting for battle the Midianites and the Amalekites who were "like grasshoppers for multitude." The Lord told him that he had too many soldiers, and ordered that he should let the cowards go home. This disposed of twenty-two thousand of them, and left ten thousand remaining. The Lord still insisted that there were too many, that he wanted the glory of the battle himself, and told Gideon to bring them all down to the water to drink; that those who bowed down on their knees to drink should be set apart by themselves, and that "everyone that lappeth of the water with his tongue as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself." Only three hundred lapped the water with their tongues like a dog, and those brave fellows were selected as competent to whip the enemy who were "like grasshoppers for multitude." They immediately proceeded to a brilliant success. To stand in person upon such a brilliant battle field was glory enough for one day. What a pity we do not test the fitness of our own boys to destroy the Spanish in a similar way. Dewey must have had some of those dogged fellows on his ships at Manila.

And then there are the identical mountains of Moab, Mount Pisgah, the site of Sodom and Gomorrah and its environs; the Dead Sea and the once walled Jericho, just as we would expect to find them, accepting the good book as our guide. Lot's wife has disappeared, having probably leaked into the Dead Sea, causing the salt thereof. The place occupied by Lot and his daughters has been raided by the Arab police and closed. The present Jericho is only a little town of about three hundred Arabs,

living in squalid hovels, but the site of the ancient city remains. We could easily see where the stalwart old walls might have been and rams innumerable were roaming over the hillsides or thriving on the cobblestones which constitute the sole fertile soil of the Jordan Valley. Each one of them bore a pair of huge horns, which, if experts could be found to blow on them as of old, would level the fortifications of a walled town to-day, as readily as three or four thousand years ago. The making of that sort of music, however, is unfortunately one of the lost arts. These facts are most satisfying and refreshing to minds accustomed to theological logic.

The devout reader will remember that the children of Israel were a peculiar people; indeed, God's chosen people, and to them he promised the country of Palestine as a perpetual possession, and especially Jerusalem, the City of David, to whom he proclaimed, "I will ordain a place for my people Israel, and will plant them and they shall dwell in this place and be moved no more." Yet the Jews have scarcely had a foothold in that country, except for brief periods, until recently, for more than two thousand years. They are greatly grieved over this failure of Jehovah to keep his promise, and weep and pray for the day when he shall once more install them in Jerusalem, as they are sure he intends to do. So there has developed in the Holy City what is known as "The Jewish Wailing Place." Here, along the fragmentary ruin of an ancient wall, they congregate every Friday, and often on other days, and weep, and wail, and howl, and pray, using, among other ceremonials, the following nasal chant:

"For the palace that lies desolate; for the palace that is destroyed; for the walls that are overthrown; for our majesty that is departed; for our great men who lie dead; for the precious stones that are burned; for the priests who have stumbled; for our kings who have despised Him; we sit in solitude and mourn; we pray thee have mercy on Zion; gather the children of Jerusalem; haste, haste, redeemer of Zion; may the King soon return to Zion; comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem."

The sight and sound of thousands of these poor, ragged and half-starved people, weeping and wailing, in vain reliance upon the undoubted promise of their Lord, is absolutely pitiful. They despise and cannot be made to believe that their God later had a son who repudiated and reversed the promise of his father, and proclaimed of Jerusalem, "Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." This unfilial conduct and family disturbance seems a little remarkable. The son seems to have got the best of it.

This fact, and the absence of any tracks of Jehovah, who used to travel about here so much, were confusing to some of our pilgrims, but when it was considered that the latest revelation is always the best, and that the armies of all nations and the pilgrims of all lands have been making tracks over this country for ages, it appeared no longer wonderful that some of the ancient landmarks have been obliterated. Besides, the archaeologists are still hunting for tracks, and one cannot tell what a day will bring forth.

We paused in full view also, of the place where Joshua made the sun and moon stand still for a day, while he whipped the enemy. There is Gibeon, and the valley of Ajalon, and the sun and the moon also, just as of old. There was nothing lacking but Joshua to touch the button, or we would have had the old scene over again. Joshua is dead, and his heirs have moved away. Right here also is the place where "the Lord cast down great stones from heaven," and killed so many Amorites. We were in hard luck, for prior pilgrims had desecrated these heavenly stones by hammering them to pieces, and had carried them to far off countries. We could not even find a fragment. Our faith in the story was only increased by this disappointment.

It will be conceded by candid minds that the contents of the Old Testament have never been better confirmed than by the few archaeological evidences that I have presented. There is nothing more conclusive.

And now, we come to the evidences of that later revelation, the better covenant, as it is called, so familiar to the pure in heart. If it has been easy to confirm the Old Testament, as we have seen, how much easier should it be to confirm the new, and so it will appear that the surviving testimonies are far more numerous and equally conclusive.

At Bethlehem is the Church of Saint Mary, located on the spot where Christ was born in a manger. In this church is the Chapel of Nativity. Under the altar, a silver star appears in the pavement, on which is this inscription: "Hic de Virginie Maria Jesus Christus natus est." "Here to the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ was born." Opposite this we descended three steps into the Chapel of the Manger, which is of marble, and in it lies a wax doll. The original manger was carried to Rome. Near by is a round hole, out of which water once burst forth for the use of the holy family. It is dried up now. The star which guided the wise men to Bethlehem fell into this spring. Nobody but virgins could see it. A little distance away is the place where Joseph was commanded by an angel to flee with the mother and child into Egypt. In the immediate neigh-



borhood is the Milk Grotto, where the holy family once sought shelter. A drop of the Virgin's milk fell on the floor. The rock of this grotto has ever since possessed the property of increasing the milk of women, and cakes in which the dust of the floor is mingled are still sold to women who are short of milk. At the end of a few minutes' walk is where Joseph used to live, and where the angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream and explained to him the transactions of the Holy Ghost with his wife, which had occurred during his absence. About ten minutes further on is the Grotto of the Shepherds, where the angels appeared and announced to them that a Savior had just been born in Bethlehem. They went there "and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger." What better evidence of the miraculous birth than this can be reasonably demanded? The cradle of Christ is also shown in one of the principal mosques, but being under Mahometan patronage it may be spurious. A little way out of town is the Zion suburb, and here is the Chamber of the Last Supper. The place where the table stood is shown. The stone on which Jesus sat still remains. The sarcophagus of David is conveniently in the next room. There are two altars here. One where Jesus appeared in Galilee, a hundred miles away, and the other where Mary died, both exceedingly genuine. Here, also, he washed the apostles' feet, as they undoubtedly needed it. This is also the spot where the Holy Ghost descended on the Virgin. He left no footprints. Affidavits of all these things are readily obtainable. Nearer town stands the prison of Christ; the spot where Peter denied his Master, and where the cock crowed. Poultry are scarce here now.

Gethsemane is to the east of the city. Here are the tombs of the Virgin, of her parents, and of Joseph. The Cavern of the Agony; the Cavern of the Sweat; the place where Judas betrayed Jesus with a kiss; and, a little further along, the spot where, "when he was come nearer, he beheld the city, and wept over it." I don't blame him. Then come the magnificent Mount of Olives, overlooking the city, the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The view is sublime. From this Mount they say Jesus ascended into heaven. So the Chapel of the Ascension is located here. Near by is the Church of the Creed, where the apostles prepared the creed which goes by the name. Behind this is the beautiful Church of the Lord's Prayer, on the spot where Christ taught this prayer to his disciples. On the handsome quadrangle are thirty-two slabs on which the prayer is inscribed in as many different languages, rendered necessary by the confusion of tongues at Babel.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the center of greatest interest to all true believers. It is an extensive affair, and is in charge of Mahometan custodians or policemen, who are generally found regaling themselves with coffee and cigarettes. Their presence is necessary to keep the peace between the different fanatical sects of Christians whose chapels are located in this holy sanctuary. These are the Greeks, the Latins, the Armenians, the Copts and the Syrians. There are located here the Chapel of Melchizedek, the Armenian Chapel, the Coptic Chapel, the Chapel of Saint Mary of Egypt, the Chapel of Saint James, Chapel of Mary Magdalene, Chapel of the Forty Martyrs, the Angels' Chapel, Chapel of the Sepulchre, Chapel of the Apparition, the Latin Sacristy, the Catholicon, the Seat of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Prison of Christ, Chapel of Saint Longinus, the Chapel of Parting of the Raiment, the Chapel of the Derision, the Chapel of the Empress Helena, Altar of the Penitent Thief, Chapel of the Raising of the Cross, Chapel of the Finding of the Cross, Hole of the Cross, Chapel of the Nailing to the Cross, Chapel of the Agony, Abyssinian Chapel, Stone of Anointment, and Chamber in the Rock. It will thus be seen that opportunities for worship are unlimited.

The Stone of the Anointment is where the body of Jesus laid when anointed by Nicodemus. Pilgrims of a devout disposition are accustomed to measure this stone with a view of having their winding sheets made of the same length. Most of us had left our tape lines at home. In the center of the building is the rotunda of the sepulchre, under which is the Holy Sepulchre itself. This is certainly so, because Saint Helena, the mother of Constantine, under divine guidance, found it here, and also the true cross, about three hundred years after the crucifixion. These places had been buried in the ruins most of the time. The crosses of the thieves had completely rotted away, but the holes in which they had been set, and the true cross itself, were in a perfect state of preservation. The holes are here yet. So is the stone which the angel of the Lord rolled away from the door of the sepulchre, and sat down on it. Here also is shown a cleft in the rock reaching to the center of the earth. It first appeared when the rocks were rent at the time of the resurrection. No actual sepulchre is visible, but there has been excavated in the underlying rock a little cavern about six feet in width and breadth, beautifully finished in marble, in which, entering through a door about three feet high, three or four people can be accommodated at once. A relief in white marble adorns one wall, representing a man rising from the tomb. The other walls are appropriately adorned. Forty-three lamps are suspended from

the ceiling, a certain number of which are kept lighted by each of the sects which have chapels in the main church. The odor of this place hardly suggested that the corpse had actually departed. Maybe the lamps or the pilgrims were to blame. In one of the aisles of the church stands an altar, above which appear two round holes. These are the stocks in which the feet of Christ were fastened before the crucifixion. Through these holes are shown his footprints. Longinus was the Roman soldier who pierced the side of Jesus. He was blind in one eye. Some of the blood spilled into his bad eye and the sight was immediately restored. He repented, was made a saint, and the chapel here is named after him. Served him right!

Throughout this great church, its numerous chapels, and the sacred holes in the ground beneath it, always surrounded by holy candles burning continually, flock Christian pilgrims from all over the world, bowing down, kissing the floor and the walls of the sacred places, crossing themselves, kneeling before images, weeping and praying, I hope, to their heart's content. Every place especially holy must be entered through a door about three feet high, so the visitor must do reverence and obeisance whether he wishes to or not. This is a happy device for bringing sinners to a realizing sense of reverential duty, but makes the sinners swear. Such is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the possession of whose site and surroundings has cost more money, and the shedding of more innocent blood, than all other wars recorded in history. "Think not that I came to bring peace. I came not to bring peace, but a sword." And still the Moslems are in possession.

Besides the sacred places mentioned, on the Via Dolorosa is an impression in the solid rock made by the hand of Jesus as he was staggering under the weight of the cross; the house and tomb of Saint Veronica, and the spot where she wiped the sweat from the Savior's brow with her handkerchief, upon which his image was indelibly impressed; the spots where he was undressed; where he was nailed to the cross; where the cross was raised; and where he was taken down from it. Some of these places, though originally far apart, seem now to have been gathered together and placed also under the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We were shown, also, the house of Lazarus, and his two tombs. One, from which he was raised from the dead, and the other where he was buried the second time; the house of Dives; Saint Mary's Well; the tree on which Judas hanged himself; the house of Mary and Martha; the blighted Fig Tree; and a thousand other things equally

sacred and truthful, but which it would be too tedious to describe. The pious reader will readily draw upon his imagination for them. We saw also the mountain near Jericho, onto which the devil tempted Christ, and tried to buy him up. But we did not visit the spot where he cast out of one bad man a lot of devils, which entered a drove of two thousand hogs, nor did we eat any of the pork. It was too old.

With the evidences I have here presented, no more need be said favoring the verity of the sacred pages of the New Testament.

But Jerusalem is holy to the Mahometans, as well as to the Jews and Christians. Moslems by the thousand make pilgrimages there every year, and by so doing acquire a title of equal honor with those who visit Mecca. Mahomet flourished about six hundred years after Jesus. When about forty years old, he believed in the Jewish Jehovah, and in Jesus as the prophet, but not the Son of Jehovah. He did not believe in a paternal ghost. About that time, Christians were fighting and going to war about the rank, age and potency of the different members of the Trinity. Mahomet was disgusted. He thought one God enough; that the religions of both Jehovah and Jesus were unfitted for the control of mankind; that both had proved failures; and that modern improvements ought to be introduced; so he concluded to go into the prophet business himself. Having married a rich widow, one night, accompanied by the angel Gabriel, he was transported on a golden winged horse, El Borak by name, from Mecca, in Arabia, to Mount Moriah, in Jerusalem, where he hitched the horse, and, entering the Temple, met and communed with Abraham, Moses, Jesus and other prophets. A ladder of light was then let down from heaven, up which, with the rapidity of lightning, Mahomet and Gabriel ascended to various wonderful heavens. In the first one he met Adam; in the second Noah; in the third Azrael, whose eyes were seventy thousand days' journey apart; in the fourth the Angel of Tears, who was five hundred days' journey in height; in the fifth, Aaron; in the sixth, the Guardian Angel of Heaven, composed of half snow and half fire, "yet the snow melted not, nor was the fire extinguished." Here he met and conversed with Moses again. In the seventh heaven he again met and was received by Abraham. Each of the inhabitants of this realm surpassed the whole earth in size; each had seventy thousand heads; each head had seventy thousand mouths; each mouth had seventy thousand tongues; each tongue spoke seventy thousand languages, and all these were incessantly employed in chanting praises to the Most High, into whose presence he was immediately ushered, landing only two bow shots

from the throne. The face of the Deity was covered with twenty thousand veils, or it would have annihilated man to look upon his glory. Here Mahomet received from first hands a new revelation for the government of man, called the Koran. Fifty prayers were also prescribed as the daily duty of true believers. Through the influence of Moses he soon succeeded in getting the number reduced to five. Then, in an instant, he descended on the ladder to Mount Moriah, where he unhitched Borak, and was borne back to Mecca in the twinkling of an eye. Before his introduction to Allah, Mahomet beheld a lotus tree growing on the right hand of the throne, whose branches extended wider than the distance between the earth and the sun. It was laden with fruit. The leaves resembled the ears of an elephant. Each one of its fruits was sufficient to sustain all the creatures of God, and each seed enclosed a celestial virgin provided for the felicity of true believers.

On his return, Mahomet proceeded to acquaint the people with the modern improvements of this new revelation with its tempting heaven, and to-day there are ten men who really believe in it, where there is one really cherishing the older heaven with its endless Sabbaths, halos, harps and perpetual idleness. Strange how foolish men can be. But where are the sacred evidences of the holy Mahomet to be found in the Holy Land? That is now the purpose of our inquiry.

On the spot where the prophet landed and hitched his golden winged horse in Jerusalem, stands now the Mosque of Omar, by far the most splendid and costly edifice to be seen there. So sacred are mosques deemed that before entering them, Christians must clothe their feet with sandals provided at the door. This magnificent structure stands on the apex of Mount Moriah. Exposed to view in its center is the barren summit, or Holy Rock itself, fifty-seven feet by forty-three, rising about six feet above the adjacent marble floor. It is surrounded by a balustrade about four feet high of exquisite workmanship and great beauty, and permitting the ready inspection of the rock enclosed. Overhead is the colossal dome, and round about the wonderful architecture and striking effects of the walls and supporting columns. In and about this mosque, as every other, thousands of the faithful, at the call to prayer, gather five times daily, and implore their deity with hope and fervency. Their prayers, like Jews and Christians, are to the same God, but they do not think he had a son or a ghost. That is where they and Saint Paul do not agree.

When Mahomet and Gabriel started to ascend from this rock, it

determined to follow them. Gabriel pushed it back, as far as he could but a cave was left underneath which was about ten feet high and of considerable size, and so remains to this day. The impression of Gabriel's hands on the rock is still visible. When the prophet descended he struck the rock so hard that several of his footprints were deeply impressed near its summit. He must have been a very tall man, ten feet or more, and must have had an extremely large head. Having occasion to go down into the cave, he did so, and upon rising there to his full height, bumped his head against the overlying rock and made an indentation in it about six inches deep in the middle and about the size of the bottom of a bushel basket. Hairs from Mahomet's beard are also on exhibition here. The place is also shown where Borak was hitched, but his footprints seem to have worn away.

Outside the balustrade, Mahomet implanted, when here, a circular slab of jasper, and drove in its face nineteen golden nails; designed to represent the cycles through which the earth was to pass before the day of judgment, one nail to disappear at the closing of each cycle. By some means the devil got in and destroyed all these nails except four and a half, which still remain. For this reason the world is to come to an end much sooner than was originally intended. This jasper slab is covered with a beautiful rug, except when a pilgrim approaches. It is then withdrawn, the whole matter explained, and the assurance solemnly given that if any one will place a coin on each of these four and a half nails, his salvation at the final round up of souls will be assured. A very plausible proposition. Having already the requisite faith, of the mustard seed size and variety, to assure a Christian salvation, but knowing that there is now and then an agnostic abroad, I concluded to make a sure thing by banking on the jasper slab, and so placed on each of the nails a five pfennig nickel piece, German money, and departed with the double assurance of eternal joy. Anyway, this plan of salvation is cheaper than the old style.

At the day of judgment, God's throne is to be planted on Mount Moriah, and the Caaba, now at Mecca, is to be removed here. Then will be sounded the last trumpet. All men will assemble in the Valley of Jehosaphat, near the city; a thin wire rope will be stretched from the mosque across to the Mount of Olives; Christ will sit on the mosque and Mahomet on the mountain, as judges. All men must pass over the rope. The saints will pass with lightning speed in safety, but the wicked will be precipitated into the abyss of hell. Mahomet once declared that one

prayer on Mount Moriah was as good as a thousand elsewhere. I guess he was right. At the east door of the mosque a chain was once stretched across by God himself. A truthful witness could grasp it without damage, whereas, a link always fell if a perjurer touched it. The links are all gone. Below the base of the dome within are rich and elegant mosaics of variegated designs elaborately executed. Above this is a broad, blue band bearing in gold letters the following extracts from the Koran, which are very suggestive reading:

"Praise be to God who has no son or companion in his government, and who requires no helper to save him from dishonor. O ye who have received written revelations, do not be puffed up with your religion, but speak the truth only of God. The Messiah Jesus is only the son of Mary, the ambassador of God, and his word which he deposited in Mary. Believe then in God and his Ambassador, and do not maintain there are three. God is one, and far be it from him that he should have had a son. God is not so constituted that he could have a son, be that far from him. When he has resolved upon anything he says, 'Let it be,' and it is."

Thus, I have presented to the jury of your intelligent readers for their verdict the principal evidences afforded by the Holy Land of three theological systems, the Jewish, the Christian and the Mahometan. To the followers of each they seem equally plausible and equally conclusive. So they are. Not being the advocate of either, I express no choice, but conclude this article by the citation of a higher authority. A Catholic priest, an intelligent and companionable gentleman, was one of our party of pilgrims. After returning to our ship at Jaffa, I asked him how the Jerusalem business struck him. He replied: "I frankly confess, Mr. Tenney, it inspired in me far greater reverence for the present than for the past!"

Madison, Wis., June, 1898.

## RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

BY ROBERT N. REEVES.

**I**T is a fact not generally known that the three greatest presidents of the United States were not Christians in the strict acceptance of that word.

The minds of Washington, the patriot; Jefferson, the scholar; and Lincoln, the humanitarian, were not bound by any religious creed. But of all the Presidents, Thomas Jefferson was not only the most learned, but also the most liberal in his religious opinions.

To Jefferson more than any other American statesmen is our country indebted for the amount of religious liberty which it to-day enjoys. For, at the very beginning of our government, he established religious freedom upon the broadest foundations and thus freed the conscience of the American citizen from the fetters of priestcraft as completely as Lincoln freed the negro from the fetters of human slavery. He knew that no government is free that indorses gloomy creeds or gives its sanction to the superstitious ideas of some particular sect.

Jefferson was a scholar. He was learned in the political history of the world. He had studied all the governments of the past. He knew the history of the oldest nations of antiquity of which there is any record; and he knew that all had gone down to dust and decay chiefly because they were incumbered and impeded by the superstitious doctrines of their priests. He knew that when the priests gained absolute power there came the dark night of the Middle Ages, when the science of government gave way to the absurd dogmas of the church. Jefferson knew all this; and so, while he lived, he did all in his power to free mankind not only from the tyranny of kings, but also of priests.

It is not necessary to go into a long discussion of what Jefferson did or did not believe. There was no concealment in Jefferson's religious opinions. He was as outspoken in them as he was in his political opinions. And, in his numerous writings with which he has dowered the intellectual wealth of our nation, he has given free expression to his views on religion.

But before I quote from his writings it is well to take note of two events in the history of the State of Virginia for which Thomas Jefferson was solely responsible; one, the establishment of the University of Virginia, in which it was provided that no religious creed should be taught;



the other, the passage of his Bill for the Establishment of Religious Freedom.

Next to the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson's Bill for the Establishment of Religious Freedom in the State of Virginia is the greatest of his productions. It was the most liberal bill upon the subject of religious liberty ever passed by any assembly of statesmen in the world. When it was passed in 1785 by the Legislature of Virginia and became a law it excited the admiration of every American whose mind was not warped and dwarfed by an orthodox creed. Even in Europe, this law created a sensation. It was translated into all the principal languages, it was printed in the newspapers, copied in encyclopedias and applauded by all the philosophers and liberal-minded statesmen of the old world. For over a hundred years that law has stood as a model of all legislation for the security of religious freedom. There is not in the Union scarcely a State, that has legislated at all upon the subject of religious freedom, which has not incorporated in its Constitution or its laws the substance, if not the very language, of Jefferson's great and liberal bill. And these laws stand to-day as the greatest obstacles to the craft and cunning of the clergy of our time. Had Jefferson said or done nothing more, his establishment of the University of Virginia, on non-sectarian lines, and his Bill for the Establishment of Religious Freedom would alone cause him to be long remembered by mankind as one of the most formidable enemies of orthodox Christianity. But this is not all. In Jefferson's writings there is much that goes to show he had no sympathy with those who get all their wisdom from on high and do not seek it from other sources.

In his "Notes on Virginia" Jefferson says, in reference to the efforts of priests to persecute people into believing some particular creed:

"Millions of men, women and children, since the introduction of Christianity, have been burnt, tortured, fined and imprisoned; yet we have not advanced one inch towards uniformity. What has been the effect of coercion? to make one-half the world fools, and the other half hypocrites. To support roguery and error all over the world."

Jefferson was a hater of all orthodoxy, but his free mind particularly loathed that form known as Calvinism. He was delighted with the success which the Unitarian preacher, William E. Channing, met with in his fight against the cruel and absurd doctrines of the Presbyterians. "I rejoice," writes Jefferson, in 1822, "that in this blessed country of free inquiry and belief, which has surrendered its creed and conscience neither

to kings nor priests, the genuine doctrine of one only God is reviving." And, in a letter to Colonel Pickering he writes of "the incomprehensible jargon of the Trinitarian arithmetic, that three are one, and one is three."

Like Voltaire, Paine and Franklin, Jefferson believed in a God, but not in the divinity of Christ, nor the Christian scheme of salvation.

He compared Christ with Socrates and Epictetus and says that "when he (Christ) died his reason had not attained the maximum of its energy, nor the course of his preaching, which was but three years at most, presented occasions for developing a complete system of morals. Hence the doctrines which he really delivered were defective as a whole; and fragments only of what he did deliver have come to us, mutilated, misstated, and often unintelligible."

From this we gather that Jefferson regarded Christ as divine only as Buddha, Socrates and Shakspeare were divine, only as all men are divine who enlighten the world with their genius.

No doubt in Jefferson's day the exhorter and revivalist tramped up and down the country just as they do to-day, frightening timid women and men (who should be women) into being born twice. In a letter addressed to a Dr. Cooper, Jefferson says: "In Richmond there is much fanaticism, but chiefly among the women. They have their night meetings and praying parties, where, attended by their priests, and sometimes by a hen-pecked husband, they pour forth the effusions of their love to Jesus, in terms as amatory and carnal as their modesty would permit them to use to a more earthly lover." The final and complete remedy for this "fever of fanatics," as Jefferson called it, was "the diffusion of knowledge."

Jefferson during his lifetime passed unharmed through a raging fire of bigotry, fanaticism and vituperation. When he ran for President every trick was resorted to in order to defeat him.

Not only his political enemies invented and spread lies about him, but the clergy conceived it to be their especial duty to out-rival Jefferson's political enemies in denunciation and abuse. And, being old hands at this business, they succeeded. In New England the clergy arose almost to a man and denounced the author of the Declaration of Independence as an anarchist, an atheist and a demagogue, who was secretly destroying all morals and was attempting to set up a government of libertinism.

"From the clergy," said Jefferson, "I expect no mercy." And in this he was correct. Nothing was considered too mean for them to say

about him. They believed, and believed rightly, that if Jefferson was elected it meant more power for him and his party, and they knew that this power would be exerted to promote a government of greater political and religious freedom. They knew, too, that in such a government, where there is an atmosphere of freedom, they, the clergy, are in great danger of being asphyxiated. But in spite of curses and prayers, Jefferson was elected and Providence permitted the government to live even with an infidel President at its head.

While Jefferson was President he received a communication from a clergyman who asked him to appoint a day of National Fasting. To this Jefferson replied:

"I consider the government of the United States as interdicted by the Constitution from intermeddling with religious institutions, their doctrines, discipline, or exercises. \* \* \* I am aware that the practice of my predecessors may be quoted. \* \* \* Be this as it may, every one must act according to the dictates of his own reason, and mine tells me that civil powers alone have been given to the President of the United States, and no authority to direct the religious exercises of his constituents."

Of all Jefferson's writings on religion, however, perhaps the most interesting is his letter to his nephew, Peter Carr, a young man, in whose education and welfare Jefferson was much concerned. This letter was written while Jefferson was ambassador to France and is dated Paris, August 10, 1787.

After touching on the study of Italian, Spanish and Moral Philosophy, Jefferson reaches in this letter the subject of religion, and says:

"Your reason is now mature enough to examine this object. In the first place, divest yourself of all bias in favor of novelty and singularity of opinion. Indulge them in any other subject rather than that of religion. It is too important, and the consequences of error may be too serious. On the other hand, shake off all the fears and servile prejudices under which weak minds are servilely crouched. Fix reason firmly in her seat, and call to her tribunal every fact, every opinion. Question with boldness even the existence of a God; because, if there be one, he must more approve the homage of reason, than that of blindfolded fear. You will naturally examine, first, the religion of your own country. Read the Bible, then, as you would read Livy or Tacitus. The facts which are within the ordinary course of nature, you will believe on the authority of the writer, as you do those of the same kind in Livy and Tacitus. The

testimony of the writer weighs in their favor, in one scale, and their not being against the laws of nature, does not weigh against them. But those statements in the Bible which contradict the laws of nature must be examined with more care, and under a variety of faces. Here you must recur to the pretensions of the writer to inspiration from God. Examine upon what evidence his pretensions are founded, and whether that evidence is so strong, as that its falsehood would be more improbable than a change of the laws of nature, in the case he relates. For example, in the Book of Jushua we are told the sun stood still several hours. Were we to read that fact in Livy or Tacitus, we should class it with their showers of blood, speaking statues, beasts, etc. But it is said that the writer of that book was inspired. The pretension is entitled to your inquiry, because millions believe it. On the other hand, you are astronomer enough to know how contrary it is to the law of nature, that a body revolving on its axis, as the earth does, should have stopped, should not, by that sudden stoppage, have prostrated animals, trees, buildings, and should after a certain time have resumed its revolution, and that without a second general prostration: Is this arrest of the earth's motion, or the evidence which affirms it, most within the law of probabilities? You will next read the New Testament. It is the history of a personage called Jesus. Keep in your eye the opposite pretensions (1) of those who say he was begotten by God, born of a virgin, suspended and reversed the laws of nature at will, and ascended bodily into heaven; and (2) of those who say he was a man of illegitimate birth, of a benevolent heart, enthusiastic mind, who set out without pretensions to divinity, ended in believing them, and was punished capitally for sedition, by being gibbeted, according to the Roman law, which punished the first commission of that offense by whipping, and the second by exile or death in furca. See this law in the Digest, Lib. 48, tit 19, section 28-3, and Lipsius, Lib. 2, De Cruce, cap. 2. These questions are examined in the books I have mentioned, under the head of Religion, and several others. They will assist you in your inquiries; but keep your reason firmly on the watch in reading them all. Do not be frightened from this inquiry by any fear of its consequences. If it ends in a belief that there is no God, you will find incitements to virtue in the comfort and pleasantness you feel in its exercise, and the love of others which it will procure you. If you find reason to believe there is a God, a consciousness that you are acting under his eye, and that he approves you, will be a vast additional incitement; if that there be a future state, the hope

of a happy existence in that increases the appetite to deserve it; if that Jesus was also a God, you will be comforted by a belief of his aid and love. In fine, I repeat, you must lay aside all prejudice on both sides, and neither believe nor reject anything because any other persons have rejected or believed it. Your own reason is the only oracle given you by heaven, and you are answerable not for the rightness, but the uprightness of the decision. I forgot to observe when speaking of the New Testament, that you should read all the histories of Christ, as well as of those whom a council of ecclesiastics have decided for us to be pseudo-evangelists, as those they named evangelists. Because these pseudo-evangelists pretended to inspiration as much as the others, and you are to judge their pretensions by your reason, and not by the reason of those ecclesiastics. Most of these are lost. There are some, however, still extant, collected by Fabricus, which I will endeavor to get and send you."

Such was the advice of Thomas Jefferson to a student. It is the advice not of a Christian but a philosopher, of one whose mind was as free as it was just. This letter should be placed among the classics of free thought literature.

Toward the latter part of Jefferson's life a great many people began to worry about his chances in the next world. They were afraid that unless he repented he would die in his sins. Every now and then some Christian would get an idea in his head that a great man like Jefferson should be saved, and he would at once whisper it about that he detected a change in Jefferson's opinions. This annoyed Jefferson, and in a letter to John Adams he says:

"One of our fan-coloring biographers, who paints small men as very great, inquired of me lately, with real affection, too, whether he might consider as authentic the change in my religion much spoken of in some circles. Now this supposed that they knew what had been my religion before, taking for it the word of their priests, whom I certainly never made the confidants of my creed. My answer was, "Say nothing of my religion. It is known to my God and myself alone. Its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one."

Late in the month of June, 1826, Jefferson was seized with an illness from which he never recovered.

A few days before his death, upon imagining that he heard a neighboring clergyman in the next room, he said: "I have no objection to

seeing him as a kind and good neighbor." Meaning, as Jefferson's grandson supposed, that he did not desire to see the clergyman in his "professional" character.

To the last Jefferson was calm and resigned. He had no fear of the future. Upon being questioned, he alluded to the probability of his death as a man would to the prospect of being caught in a shower, as an event not to be desired, but not to be feared.

On the fourth day of July, a few moments before his death, he called his family and his friends to his bedside, and, after saying a kind word to each and bidding them all good-by, distinctly uttered the following words: "I have done for my country, and all mankind, all that I could do, and I now resign my soul, without fear, to my God, my daughter to my country."

And thus, on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson, the Sage of Monticello, breathed his last.

In a private memorandum, found among his papers, was the suggestion by Jefferson that if, after his death, his friends should desire to erect a monument to his memory, it should consist of a small granite obelisk, with the following inscription:

HERE LIES BURIED  
THOMAS JEFFERSON,  
AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,  
OF THE STATUTES OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM,  
AND FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

LET CRUSHED CUBA ARISE.\*

BY GERRIT SMITH.

**I**N our Fourth of July celebrations there are two events, which, far above all other events, we come together to celebrate. One of these is the deliverance of our country, nearly a century ago, from political despotism, and the other is the practical recognition by our nation, a few years since, of the grand doctrine that "all men are created equal." I might rather say its practical recognition of this grand doctrine wrought out into the grander fact of the deliverance of four millions of our countrymen from the yoke of slavery.

But how can we best prove to the world that we celebrate these two events in our hearts as well as with our lips? I answer that we can best

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\*Substance of the speech delivered in Syracuse, July 4, 1873.

prove it by showing that we sympathize with those people amongst whom this twofold bondage, from which we have escaped, still exists. There are still many such people on the earth—many who still suffer from political slavery or domestic slavery or from both. One of these peoples is very near to our country—and this day will not be in vain either to them or to us if we shall use it in kindling our pity and our prayers for them.

The island of Cuba is less than a hundred miles from us. Look at her on the map. She lies at the feet of this great nation; and lies there as it were imploring our mercy. She is, probably, at once the most fertile and beautiful island on the globe. God has dealt very bountifully with her—but man has dealt very cruelly with her. Her vast aboriginal population melted rapidly away under new diseases and under the heavy tasks, which Spanish greed of gain imposed upon it. History says that in the year 1853 not one Indian was left upon the island. Some had escaped to Florida; some had committed suicide. But the most of them had disappeared before wasting toil and sweeping disease. Poor Africa, the prey of Christendom for centuries, was taxed to supply the place of the Indians. Negro slavery succeeded to Indian slavery. With the exception of the few brief and small footholds which England and France acquired in Cuba, she has, from the time of her discovery, been ruled by Spain, and invariably by a rod of iron. From year to year, Spain has, under the terrors and tortures of the lash and under other terrors and tortures, drawn from poor Cuba all that she could possibly be made to yield. Spanish hunger has never ceased to feed on Cuban fatness. But it is only in the last five years that the suffering and sorrows of Cuba have reached their climax. During this period Spain has sent some seventy thousand soldiers to Cuba. These, along with some thirty thousand Spaniards on the island, she has employed to rivet the chains of slavery upon 400,000 negroes and to slaughter all, both whites and blacks, who should dare to resist her authority. Cuban diseases and Cuban valor account for the destruction of nearly the whole of these seventy thousand soldiers. Very few of them have lived to return to Spain. On the other hand quite as many of the insurgents have fallen. Spain spares none of her Cuban prisoners; and even women and children do not always escape her murderous rage.

Now, why, in the light of these facts, should we not sympathize with Cuba, and make this Fourth of July beautiful and blessed by expressing our sympathy with her? Does the objector say: "Charity begins at home, and that there are enough objects just around us to exhaust our beneficence?" But if charity begins at home, it nevertheless does not end

at home. For my own part, I welcome the idea that charity has no home—but is ever on the wing in quest of objects needing her relief and comfort. Say not that the Cuban is not our countryman. The good Samaritan, so far from confining his charity to his countrymen, extended it to those of even a hostile country. By the way, Cuba, by force of geographical position and indissoluble commercial ties, is a part of our country. Is it said that international law forbids our helping the Cuban? If it does, then away with international law. If international law thus wars upon our nature and demands the suppression of its righteous sympathies, then accursed be international law. That is law, which harmonizes with nature. That is no law, which does violence to nature. Strictly speaking, the world has not, as yet, international law. Each nation decides for herself how she shall deal with other nations. But let me here say I believe there will be, and that, too, at no distant day, a real international law—one that shall express the joint and just and fraternal sense of all the leading nations.

A few years ago, our government, while sternly denying all favor to Cuba, allowed Spain to build in the harbor of New York and supply with munitions of war thirty gunboats. That they were to be used in carrying on her infernal war against poor Cubans was as plain as day. Now, if we have laws for this wickedness still in force, then we should hasten to repent of them and to repeal them. But we have not such laws; and, in showing this favor to Spain and this disfavor to Cuba, we went in the face of our laws, and went back upon our better days.

It is true that by our Congressional Statute of 1794 Spain would not be prohibited from fitting out vessels in our waters to be used in subduing her insurgent colony. But in the year 1817 another and very different law on the subject of neutrality was enacted by Congress. The law of 1794 does not mention a colony. But the law of 1817 forbids the fitting out in our waters of vessels to be used against any state or any colony with which we are at peace. This law puts a colony on the same footing with a state. It no more allows our waters to be used in a war against a colony with which we are at peace than against an independent state or nation with which we are at peace. The law is perfectly plain. Nevertheless, plain as it is, there are learned gentlemen who seem to insist that it was enacted solely in the interest of the independent state or nation. But the law, not only does not read as they say it does, but the circumstances attending its enactment forbid such a reading of it. What were these circumstances? At the time the law was enacted, the Spanish colonies



in America were struggling to cast off the yoke of Spain and to become free and independent states. Moreover, the government and people of our country were warmly in sympathy with these struggling colonists. How strange, if in these circumstances we should have enacted laws against, instead of in favor of, the colonies! One thing more in this connection—no other man was so earnest, eloquent and efficient an advocate of the cause of these Spanish colonies as Henry Clay. He has the credit of having carried through this law. Suppose you that he thought it to be a law discriminating against the colonies? Preposterous supposition! It is true that this law was, by its own limitation, to expire in two years. But so well pleased were the American people with its provisions in question, that in one year they were re-enacted in a permanent law, which has neither been repaid nor modified.

Now, why is it that our government has not lived up to the requirements of its own law? Why is it that it has suffered vessels of war to go from our shipyards against the Cubans, and, this too, whilst sparing no pains to shut out all pity and all succor from these oppressed and outraged brethren? I hope it is for some worthier reason than to propitiate a nation by helping her to sacrifice her colony. Nevertheless, what good reason can we plead for helping Spain to prolong slavery in Cuba and to carry on wholesale murder there?

Why has not our government accorded belligerent rights to the Cuban? Because, as say some of our statesmen, the insurgents have amounted to no more than a mob. Surely, they are more than a mob, who have carried on a war for nearly five years against a strong and warlike nation, and this, too, with steadily increasing prospects of ultimate success. Surely, a cause which has enlisted the sympathies of all but a mere handful of the native Cuban population—a cause which, during all these years, has maintained a constitutional form of government, and which, at the very beginning of its existence, was honored by a sincere and solemn decree of the abolition of slavery, should not be spoken of as the movement of a mob. And some of our statesmen belittle the progress of the Cubans, and excuse the apathy of our government toward them, by the cry that the insurgents have no ports. It is true that, although they hold a great part of the island, they have no ports. The Spanish fleet, recruited to our shame from our own shipyards, controls all the ports. Nevertheless, may not the insurgents be recognized as carrying on a war? Our Southern brethren carried on a war, yes and a very effective war, against us, although they had no ports—not so much as one port into which

to bring a prize. The three or four ports they so bravely and persistingly contended for were so closely blockaded as to be of little or no value to them. In our revolutionary war our fathers had literally no ports. Nevertheless, though England was mistress of the seas, we won from her our liberties. Thus a people, determined and brave, can not only carry on a war without ports, but even a conquering war. A people, more determined and brave than the Cuban warriors, there never were—nor, alas, a people more heartlessly forsaken by a calculating christendom. The nations of Europe recognized the belligerent rights of our revolutionary fathers. Even Spain came to their help—and, this, too, though, like the Cubans, they had no ports. Years ago, our government should have admitted not only the belligerent rights of the Cubans, but their national independence also.

I close with saying that, in this very strange and very sad default of our government, the people must take the Cuban matter into their own hands. President Grant has repeatedly spoken right words regarding this abominable war of Spain upon Cuba. From every part of the land must come up the cry of the people for right action to follow these right words. Moreover, our whole people should incessantly cry in the ears of thrice guilty, thrice barbarous, thrice bloody Spain, the words of Jehovah to Pharaoh: "Let my people go! Let my people go!!" We of Syracuse and its surroundings, who, for half a century, have, quite as much as any other communities, been taught to welcome the solidarity of the human race and the doctrine that every man whatever his clime or color, and be he Cuban or American, is our brother, are emphatically bound to call every people my people. Never, until they reached success, did our old abolitionists cease to ring in the ears of the American slaveholder: "Let my people go! Let my people go!!" And never until the Spanish despot and Spanish slaveholder have yielded, should we cease to ring in their ears: "Let my people go! Let my people go!!"

At the close of Mr. Smith's speech, Alderman Gardner offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the oppressed and outraged Cubans, and that we call on our government to delay no longer to acknowledge their belligerency, if not indeed their independence also."

Mayor Wallace, the president of the day, then put the resolution to vote. It passed unanimously. From the vast assembly there came not up one dissenting voice.

# LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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## HOW THE DEACON DROVE THE CALF.

JOE LINCOLN.

A VERY good and pious man was Deacon Moses Murch,  
A terror to the sinners and a pillar of the church,  
A lover of his fellow-man, and temperate, they say,  
And quite an active member of the S. P. C. T. A.,  
That great and good society which, as you're well aware,  
Protects our dear dumb animals and gives them kindly care.  
(Excuse the explanations in this opening paragraph,  
I'll now go on and tell you how the Deacon drove the calf).

'Twas in the little country town of Lothrop Corners, thence  
The Deacon came, with others, to attend a conference,  
And on the street he saw a boy who led a calf, and oh!  
He beat it with a wicked stick when it refused to go.  
The Deacon said, "With kindness one may make a beast obey;  
I'll show you how, with loving words, I'll coax him on his way;  
There is no need to beat him with that cruel knotted staff!"  
The boy gave up the rope, and so the Deacon drove the calf.

At first they moved sedately, with a staid and sober tread,  
But suddenly that wicked calf bent low his stubborn head,  
And, at a clumsy gallop, o'er a neighbor's lawn he flew,  
And smashed athwart a garden where the choicest flowers grew;  
But, holding firmly to the rope, with pluck and courage grim,  
And yelling "So, boss!" frantically, the Deacon followed him;  
Through grass and bushes wet with dew, through clouds of dust  
and chaff,  
The calf, he dragged the Deacon and the Deacon drove the calf.

Across the berry-pasture next the creature led the dance,  
The briars played the Dickens with the Deacon's Sunday pants,  
His stiff and starchy "choker" fell and wilted on his neck,  
His brand-new shiny "beaver" was a crushed and shapeless wreck,  
And, in a very stony place, the rope caught 'round his legs,

And, whirling like a spinning-top, the Deacon lost his "pegs,"  
 But still he never loosed the line, although his epitaph  
 Seemed likely to be simply this, "The Deacon drove the calf."

\* \* \* \* \*

Beneath the green, old elms that shade the little village church  
 The delegates were waiting for good Brother Deacon Murch;  
 They gazed upon the clock and said, "'Tis strange that he should be  
 late!"

When, lo! a cloud of dust that moved at quite 2:40 rate,  
 And in that cloud a figure wild that waved a mighty club  
 And beat upon a calf's tough hide a fiendish "rub-a-dub,"  
 A loud, familiar voice that screamed, "Yer cussed, blamed giraffe!  
 I'll drive or I'll kill yer!"—and the Deacon drove the calf.

Before the old town-pump there lies a pool of slimy mud,  
 And from that pool there came a sound, a sharp and lively "thud!"  
 And on the air there rang aloud one awful, wicked word,  
 And every sister stopped her ears, and blushed to think she heard;  
 The calf ran on, with trailing rope, adown a garden path,  
 But in the mud the Deacon sat, a raging fount of wrath;  
 They rushed to help him and to do kind deeds in his behalf,  
 But no one asked him how it was he came to drive the calf.

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Among the delegates again the Deacon sits serene,  
 But no one speaks of what they saw that day upon the green;  
 And no one mentions what they heard, howe'er their feelings chafe,  
 For, looking at the Deacon, each one knows 't would not be safe.  
 And so the world goes calmly on, but since that awful day  
 There's been a vacancy within the S. P. C. T. A.,  
 And still within the village store the gossips roar and laugh,  
 And tell each summer boarder how the Deacon drove the calf.

—I. A. W. Bulletin.

## THE FREE THOUGHT CAUSE IN OREGON.

THE TENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION of the Oregon State Secular Union, held at Wagner on July 3, 4 and 5, was a complete success in every way. Wagner is a pretty little settlement nestled in the Blue Mountains and is just the place for such a gathering.

By Sunday afternoon people had gathered from all parts of the State at the graves of Katie Kehm Smith and Mrs. Warren Carsner. The exercises were opened with a song written for the occasion by Dr. F. S. Matteson, of Turner, and entitled "What a Gathering." Uncle Mac. Ramsby then made an address of welcome in behalf of the people of Wagner, and P. W. Geer, president of the O. S. S. U., responded. Music again paid its tribute to Liberty and the monuments were then dedicated by Kate DePeatt, of Ashland, Ore., who said in part:

"We have met to-day to consecrate ourselves anew to the cause of freedom. Let us so consecrate ourselves that this day shall mark a new epoch in the history of progress. With hearts o'erflowing with gratitude and love we have met to pay a tribute to two of America's noblest women—women whose hearts beat in sympathy with that of the lowliest slave. They pitied the oppressors, but loved the oppressed. They were friends, faithful and just to all.

"We have met to-day to place this tribute of flowers upon the grave of our friend and dedicate this monument to Truth. In one sense we cannot dedicate, for the writings and works of Katie Kehm have done the deed which we fain would do. Upon her grave grow flowers which are beyond our power to plant. But, dear friend, upon thy grave we place the humblest and purest flower—the blossom of love. We pay to you the highest tribute the heart and mind can pay—the tribute of love and tears.

"Out of the memories of the past we draw another inspiration—that of a loving wife, a devoted mother, and a sincere friend. From the Bible of the Ages we glean the history of another life which inspires in us a new ardor for the preservation of the principles which came to us through the baptism of fire and blood. The soil of freedom, nurtured two twin blossoms of pure love which we to-day consecrate to thy use. Wife, mother and friend, upon thy grave we place the other blossom."

The exercises were concluded with a song entitled "A Brighter Day," and that spot will ever remain sacred to Truth, Justice and Right. The two monuments are of the same style and stand about eight feet high, bearing on one side an engraving of the famous Free Thought badge so symbolic of the lives of the two friends who are now peacefully sleeping in the arms of Mother Nature. The one raised to the memory of Mrs. Smith bears the inscription, "Dedicated by her friends to a woman without superstition; while the other bears a fitting inscription and beneath it these words: "I fear not death." Let each of us so live that

these words can be truly spoken and in truth pay a tribute to those who have battled for the freedom so dear to us.

Slowly over the brow of the hill the majestic sun arose and kissed into life the sleeping day. The same sun, which for one hundred and twenty-two years has looked upon us as a free nation, smiled and the people responded with shouts and cheers. The banner of welcome and good cheer floated on the breeze early in Wagner, and by 9 o'clock friends were exchanging hearty greetings. A large platform had been constructed in the emerald shades by a rippling stream, and from here music and oratory contended for mastery.

J. E. Hosmer, of Silverton, delivered an oration upon the subject of "A New Declaration." Errors were pointed out and telling blows were given many of our customs to-day. It was in truth "A New Declaration." The chair then sang the new words to the old tune "We Are Willing to Wait a Little Longer," but I can venture to say that none of us were willing to wait very much longer for dinner, so the lunch baskets were promptly raided. A glance at the table plainly told the fact that the "preachers" had come to town, for yellow-legged chickens could be seen on every hand. Several Jack Spratts and their wives were present, but try as hard as we could, we could not lick the platter clean, and I'll venture to say that twelve baskets of fragments remained.

The afternoon was devoted to a lecture by Kate DePeatt, who spoke upon the subject of "Adulterated Government." A voice then exclaimed: "On with the dance," and in a few moments the platform was cleared and taken possession of by the merry dancers, until weary Nature asserted herself and sleep reigned supreme.

The next day was devoted to the business meeting of the Oregon State Secular Union, and I think it can be truthfully said that very seldom was so much business transacted so harmoniously. A new constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the Union put upon a firm basis. It is now in a position to push its work to the fullest extent. Friends, "Now is the accepted time," and Liberty beckons with a glittering wand, "March on, march on to victory!" Dancers again tripped the "light fantastic" until the wee, sma' hours, and tired but happy they wended their way home, declaring everything a success.

Thanks are especially due to Mr. Warren Carsner, Mr. Carl Wagner, Mr. Wm. Gates and Mr. Wm. Collins for their efforts in behalf of the cause. Let me take this occasion of thanking each and every person who contributed to the success of our meeting.

Long live the people of "The Infidel's Nest," and may it ever remain, as it is now, a home of happy, prosperous people.

Long live the Oregon State Secular Union, and may it keep on with its good work until the sun shall at last look down upon a race of free men and free women.

KATE DE PEATT, Secretary O. S. S. U.

Ashland, Oregon.

## THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

BY PROF. J. A. GREENHILL.

**T**HE term "solar system" implies the sun with his family of dependents, including planets, asteroids, satellites and all comets that circle around the great parent orb.

The planets all go around the sun in orbits more or less elliptical. The orbits are not true circles with the sun in the center. They are ellipses with the sun in one of the foci. We know the orbit of our earth is an ellipse, and that we are nearest to the sun at January 1, because it appears larger at that date than it does at any other time. And farthest from it at July 1, because it reaches its apparent smallest at that date. And from the one date to the other, for six months, the change is gradual. The difference in the two extremes is but about one-thirtieth of its diameter, and is not noticeable by the unaided eye, but the very fine instruments possessed by the scientist enable him or her to measure the difference exactly. To attempt doing any scientific work of that kind, by the unaided eye, is very misleading and unsatisfactory. To many, probably to every one, the full moon appears much larger when rising or setting than it does when on the meridian. And the nearer it gets to the zenith the smaller it seems to be. That is nothing more nor less than an optical illusion. Now, please do not call this nonsense and throw the magazine aside with an idea that you know better, as you have taken notice of it many times, and know that it seems larger when rising than it does when on the meridian. I do not say it does not seem larger. I say it is not larger; therefore the seeming larger is the ocular illusion.

Now, in writing this I do not ask you to believe what I say. Belief has nothing to do with facts. If what I write be true, it will not make it false if everybody call it a lie. Scientific facts have nothing to do with belief. Science does not teach any necessity to believe. Science is knowledge. Belief is a lack of knowledge. It is only assertion that cannot be proven; that requires to be bolstered by intimidation through threats. The scientist furnishes evidence because he has it and has no interest in deceiving. He challenges investigation, and if you cannot at first fully understand—or seem to doubt—he does not invite you to go to hell, knowing that a little more mental or physical effort on your part will make his philosophy clear to you. Now, to the proof that the full moon is as large at midnight, when on the meridian, as it was six or seven hours before when rising.

Let the experimenter furnish himself or herself with a small rod, say half an inch in diameter and fifty-four inches in length. Cut from a stiff card a circular disc half an inch in diameter; but instead of cutting clear around, leave one-eighth of an inch uncut, and leave a sort of stub one-eighth of an inch wide and about three-quarters of an inch long, projecting from the disc. Now attach that narrow stub to one end of your rod, and let the disc project so that you can see it from the other end

when looking along the side of the rod. Now, if you will put the end of the rod to your eye so that you can look along its side, and see the small card disc projecting from the other end fifty-four inches from your eye, and look towards the full moon at any time, you will see that the half-inch disc will cover it over and no more, whether it be near the horizon or near the zenith. You will then have corrected the illusion, and have proven to your own satisfaction, in a scientific manner, that the size is the same at both times.

Mercury is the nearest known planet to the sun, and I will again call attention to the fact that the time is approaching of which I spoke—see page 213 of this magazine for the current year—when the planet will be visible to the unaided eye. His orbit is so close to the sun that he seldom gets far enough away to be seen by the denizens of our globe; but owing to the eccentricity of the orbit, at aphelion he is 43,300,000 miles from the sun, which is 14,800,000 miles more distant than when he is at perihelion. His orbit is more eccentric than that of any of the others, so that, owing to its nearness to the day star, but for its eccentricity, it would be difficult to catch sight of him only at solar eclipses. It may be said that a sight of that planet is a rare treat; or, as the Scotch would say: "It's a sicht guid for sair 'een." On the 8th of August next—'98—the planet will be at the point in its orbit farthest from the sun. It will be visible low down in the western horizon an hour after sunset, and will be near the lower end of an imaginary line from Polaris, carried through the pointers in the Great Bear, and continued westward. This phenomenon occurs when the earth and the planet are on the same side of the sun, at the time the planet reaches aphelion; and the orbital motions of the planets are so reliable and so well understood that the mathematician can, and does, tell of phenomena hundreds of years in the future, or in the past, with no possibility of being mistaken.

Clinton, Iowa.

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### ANGELICA'S LOVER.

BY HUDER GENONE.

A GREAT deal has been said and written, for the most part very unwisely, concerning what is called the reconciliation of science and religion. The attitude of these two towards each other reminds me of a story told of a celebrity, Angelica Kauffman, and a lover of hers. The lover, it seems, after a number of rejections, grew importunate, and so managed matters that he contrived an interview with the fair and coy artiste, they two alone together in her apartment. He began as usual to press his suit, and this time, ferocious perhaps at a refusal more energetic than ordinary, proceeded to such extremities of ardor that the lady flew to the window and screamed "Fire! Fire!" to attract attention from the passersby. The commotion she aroused was ample; for the good citizens, not doubting the danger, flew to the rescue. The amorous gentleman, for his good



name's sake, was in the worst sort of a quandary ; but (as the church), was at no loss what to do, for whilst the populace were panting up the staircase to the apartment,—au troisiesme,—he coolly struck a fusee and when the rescuers poured in the curtains were all ablaze, and he working (apparently) like mad to extinguish the flames.

"It goes without saying," as the French happily put it, that the crowd had their minds (if you call them minds) fixed upon the potent fact rather than the real truth of the situation. What could be plainer? The lover, hauling and stamping the blazing laces, and their own recollection of the lady's face, pallid and scared, out of the window screaming "Fire!"

Of course all Angelica's protestations now went for nothing, especially as they were busy helping the lover, and he,—to still further divert them,—kept saying, "Poor thing, poor thing; this excitement has been too much for her nerves."

Whatever we may think of the morality of either wooing or lying, the church is marvelously self-possessed and adroit in distracting attention from the real issue. And, come to think of it, Angelica was extremely silly.

### A VERY GOOD RELIGION.\*

BY REPORTER.

THERE is one God and God is one, and the doctrine of a triune God is a fake, pure and simple. Religion is a belief that there is a God and that we owe Him allegiance ; and allegiance to God consists in doing right according to the best judgment and conscience of what right is. Advising God to be heard of men ; burning and ostracising dissenters ; and abusing, misrepresenting and consigning to eternal punishment those who do not agree with us, are things altogether unnecessary to true religion. Great injustice is done in the name of religion.

We cannot do better than to do right, and when we have done right we have discharged every obligation to God and to man. God has not established a creed, but I have no quarrel with any man anent his creed except he deny heaven to those of other creeds, or those who do not believe that creed is necessary to right doing. I pity the man whose creed is so narrow and whose idea of justice is so distorted as to deny heaven to those who do not agree with him. The man who imputes dishonesty to those of other creeds, or of no creed, is an ignorant hypocrite—though he takes refuge behind the pulpit. Many people who believe themselves to be truly religious are only afflicted with bigotry.

True religion is far above any creed or sacred book. Creeds and bibles came out of religion and are not dangerous to life, liberty and reason until they breed intolerant fanatics who assume to dictate to the world. There is no inspiration but genius, and no revelation but the thoughts of

\*The assertion that "There is one God and God is one" is as destitute of proof as the Orthodox claim of three Gods in one, but, as the writer is so liberal toward those who differ with him, we are glad to give place to his communication. As nature seems to be able to do all that is done we can see no use for even one God.

EDITOR.

the wise, and these, like all things human, are liable to error. In this country when a man concludes that he has religion, and decides to join a church, he usually investigates the non-essential teachings of the many sects, but seldom investigates the creed! He was born to it, and brought up in it, and surely it is the only creed that will get men to heaven. How very thoughtful of God to have so many intolerant hypocrites born to the only creed that will enable Him to spend eternity in their presence!

Any religion is good that teaches men to do right, but to the average Christian all other religions are only so many highways to hell. Poor, intellectual infant who believes that his creed has a corner on truth and wisdom! There are many Christians who are also religious, but too many of them are only fanatics. Surely those who claim that their creed owns the only route to heaven cannot rightfully claim to be anything else than the most intolerant fanatics.

Any man who could say, "Show me ten square miles in any part of the world outside Christianity where the life of man and the purity of woman are safe, and I will give Christianity up," is either a fool or a pandering hypocrite. He has no more religion than a horse, else he would not be willing to give it up simply because he found some good in another religion or the people of another creed. For centuries man's life was not safe in Christian lands, if he expressed his honest opinions, unless orthodox, but on the contrary he was often burned at the stake. Christianity has murdered its thousands, and in spite of this fact has the audacity to claim that all the good in the world is the result of its teachings—and murders. Christianity happens to be the religion of the most civilized countries, and modern civilization has driven some of the barbarities out of it, just as it would have done with any other religion, and has forced it to spare the life and liberty of dissenters, but has not yet been able to compel it to spare their reputation. Man's life and woman's purity are safe in civilized countries as a result of liberty, which is the result of free thought. If we would only civilize the heathen instead of forcing him, at the point of the bayonet, to change his creed for ours, we would do him infinitely more good. We should teach him to work, wear clothes, think and do right, and his religion will constantly improve, always corresponding to his state of civilization.

The dissenter who has the moral courage to declare his honest opinions and insist on his right of religious liberty may expect to be the object at which many microscopic sectarians will hurl their puny anathemas; but I am glad that there are many good Christians who are broad and liberal enough to bid him God-speed in his search for the truth. We are leaving behind us the darkness of superstition which causes men to declare that the only road to heaven is through their church. I have an abiding faith that "God will render to every man according to his deeds," and I admire the man who is

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
But looks through nature up to nature's God."

Stamps, Ark.

## ANOTHER SISTER GIVES US HER RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

Ever since reading Florence Sibley's article in the February number of your magazine on "From Methodism to Infidelism," I have wanted to add my mite of testimony for the Free Thought cause, just as in the days when I was a Christian Endeavorer I used always to say a word at each meeting to show that I was one of them. I do not often write for Free Thought publications, for the reason that others so much wiser say the things I would say so much better than I could say them, yet because I am young and enthusiastic, as well as very much in earnest, I often feel like saying to all the Free Thought world, "I am on your side."

Last night I received from a friend a flower from the grave in old Kentucky where May Collins lies, and the thoughts the flower awakened made me take up my pen again and send my humble message abroad.

I am one of those people who are born skeptics in Christian families. I learned not very many years ago that some of my ancestors were advanced thinkers, but, unconscious of this, I found the place where I belong. As a child and young girl I was always asking in regard to religious matters, "Why?" "How do you know these things are so?" and I never was satisfactorily answered. I think my mother was too much shocked and pained to try to answer me beyond telling me that I must be a good girl and love God. I wasn't much interested in God, myself, and took a wicked delight in becoming a quiet center of rebellion and mischief at home when we entertained the ministers, and at church and Sunday school. How I hated that Sunday school, chiefly, I believe, because I was compelled to attend it! I suppose I was a great trial and grief to my parents, though with all my irreverence I think I wasn't particularly wicked in reality. I am the eldest of four children and my influence upon the others is supposed to have been against religion. At any rate, only one of them ever was or ever will be a Christian, and she is a very liberal one. She was "converted" soon after I was, but, unlike myself, she did not grow out of it. I became interested in religion when away at school. The religion of my young friends was rather more cheerful and attractive than the old-fashioned article I had so hated, and as I was not averse to going in for anything that seemed good, I allowed myself to come under the strong psychic influences which resulted in "soundly converting" me. It meant to me simply a change from unbelief to belief, and it brought an exhilaration of peace and happiness which only those who have passed through a similar experience can know and appreciate fully. But when I was asked to join a church, I unhesitatingly refused, wishing to know first what I believed. I came in time to know that only the Unitarian church would ever receive me, and even that church wasn't quite satisfactory.

Of course I kept on thinking and studying, searching for truth. I had a few Free Thought friends who helped me. It is all a long story,

of more interest to me than to any one else. I look back on years of invalidism at home when I had plenty of time to read and think, and on opposition of all sorts, on unkindness and sorrow. My townspeople thought infidels necessarily wicked, but I am glad to say we lived that idea down and to-day in my own home and my native town, we Free Thinkers are no longer harshly criticised, for we have endeavored to make our lives strong arguments for truth. At the same time we find in larger places a much broader and more liberal point of view than in our small towns, where greater ignorance prevails.

Among the books which particularly impressed me was Putnam's "Four Hundred Years of Free Thought." It was an inspiration. I also grew to love and admire Ingersoll. I was never content to stop and gradually I came to know my position. The light of truth brought far greater peace, more satisfactory and lasting, than the old peace of Christian days. Christianity became to me but one system of many systems of religion we have outgrown. I could not "believe" it if I would, and I surely would not if I could! My friends who are Christians seem to me like caged birds who know not the glory of the free air outside their cages. I pity them profoundly, while they, I suppose, pity me!

I want to echo Florence Sibley's call for better and more effective work. I by no means undervalue the work our earnest men and women are doing, but we want the indifferent ones to wake up. I know people who are unquestionably Free Thinkers, but they have no interest whatever in our publications or in organized work. It is just as true to-day as it ever was that "Nothing succeeds like success," and when we have made ourselves a power, we shall command respect and attention from many who now stand aloof, rather than demand it. We want leaders to whom we can point with pride, more of them; men and women of education and culture, men and women who will compare favorably with the best in the land. And we are going to have them, too. Why not? We will all work, from the bachelor girls like myself who spend most of their time and strength in more or less pleasant offices downtown, to the men and women whom we are proud to acknowledge as our leaders. And some day the world will be a better and a happier place because of the gradual revolution—or evolution—in which we are assisting.

MAY C. PARSONS.

Portland, Maine.

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### THE SOUL IS THE BRAIN IN ACTION AND NOTHING MORE.

**I**S light not dissipated and lost, so far as our senses are able to understand? and does not the same apply to heat? Does it not disappear irretrievably? Who can gather the spent rays of light or recover the elements of heat? What has become of that which is lost and gone? Light comes of combustion, so does heat. Does not life, as we know it, appear from a like cause? And life, if extinguished, does it not take its place along with lost heat and lost light? And when all heat is lost

and all light is lost and—long before either—all terrestrial life is lost, are they not dissipated side by side and lost forever? When the earth shall have reached the age of the moon, and the moon's condition obtain; when conscious humanity shall have perished utterly and forever, what, when the last mortal surrenders his life, will be the worth of all human thought or will? It has not controlled, nor can it in any way direct, or change nature in her resistless course. For a time, in a certain weak way, streams were dammed, the ocean navigated, the lightning toyed with, but all these effects become obliterated. Everything pertaining to man, his race, his doings, crumbles and dies. They were yesterday—to-day they are not. The sun was yesterday—the earth is of to-day, the moon of to-morrow. All of humanity has disappeared like the mist before the morning sun; it was, but is not; there is no trace of it, nor does it matter in the slightest degree that it existed. When man disappears, thought is lost, also the will. All the power they ever had is dissipated as surely as the mists of heaven. All thought has become of no possible value. It is said that finally everything is resolved into thought, and that all creation is but thought. But what is thought? Aside from humanity, as we understand it, can it exist? So far as we comprehend and understand, does thought exist outside of our natural conscious condition? Thought, so far as we know, does not emanate from us in a state of perfect rest, that is pure sleep. The will in this condition of the body has no power, no force; it cannot govern, direct, or accomplish anything; it is as passive as the body; and so is thought, love, justice or anything comprehended while the form is in a conscious state. Without consciousness what do we know of will or thought? They do not exist to the unconscious. True, as exercised by us, thought, together with the will, brings about in a transitory way some good to the race of man, but beyond that race, or the time of that race, has it a value? Has it in any way built an indestructible monument by evolution or any other means?

It never appeared except through material man, nor does it benefit in any way anything but mortal man, and him briefly. So far as we know, or, as it appears to us, the spirit, soul or thought of man does not exist outside of the material. Consciousness had its birth through matter and before that matter is dissipated, everything pertaining to conscious thought has fled as surely as the light of the extinguished candle. The light of the candle that has been cannot be brought back again; similar light can be produced, but not that particular light. Finally when the candle is burned out there is not nor can there be, from that particular source, any more light. There is no known light save through matter or material things—our perception cannot conceive of light, except through matter, and as it came from material, it must be part and parcel of it. Light is only matter in another condition of form. A candle becomes all light; it is transformed by combustion into another form. Its condition while in the state of incandescence is as much an individual form of nature as when it was a solid, or when it became a gas. Light, as

light, had no pre-existence in it, nor post-existence after; in light it was in one condition only and of short duration.

So of that which thinks—the will—the spirit—thought—the soul, or what you will—within the material burning casket man. It is of short duration—it accomplished all it could, like the fire that burned, while it lived. Extinguished, it is of no possible value or consequence, it has had its day; it lived briefly in its transformation, and having passed through that state, its force pertaining to that particular state was there extinguished. All thought engendered has become naught so far as the individual is concerned. Its influence may descend to another and still another, but ultimately all is lost, for all of us are lost. The state of consciousness is of short duration, it is of a few hours; it disappears in sleep to reappear—to become ultimately dissipated—as when the oil is all consumed out of the lamp. We may reason that at one time the moon had life and vegetation—of what value was it, is it now? Of what value then is mortal evolution—is not transformation to evil and decay just as sure and rapid as transformation to the good? “The flower that once has bloomed, forever dies.”

All religions of the earth are but thought. They were conceived of by the human brain and put forward as emanations of the thinking power and force of man—a finite being. But they all grasp at the infinite. The finite understand the infinite? There are religions idolatrous and spiritual—Hebrew and Mohammedan, Pagan and Christian—they are all the work and plan of poor mortality—they are as varied as hues of light, yet they all lack the pure gold of ascertained truth. There is not a single fixed, undeniable fact—no impregnable foundation, immovable, fixed, perfect; nothing to guide, govern and direct.

Everything is fleeting; the religions of long ago are all scouted by every professed faith of to-day, likewise will not the faith of to-day be as baubles to the races yet to be? Were not those that have been as valuable as these of to-day? and those that are to be, will they be of more moment than all those that shall have been? And when the end has come to all, who shall point out the value of all that has been, if it have a value? for it will be in the eternity of the past, and where shall be seen the immortal good or bad, or either of them? For both bad and good have existed, and have had their day.

AN ATHEIST.

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“THE WHOLE WORLD IS QUEER BUT ME AND THEE.”

BY CYRUS W. COOLRIDGE.

WE ALL are very philosophical when we discuss other people; we all are very quick in detecting other people's faults and shortcomings; we all deplore the blindness of those who do not accept our views and opinions; but how many of us apply to ourselves the measure which we apply to others? How many of us take the trouble to analyze ourselves? How many of us wish to admit our own faults, even if we are conscious of them? The Freethinker, for instance, knows that the man who

believes without evidence is not a reasonable being; he knows that the thinker must investigate and examine for himself; but are all Freethinkers in the habit of doing what they expect others to do? Freethinkers, as a rule, are evolutionists, that is to say, they accept the theory of evolution, as explained by the scientists of our time; but how many Freethinkers have clear views of what evolution really is? How many of them have made independent investigations and how many can prove that evolution is not a fancy but a fact? How many of them have even made a thorough study of the words of Darwin, Spencer, Huxley and Haeckel? Many of those people who prate so much about evolution, have obtained their knowledge from a few fragmentary paragraphs or magazine articles. Many of our freethinking friends are, in fact, believers, that is to say, they believe that the evolution theory is true; they will smile at you if you tell them that Darwin might have been wrong; they will tell you that not to be an evolutionist is to be a back number; but if you want them to give you a satisfactory reason for their being evolutionists, you will find that they know no more about this subject than the Catholic knows why he believes in the "real presence." To hide ourselves behind the authority of some great man is not a difficult task; but does a real thinker depend upon any authority? To give at random quotations from "The Origin of Species," or from "The Descent of Man," is about as easy as it is for the Christian to quote the Gospel of St. Matthew or of St. John. If we smile at the theologian who refers us to the Bible or to the Fathers of the Church, have not other people a right to smile at us for pinning our faith on Darwin or on Spencer? If we condemn the Christian for accepting his faith upon the authority of some man or some book, let us be careful not to give to other people the right to tell us, "Judge not, that you shall not be judged."

The Freethinker can easily see that the theologian who is satisfied with his narrow creed and who does not want to listen to the voice of reason, is a bigot; but what about the bigotry of the Freethinker to whom his own "creed" contains everything that is of value to mankind and who wants to have Free Thought reduced to an everlasting threshing of old theological straws? The orthodox Christian thinks that the gospel of Jesus is all-sufficient to save humanity, and the orthodox Freethinker thinks that Ingersollism can accomplish the same feat. If the former is narrow-minded, can it be said that the latter has a greater understanding of the needs of humanity?

When our neighbor is unkind, when he is guilty of an ungenerous or ungentlemanly act, we lose no time in expressing our opinions of his conduct, but our own meanness we do not notice. It is always the other fellow who is a fool or a brute; but we ourselves are always wise and good. We may complain of the whole world, we may condemn all men; but we always make an exception for ourselves. But, after all, why should we not see ourselves as we see others and as others see us? If we are real men, and not shams, let us treat ourselves as we treat others; let us acknowledge our own deformities, and before we correct others, let us do all that we can to correct ourselves.

85 East 116th Street, New York.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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## THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

**WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND**, in a letter from Berlin to the Chicago Record, says:

"The movement for the advancement of woman received a serious setback here recently, when in the Prussian Diet the Minister of Public Education, Dr. Bosse, explained why he had refused to grant permission for the erection of a high school for girls, with a plan of study exactly like that of the same grade of school for boys, the so-called gymnasium, in Breslau. He said it would be unwise to make things more difficult than they already were for young men to get along by graduating a lot of women to compete with them. And then he rehearsed the old stock arguments one has heard for many years against the higher education for women. He added that the entire Prussian cabinet felt on this subject as he did, and that he spoke in their names. So it may be taken for granted that while this cabinet lasts no step will be taken here to secure to women a higher place in life than they now occupy. But Prussian cabinets nowadays do not last long, for they change every few years, and the women of Germany certainly are in no despairing mood, despite lack of official recognition of their higher needs."

Educated women in Germany condemn Dr. Bosse's attitude in relation to women's education in the higher branches, as unjust and as opposed to the spirit of the age. In order to present their claims to the public a number of these women have established a daily paper, the *Frauen Tages-Zeitung*, which will aim to be a strong force in the intellectual and moral world. It will be a general newspaper with only women to do the editing, reporting, type-setting, proof-reading, etc. There is, it is said, sufficient money back of the enterprise to insure it against failure for lack of funds.

A similar paper was started in Paris sometime ago, and according to reports, it has proved a success in every respect.

In regard to the education of women Germany is less advanced than are some of the other countries. Her legislators, teachers and leaders of thought are apparently held back by the weight of inherited conceptions and by a prejudice against the widening of woman's sphere which is being outgrown in England and the United States and in Germany also perhaps, but more slowly.

Why should not women be educated in all branches of knowledge



with which they wish to become acquainted? Why should they not qualify themselves to be ministers, teachers, physicians, editors, authors, etc.? The objection that if women are educated for the professions and higher vocations they will compete with young men would have more force if a large number of women did not have to earn their own living and if women did not compete with men in the lower ranks or in the poorly paid fields of labor which are overcrowded.

Education will not disqualify women for domestic duties. It will make them somewhat more exacting in their requirements as well as more particular in their choice. It will lead to the marriage of women later in life, to a shorter child-bearing period and to greater opportunities for women with larger, more individualized and more useful lives.

There are many women who for various reasons, best known to themselves, remain single as they have a right to, and as in many cases it is best that they should. Such women are often of superior character. Among them in our cities are physicians, surgeons and dentists, teachers, ministers, stenographers, editors, reporters, etc., who do good work, earn good salaries and support themselves and others dependent upon them. The man here who should object to their having these opportunities or to their entering any profession, the duties of which they can perform and the requirements of which they can meet, would not find much sympathy from the better class of American citizens.

The old doctrine that woman is naturally inferior to man and that her position should be a subordinate one, that she should have no life of her own, but should be merged in her husband, that her education and training should not be extended beyond preparation for ordinary household duties—this doctrine which came from the Orient, the land of superstition and despotism, is falling into disrepute with the advance of modern ideas and the modern spirit.

Tacitus in his *Germania* draws a very attractive picture of German life in which woman's position was one of freedom and equal opportunity, and historians have found an explanation in part of the improvement of woman's improved condition in later times in the influence of German ideas and German customs, as described by Tacitus, on social life. Says the learned F. W. Newman: "Only in countries where German sentiment has taken root do we see marks of any elevation of the female sex superior to that of Pagan antiquity." "The old Teutonic tribes," says Lydia Maria Child, "had always been remarkable for the high consid-

eration in which they held their women and the respect with which they treated them."

In these modern times this respect, this consideration is shown in opening to women opportunities for mental development and useful activity and there is no doubt that there is a tendency in this direction in Germany which for awhile will call out protests from conservatives, such as is mentioned in the foregoing quotation. The tendency would be much stronger in Germany than it now is, but for the repressive militarism dominant in that country under its ambitious emperor who represents ideas of government and society which belong to the dead past rather than to the living present.

B. F. U.

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ROBERT N. REEVES.

ROBERT N. REEVES' portrait appears as the frontispiece of this number of this magazine. He is a young man who was born in Chicago Feb. 4, 1875, and is not as yet known to fame; but we predict he will be heard from in years to come. We made the acquaintance of Mr. Reeves soon after we came to Chicago, four years ago, and we already hold him in very high esteem. He is a very bright, intelligent, earnest, energetic young man, of high moral character, and ambitious to make his life valuable to humanity. The first article that he ever wrote for publication was entitled "Infidels of the French Revolution," and was published in Vol. XIV. of this magazine. Since then articles from his pen have appeared in Appleton's, Popular Science Monthly, the Democratic Magazine, the Arena, Intelligence, Twentieth Century, Humanity and other publications. Mr. Reeves has an article in this number of this magazine, entitled, "Religious Opinion of Thomas Jefferson," that we are sure our readers will be interested in.

During childhood the subject of this sketch was an attendant at Sunday school, where he first became acquainted with the story of Creation, Jonah and the Whale, Elijah and the Ravens, Abraham and the Burning Bush, and other biblical myths. It was not long before he began to doubt these stories, and at last became so profoundly convinced of the absurdity of them that he left the church and Sunday school never to return. His mother, though a Christian, was very kind and good toward her children, and did not believe in forcing them to learn something their reason rejected. On Sundays she permitted Robert to read other books than the Bible and find other recreation than attending Sunday schools where foolish stories are exchanged for pennies.

Mr. Reeves received his education in the common schools of Chicago. At the age of 18 he entered the Chicago College of Law and three years later, on becoming of age, was admitted to practice in the courts of the State of Illinois. He has already, as a lawyer, acquired a good practice. In politics he is a Democrat of the Thomas Jefferson school, and occasionally "takes the stump" in the interests of the Democratic party. He is married. His wife is a very intelligent young woman and sympathizes with him in his views.

Robert N. Reeves is a great admirer of Robert G. Ingersoll and never fails to hear the eloquent orator when he speaks in Chicago. He prizes, very highly, a letter he received from Col. Ingersoll some time ago, in which the Colonel reviewed the causes and benefits of the French revolution, a subject in which Mr. Reeves is much interested. He is also a great admirer of the works of the great French scientist and skeptic, Ernest Renan, and also of the distinguished naturalist, Charles Darwin. He is a persistent reader of select books, that occupies all his spare time, thus storing his mind with valuable information. He bids fair as a writer and public speaker to become a popular advocate of the Free Thought cause, and we have secured his services as Assistant Editor of this magazine. It is gratifying to see such an intelligent, worthy young man enlisting in the cause of Free Thought when so many of its old advocates are passing away. We hope that soon the Oregon Liberal University will be thoroughly established, where young men, and young women, may be educated as preachers of the coming religion of Humanity, the only religion that will ever save the world.

Hereafter, all who are readers of the Free Thought Magazine will hear from our young friend, Robert N. Reeves, in every issue, and we are gratified to have the pleasure of introducing him to the Liberal public.

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#### THIS MAGAZINE—THE CRISIS PASSED.

WHEN the war excitement commenced the receipts of the magazine fell off at least one-half, and as that was what we depended upon to pay our printers the prospects for continuing the magazine looked dubious and we were fearful that after a sixteen years' struggle we should have to give up. And this was easily accounted for. Everybody was intensely interested in the war news and read nothing but the daily papers. And it has been much the same since. And we learn from reliable sources that this war excitement has proved disastrous to

all kinds of publications outside of the daily newspapers. The Christian periodicals have suffered equally with the Free Thought journals, and most other weeklies and monthlies have greatly fallen off in their receipts and circulation. But the prospects are now that the war will soon be over, and the people will become more interested in other questions. There is a great improvement in that direction already, as the receipts of the magazine and the increase of new subscribers show.

Many of our good friends have realized our situation and have generously come to our relief with material aid, and we now feel sure that the magazine will continue to be published. In fact, during the last month we have been able, with their assistance, to greatly diminish a debt of some five hundred dollars that we owed our printers, and the financial condition of the magazine has not been so good for many years as it is at present. But to guard against again becoming financially embarrassed we have decided to publish the magazine bi-monthly for the balance of this year. There will be but two more numbers in this volume, and they will be published in October and December, and we intend to make each fully worth the price of a year's subscription. And if our friends come to our aid, as we expect they will, with new subscribers, we shall next year publish the magazine each month as formerly.

As we have recently often stated, we earnestly desire ten thousand or more subscribers, so that we can put the regular price down to fifty cents a year, and thus put the magazine in the reach of all who desire to read it. We can have that number by January first if each one of our present subscribers will do their whole duty. If each will procure four subscribers, at fifty cents each, which will be the price for new subscribers for the balance of this year, the good work will be done. Who cannot accomplish that much?

Friends, we hope to be able in the future to keep the magazine going without asking for further money contributions, but we shall continue to press upon your attention the importance of procuring new subscribers. It costs very little more to publish 50,000 magazines than it does 5,000, and then how much more good we can accomplish with the larger number. Then the fact is, that if we had a large circulation we could pay most of the expense of publishing the magazine by our advertising pages. Now, friends, we desire you to fully consider this subject and try and realize its importance, and make it your especial work, in the line of Free Thought, for the next five months—to the first of January, 1899—to procure trial subscribers for the Free Thought Magazine at the very low price of fifty cents a year. Will you do it?

## BOOK REVIEW.

"The Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China," of MM. Huc and Gabet. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, 324 Dearborn street. 2 vol. Price, \$2.00.

The classical work of M. Huc has long been out of print in both the original French and in its English and German translations. In view of the present stirring events in the East, both political and intellectual, and of the interest which Thibet has recently excited in America and Europe, a new edition of this almost forgotten book has seemed desirable. It is a plain, unvarnished tale, strongly contrasting with the sensational and fictitious reports recently published, and is crowded to overflowing with original observances bearing upon the sciences of comparative religion, ethnology, geography, and natural history. It is impossible to begin the book without finishing it, and it will remain, throughout all literature, as a classical model of books on travel.

The Gospel According to Darwin, by Dr. Woods Hutchinson. The Open Court Publishing Company; pp. 241. Price \$1.00.

A collection of homiletic essays treating of the burning religious and ethical problems of the day in the light of the revelations of modern science. It seeks to show that science, far from having blighted religion, has infused into it a new vitality and supplied the germs of an even loftier and nobler development. Dr. Hutchinson, who is a rising author of great power and eloquence, brings to his task all the ardor of impassioned conviction. In the ethical and religious literature which draws its inspiration from science, his book is unique.

The three volumes mentioned above are among the most valuable books that have been published for a long time, and every person who desires accurate information on the subjects treated of should read them. They are gotten up in a magnificent style, fully illustrated, as but few publishing houses in the United States are prepared to do. Liberals ought to be thankful to the Open Court Publishing Company for bringing out so many remarkably valuable books and show their gratitude by purchasing them. These three books are for sale at this office.

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## CONTRIBUTIONS.

CONTRIBUTIONS received from March 15 to April 1, '98: Elizabeth Smith Miller, \$5; C. K. Tenney, \$5; Peter Stewart, \$1.50; J. S. Shapard, \$1.50; Alexander Pinkerton, \$1; John Helm, 50 cents; N. P. Spainhower, 50 cents; John Stratford, 25 cents; total, \$15.25.

Contributions received in April, '98: An Iowa friend, \$8; Charles Houghton, 60 cents; A. S. C. friend, 50 cents; total, \$9.10.

Contributions received in May, '98: Cash, \$25; Col. R. G. Ingersoll, \$10; C. F. Blakslee, \$6; D. T. Ames, \$5; E. P. Peacock, \$5; G. Lincoln, \$5; J. J. Corcoran, \$4; E. C. Maynard, \$4; Mass. friend, \$2.50; D. A. Blodgett, R. L. Cox, D. D. Evans, F. Larabee, I. S. Curtis, Peter Clark, Chas. Barta, E. W. Haines, Maria P. Schofield and James F. Mallinc-

krodt, \$2 each; Capt. J. A. Olmsted, W. H. Dunbar, Mrs. R. J. Glover, F. A. W. Salmon, Dr. L. S. Stall, Frederic Dahlstrom, L. D. Mosher, Edward Kraft, B. Anderson and Evan McLennan, \$1.50 each; Dr. M. Bailey, a Wis. friend, J. A. Calder, Dr. T. J. Bowles, C. B. Hoffman, H. A. Tenney, Joseph Haigh, S. F. Benson, P. C. Mosier, P. F. Chambard, Judson Trowbridge, Chas. H. Russell, S. G. Hodge, Walter C. Wright, F. B. Pratt, Maligus Bochmer, J. J. Hill, Chas. H. Jones, G. L. Price, G. Fred Johnson, Nelson Crane, John Frazier, D. McLaren, James Oldacre, John Leitch, Archibald Hopkins, J. D. De Veling, A. R. Woodhams, M. S. Troger, a Cali. friend, G. Y. Paton, G. A. Bosworth, Robert Westphal and Anna Boyle, \$1 each; J. H. Sherwood, Chas. J. Held, M. L. Studebaker, John Fay, S. W. Wetmore, John J. Riser and J. W. Scott, 50 cents each; F. A. Dunham, 25 cents; total, \$139.25.

Contributions received in June, '98: An Iowa friend, \$5; Wm. Hart, \$1.20; Mrs. B. Smartman, M. S. Dodge, J. B. Belding and James F. Malinckrodt, \$1 each; James Fergus, Jonas Scott, J. L. Bean, W. F. Dodge and J. T. Justus, 50 cents each; total, \$12.70.

Contributions received from July 1 to July 28, '98: An Eastern friend, \$25; an Ill. friend, \$5; G. Lincoln, \$5; D. A. Blodgett, \$5; Robt. Reeves, \$3; J. Waltham, \$2.25; John Wolf, James Oldacre, F. A. W. Salmon, W. W. Dunbar, Dr. I. S. Curtis, Nelson Crane, R. Ashworth, Mrs. L. M. Stevens and an Iowa friend, \$2 each; I. Stanwood, \$1.50; Louis Levine, W. C. Wright, Louis Krub, R. Allen, Carl Burell, Leger Meyer, J. H. Sherwood, Geo. N. Jennings, J. D. DeVeling, D. G. Buis, P. F. Chambard, A. Kimball, Ira Adams, C. B. Hoffman, C. H. Jones, E. D. Nauman, J. A. Kimbell, John Frazier, O. H. Warner, John Gentilini, Sol Finch, S. G. Hodge, Mrs. L. Eysenbach, S. W. Young, J. B. Belding, Wm. Cughan, W. W. Morris, S. N. Bolton and P. C. Mosier, \$1 each; Jos. Haigh, Emily C. Jones and John Fay, 50 cents each; M. L. Studebaker, 25 cents; total, \$95.50.

### ALL SORTS.

—Mose—Why didn't yo' git religion at dat las' revival? Sambo—Wasan't able; wuz so hoarse I couldn't holler.—Judge.

—Each one of our subscribers are requested to send us the names of ten persons who are intelligent enough to enjoy reading this magazine.

—If our young readers will study Prof. Greenhill's articles, that we publish, on astronomy, they will get more

real information than they could get by attending an orthodox Sunday school for ten years.

—"No, dearest, it would not be at all right to take Dollies to Church."

"But, mamma dear, it would not matter if I took the One who shuts her Eyes, would it?"—London Punch.

—"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," is what the priests of Spain will tell their Spanish dupes when they in-



quire why their prayers for victory have not been answered.

—The Elder Matron—You shouldn't mind the baby crying a little. It strengthens his lungs. The Younger Matron—Oh, no doubt, but it weakens his father's religion so.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

—The students of Mr. Moody's school have raised \$300 to buy books for the soldiers. A pocket Testament makes an excellent chest protector. — *Boston Transcript*.

—President McKinley asks the people of the United States to thank God for our victories in the war with Spain, but the people will give their thanks to our brave soldiers.

—The proceedings of the Oregon Secular Union herewith published are interesting reading. Why can we not have such an organization in every other State of the Union?

—We are prepared to print books and pamphlets, in the latest and most approved style, and at very low rates. Our friends who have such work to do will please correspond with us.

—The Voice, of New York, is doing a grand, good work in an effort to protect our soldiers from the evils of intoxicating drinks that is more to be feared than the bullets of the Spaniards.

—Little Jimmy was not baptized till nearly 2 years old. The clergyman poured considerable water over his head; and the little fellow, looking up at his mother, called out, "Where's 'e comb, mamma?"—*Selected*.

—Those Christians who believe God is fighting the battles of the Americans must feel slightly perplexed at the fact that God disregarded holy writ and

fought the battle of Manila on the Sabbath day.

—Miss Kate De Peatt, secretary of the Oregon Secular Union, is an able Free Thought lecturer, and is doing splendid work in the West. Our Liberal friends should keep her busy. She may be addressed at her home at Ashland, Ore.

—Liberals throughout the country should not allow the idea that churches should be taxed to fade from the public mind for want of agitation. Churches are by no means educational institutions and should be made to bear their share of the public burden.

—Every Freethinker in America should subscribe for "The Torch of Reason," and thus become acquainted with the "Liberal University" movement in Silverton, Ore., one of the most important movements that have ever been started by Freethinkers.

—Prof. Thomas Davidson says in one of the magazines:

"Our American universities are half-medieval, half-monastic, and wholly unsuited to the spiritual, social, economic and political needs of a democracy. The true American university is altogether a thing of the future."

—Two burglars were in the pantry, enjoying a brief lunch after their arduous labors. As Mike was about to put a delicious bit of cold roast spring lamb where it would do the most good, Dennis suddenly turned pale and whispered: "Stay yer hand, Moike; it's Friday marnin'."—*Epoch*.

—Under the head "Religious Mendicants," the Congregationalist says: "We reluctantly confess a suspicion that there are some mendicant orders of Congregationalists. We have heard of them re-

cently in some New England towns." It then gives several examples in support of its statements.

—At a recent fire in Gardner, Me., ridiculousness and wickedness were somewhat mixed, to the amusement of the spectators, when a woman connected with the burning structure, who was rushing around hunting up her effects, which had been removed, excitedly shouted, "Where in h—ll is my Bible?" —Chicago National Democrat.

—We publish in this number of the magazine a speech delivered on Cuba by Gerrit Smith in 1873. The great abolitionist seemed to be then as much in advance of the people on the Cuban question as he was on the slavery question. The country never produced a better man than this noted apostle of human liberty.

—The Independent says that the day of trials for heresy is about past, "that it is recognized as an antiquated, ineffective and harmful way of dealing with heresy. Presbyterians are so thoroughly convinced that such trials work a vast amount of harm and no good that they are determined now to avoid them as far as possible."

—Whether President McKinley's late proclamation of thanksgiving was made for political effect or not does not lessen the fact that the proclamation was absurd. If prayers to a god were producing victories, Spain would have owned the United States by this time. The Spanish are not only the most cruel but also the most ignorant and prayerful of European nations. No doubt, after the war is ended many American Christians will say that our victory was inevitable because God was with us. This reminds

us of the remark of Colonel Ingersoll, that in war God is always with the victorious side, but in a prize fight the best man wins.

—We see that Colonel Ingersoll is keeping up the fight on his enemy, the church. This time he is suing a rich New York church for money which a member of the congregation loaned it some years ago. No doubt if the case comes to trial the eloquent Colonel will tell the "gentlemen of the jury" many interesting schemes and tricks which the church in the past has resorted to in order to squeeze money out of the "flock."

—Parker Pillsbury, the noted anti-slavery apostle, and the distinguished friend of Humanity generally, died at his home in School street, Concord, N. H., on the seventh day of July. We shall publish a number of obituary notices from his special friends in the next issue of this magazine. His likeness appeared as the frontispiece of our late March magazine. One of the greatest and best men of the nineteenth century has passed away.

—The season of camp meetings is now on. Liberals, when they find it convenient, should attend these meetings and study the actions of those unfortunates who believe that they are here "born twice," "receive the spirit," etc. Their moans, cries and prayers are not only ridiculous but in some cases even pitiful. It is a psychological study to watch them. One feels when doing so that after all these poor deluded people are not far removed from the Hindoo mothers, who, in their fanaticism, cast their babies into the Ganges, or the Brahman

priests, who stand for hours upon pedestals gazing steadily at the tips of their noses.

—Miss Lily, a young lady of 5, was recently visiting friends. Many of the rooms in the house were ornamented with embroidered mottoes, framed and hung on the walls. She asked what one of them was.

"That," answered the hostess, "says 'God Bless Our Home.'"

Miss Lily looked puzzled, so her entertainer inquired:

"Don't you have them at your house?"

"Oh, no," was the quick reply; "we have lightning rods."—Judge.

The hearing of a \$50,000 damage suit was begun before Judge Willis Thursday against Rev. P. Szulirecki, of St. Stanislaus Church, Milwaukee, by John Glyzewski, a member of St. Adelbert parish of Chicago, who charges the priest with alienating his wife's affections. The complainant says the trouble began in 1892, when the defendant was in charge of the St. Adelbert Church, 17th and Paulina streets. Glyzewski and his wife Anastasia were members of the parish. He says after the priest was transferred to Milwaukee his wife frequently visited that city. — Chicago Chronicle.

—Lydia Maria Child, one of America's ablest women writers, and a Liberal, who gave to the world "The Progress of Religious Ideas," wrote: "If nothing worse than wasted mental effort could be laid to the charge of theology, that alone ought to be sufficient to banish it from the earth as one of the worst enemies of mankind. What a vast amount of labor and learning has been expended as uselessly as emptying shallow puddles into sieves."

—Daniel K. Tenney, our able contributor, has recently spent some time in the "Holy Land," and he gives us as

the first, or leading article, in this number of this magazine his opinion of this God-selected country. He presents this country to us from an agnostic standpoint and not, as it is usually given, from a Christian's. We have put the article into a pamphlet for general circulation, and it can be had at this office for 10 cents a single copy or twelve copies for one dollar.

—Ella E. Gibson writes in a private letter:

"I was pleased with the June number of The Free Thought Magazine, especially with the notice of Mrs. Gage. The first and only time I ever heard Matilda Joslyn Gage speak was on 'Female Suffrage,' as Woman's Rights was then called. The only sentence I can now recall was: 'This dress, that I wear' (taking hold of the sleeve, very significantly, with her thumb and forefinger), 'belongs to my husband, though I bought it and paid for it with my own money, but he is a very good man, and lets me wear it.' I was charmed by the sweet woman. This was many, many years ago."

—Colonel Higginson, the President of the Free Religious Association, we are glad to learn from the New Unity, was able to be present and preside and make an address at the late annual meeting of that association. Some twenty-five years ago we heard Colonel Higginson say he was made an Infidel by reading a book entitled "A Defense of Christianity." The title of the book set him to thinking. "What!" said he to himself, "does Christianity need a defense?" He read the book and the "defense" proved a failure.

—B. M. Bland, our esteemed friend, of Geneseo, Ill., sends us an obituary notice of F. E. Richmond, late of that town, which we regret our space will not

allow us to publish, but we learn from it that Mr. Richmond was a most worthy citizen and an earnest Freethinker and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. His motto was, "The home is my heaven; to do good is my religion."

And we will say here that recently we have received a number of obituary notices that our space would not allow us to publish. And, besides, we cannot publish many such, only where the deceased is a person of national reputation or there is something in his history more than ordinary that will make such a notice generally interesting to our readers.

—Congressman Linney, of North Carolina, created considerable laughter in the House of Representatives some time ago by telling the following story: "A dying man once said to a neighbor: 'Read me some comforting portions of scripture.' It was done. 'What next can I do for you?' inquired the zealous Christian. 'Will you pray for me?' 'Certainly,' he replied. Prayer being over, 'What next, my dear suffering brother?' 'Please give me a small drink of brandy from that little bottle of yours?' 'No, I can't,' was the reply. 'The scripture reading and the prayer were all free; they cost me nothing, but this brandy cost me 25 cents a quart; I can't afford it.'

—The Rome correspondent of the London Daily Mail says that Pope Leo urges the Queen of Spain to arrange terms of peace with the United States. The correspondent further adds:

"The action of the vatican has been very cautious in order to avoid displeasing the United States."

We notice that all along in the present war the Pope has been cautious—very cautious. If he is a man of intelligence he knows that either Spain or the Uni-

ted States is right and that the world is entitled to his opinion. But to give his opinion would be poor Catholicism. Peter's pence would have a falling off either in the United States or Spain, and so the Holy Father sacrifices right for consistency.

—A bitter disappointment fell to the lot of the members of the North Avenue Congregational Church of North Cambridge last evening. The expected ordination and installation of their pastor-elect, Mr. William J. Long, of Andover, did not materialize, for the reason that the ecclesiastical council, which convened during the afternoon, rejected the candidate on account of his disbelief in eternal punishment. The members of the North Avenue Church received the action of the majority of the council with surprise and great disappointment, as a candidate had been cast aside whom the society loved and greatly desired as its pastor.—Boston Daily Paper.

Mr. Long has nothing to fear. A heresy trial nowadays gives a man a reputation. It means that he is intelligent, fearless, independent and honest.

—Captain Philip, of the United States battleship Texas, immediately after the fleet of Admiral Cervera was destroyed, said to his men: "I want to make public acknowledgment here that I believe in God, the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats, and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty."

On Sunday, July 17, this same Admiral Cervera, whose fleet Captain Philip helped to destroy, attended the only Catholic church at Annapolis, Md., and with other Spanish officers and men gave thanks to God for their deliverance. If time is measured at all in heaven it must be considerably taken up and the heav-

only choir constantly interrupted by the prayers of pious warriors who, covered with the blood of victory or defeat, offer up thanks to their God.

—The following story is told by a resident of Bloomington, Macon County, as having occurred at a district school near there recently. It was Friday, the day of original compositions. Each scholar had to memorize his or her production. A little girl with blue eyes and sandy hair lisped:

"The dawning shafts of light came out

To greet the lark's refrain,  
And every gladdened heart sang out—"  
Then she stopped. A blue-shirted urchin raised his hand and snapped his fingers.

"What is it, Bobby?" asked the teacher.

"I knows it."

"Know what?"

"The line she's forgot."

"You do," said the teacher, in surprise. "What is it?"

Promptly as a rifle shot came the answer that completed the verse: "To h— with Spain."—*Kansas City Times*.

—The Kingdom, a religious weekly newspaper published in Minneapolis, printed recently a letter from one who, the editor says, is a man of fine character, of great courage and sincerity, and of large wealth. In that letter its author says:

"This Sunday display of clothes and art and Pickwickian religion was making me cynical. Worship, in spirit and in truth, there could be none; communion, of such as sought to bring God's kingdom on earth, there was none; charity, of that sort which seeks to bear the other's burden, there was none. There was modified paganism—not spectacular like the Moqui snake dance, nor noisy like the Spanish bull fights, but artistic, intellectual and decorous. It was "perfectly lovely," our fascinating butterfly debutante friend would say of

it, as she does of the stately wedding procession. Can any one tell me why I should go to such a place? Is there any inspiration in the word 'church' or in the word 'worship' under such circumstances?"

—In regard to kissing the Bible, London Truth says: "If a new argument was needed—which it was not—against the practice of kissing the cover of a dirty Testament in order to lend additional credibility to evidence in courts of justice, that argument has now been supplied. We knew before that the custom is stupid, profane, dirty and dangerous to health. We know now from the letter of Mr. F. A. Stringer to the Times, that it is, comparatively speaking, a new-fangled absurdity, without even the sanction of historical tradition to give it respectability. Mr. Stringer, who has been investigating the subject, declares that, down to the end of the seventeenth century, the witness merely laid his hand on the Bible in swearing, and that no mention of kissing the book can be found there the middle of the eighteenth century. That ought to settle the matter."

—An Irish Catholic paper, published across the sea, says that John Morley has been received into the Roman Catholic church. A daily paper says: "If the statement that Mr. John Morley has been received into the Roman Catholic church should prove true, Rome may pride herself on a remarkable convert. As a specimen of Mr. Morley's attitude toward religion it is only necessary to recall the fact that in his early writings he used to take delight in spelling the name of the deity with a small 'g.' He has been the most distinguished modern admirer of

Voltaire, and a consistent apologist for the excesses of the French Revolution."

But Mr. Morley, the author of "Voltaire," "Rosseau" and "Diderot and the Encyclopedists," has not become a Catholic. He declares that the story is "a pure," unadulterated fable." Such fables as this constitute a large part of religious literature. Catholic history is chiefly fiction.

—We learn from the New York World that Rev. C. T. Atwood was recently installed pastor of a Christian church in Whiting, Iowa. He was a single, young man, and the girls of the church all declared he "was too lovely for anything," "that he was just splendid," and seventeen of them immediately fell in love with him, and he generously agreed to marry each one of them. But one of the seventeen, more persistent than the others, prevailed upon him to keep his promises to her, and he married her. That was the mistake of his life, and that was what raised the greatest row that was ever raised in a church. The sixteen discarded sisters made it so hot for him he had to leave the church. If he had not married the seventeenth one he might have "lived in clover" for a long time and been a kind of second edition of Brigham Young in the Whiting church. Until he made this mistake he was the most popular servant of the Lord, especially among the sisters, that

has ever preached the gospel in that town.

—Thomas P. McLoughlin, in a letter to the New York Times, thus refers to the President's proclamation recommending prayers and thanksgiving in regard to the present war: "Since there is no union of Church and State in this country, by what right does Mr. McKinley usurp to himself the authority such as would be used by the Queen or the Czar, and command the people of the United States to assemble in their various places of worship and pray? It strikes me that this is strictly within the province of the ecclesiastical authorities, and that the proper course of the Executive would be to suggest to the heads of the different denominations that they call their people together for the purpose of thanksgiving. Secondly, it seems to me that while with fear and trembling we thank God for our almost miraculous victories at sea, we should remember with tears of repentance the hundreds of brave fellows who gave up their lives in defense of the Cuban flag. Therefore, I would suggest that if the President has the right to order prayers of thanksgiving, he has also the right to tell the people of this country to pray as the great leader Judas Maccabeus prayed that the souls of those heroes who have great grace in store for them may through the divine mercy rest in peace."

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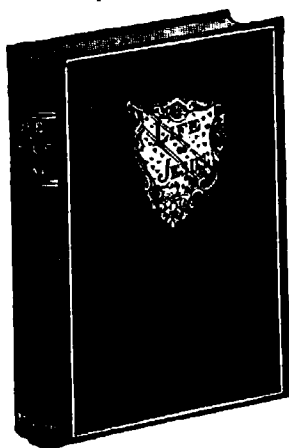
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## DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT PARKER PILLSBURY'S FUNERAL.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

WITH the death of Parker Pillsbury the last of the great anti-slavery speakers disappears. His venerable coadjutors, Samuel May of Leicester and Charles K. Whipple of Newburyport, still survive him, and at Valley Falls, R. I., Mrs. Elizabeth B. Chace, the daughter of Arnold Buffum, is living, in her ninety-second year, but of the distinct early abolition orators, to whom Emerson alluded when he declared eloquence to be "dog-cheap" at anti-slavery conventions, not one is left upon this breathing planet. The waters of time have submerged them all.

With the eventful career of this remarkable man, whose quiet and unpretending life has been familiar to his fellow-townsmen for the past quarter of a century, known chiefly to the present generation by his gentle manners and kind disposition, the future historian of the great struggle for liberty must deal. For he was a type of reformer no longer extant, the product of conditions unlikely to be reproduced. Yet he was as necessary to the primary work of reform as is the plowshare to the wilderness. Against the roots and stones of prejudice the steel of his nature pushed its unyielding way and loosened the barren and conservative soil, opening it to the influences of rain and sun. It was a work of resistance and opposition and the very roughness which brought it abuse was its prime value and necessity.

A boyhood in the country upon a farm, an uphill struggle for education, a Calvinistic training, a brief theological apprenticeship at Andover, a moral nature, a mind that could not betray logic, a courage that never flinched, a humanity that transcended later all governments and creeds, these accidents and qualities moulded this rugged and indomitable John the Baptist. The mobs, the pulpit denunciations, the bitter abuse of press and platform, could not intimidate or swerve a hair this preacher of righteousness and judgment to come. Without the culture of the schools or the polish of society, a plain man of the people who knew the Bible,

Pilgrim's Progress, John Milton and Robert Burns, Parker Pillsbury was a master of direct and forcible language. He spoke with the earnestness and solemnity of a prophet; as Lowell truly said,

"——he well might be a  
Hot-blazing soul from fierce Judea,  
Habakuk, Ezra or Hosea."

Carlyle came and left his influence upon our friend, who found in consequence new forms of prophecy and denunciation to hurl against the system of American slavery and its defenders. For he rightfully understood that practical personal application was worth a volume of vague and rhetorical platitudes. Hence he aroused hatred, but his persistent pointing to the sinner with the announcement "thou art the man," was a service hard to overestimate. In return the epithets of "harsh," "unjust," "uncharitable," "brutal," were showered thick and fast upon his devoted head. To be reviled and pelted in the advocacy of truth was the strongest testimony to the efficacy of his utterances. He measured the strength of the blow by its rebound.

Notwithstanding the necessary personalities of his vocation, his sole objective point was "the sum of all villainies," and he cherished no bitterness towards any human being. He truly said: "In soul, spirit, purpose, I have known no foes; no sun has risen or gone down on any wrath of mine."

Aside from the unpopularity of his method the public could not forgive him or his companion abolitionists, because they understood and adhered uncompromisingly to principles. Then, as now, professed admiration for principles was held, and eloquent defences of them were listened to with admiration, provided that the wrong denounced was in the end consented to. A disunion abolitionist knew no such treason. Expediency was a word abhorred. "The moral law has no exceptions," "Let justice be done though the heavens fall," were practical maxims in spite of "conservative" and "judicious" sneers. In the prevailing moral flabbiness our friend discerned the retribution to come and prophesied it in an apocalyptic terms.

Coming from one of Parker Pillsbury's meetings, many of them held in village schoolhouses and shabby halls, for few churches opened their doors to a reviler of the Church, as they called this true champion of Christianity, his vivid and terrific arraignment of the national evil left one weighted with a feeling of sadness, almost of despair. It seemed as if the seven vials of wrath would begin to pour upon the nation's head before



the listener could reach a sheltering roof. The shadows were apt to be more accentuated than the lights, but the picture reflected the temperament of the speaker, and was most impressive.

With this necessary severity of speech there co-existed an extreme tenderness of nature and great sensitiveness. It was not difficult to wound his spirit, but the hand of friendship only could give him hurt. The weapon of the enemy yielded him no scratch. His marked love of approbation would naturally have led him to seek agreement with his fellows had it not been offset by a New England conscience that made him desire praise only from those who held his high esteem. Whittier's description of Joseph Sturge will answer as well for Parker Pillsbury:

"The very gentlest of all human natures  
He joined to courage strong,  
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures,  
With sturdy hate of wrong.

Tender as woman, manliness and meekness  
In him were so allied  
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness  
Saw but a single side."

Emerson understood him, regarding him as one of the exceptional reformers, and, in his "Essay on Eloquence," has left a graphic description of the militant side of the man who "could not be silenced or insulted or intimidated by a mob, because he was more mob than they."

As a visitor, our friend was always welcome and interesting. His memory of events and details was marvelous. Sometimes, in listening to him, one wondered if he forgot the happenings of a single day in his active anti-slavery career, so minute and graphic were his narratives. His English visit was an epoch in his life, and brought him the companionship and intimacy of some of the noblest men and women in the kingdom. As the cause grew to be popular, households once closed to him opened with gladness and appreciation. After emancipation, its legacy of kindred reforms, women's rights, religious liberty, and the like, kept this evangelist still busy in his extended parish.

The position of pioneer, especially occupied by Parker Pillsbury, Stephen and Abby Foster, necessitated almost constant absence from home and interrupted domestic habits to which most mortals cling. But Mrs. Pillsbury, with rare self-abnegation, bore with patient sympathy her husband's enforced separation, and made the home-coming a loving and

welcome one. In estimating the value of his service to the slave, her un-failing support must be remembered. Without it he must have been hampered and his usefulness impaired.

In these days of quick communication one can hardly realize what the itinerant life of an anti-slavery agent meant in the early times. Often, arriving at towns where no abolitionists could be found to act as entertainer or helper, the speaker himself must hunt up a place of meeting, put up his own notices, frequently to have them immediately torn down, find a shelter among a hostile people and with no means to enjoy the common luxury of hotels, to present the imperative word to rebellious ears or to active rioters. The wonder is that all did not perish from exposure or injury, ranging as their work did from the Atlantic to the Ohio River and beyond, for the journey across the continent now is less than the journey across a State in the forties, when the comforts of living were so far below the present standard. The bright spots in such a life were the homes of the disciples that here and there welcomed the laborer, for in a hated cause the ties of a common object and belief transcend immeasurably the bond of kindred. In many a family, in widely scattered States, the coming of Parker Pillsbury was hailed with joy and reverence.

But the crowding recollections which this closing scene summons must be repressed and the farewell spoken. The world can ill afford to spare such examples as this. Physical courage—the daring that leads men unafraid to the cannon's mouth—is common and all-abounding. On both sides of the war now waging heroism of the bulldog kind equals anything in the annals of blood, but the moral courage that accepts the enmity and misunderstanding of society, that holds to duty religiously, though it is branded as infidelity, that in its love of country refuses to uphold the country in wrong-doing—how infrequent is such heroism! Popularity, social position, business prospects, religious fellowship, political aspiration, neighborly regard, all these must be exchanged, if needful, for abuse, misconception, malignity, and even death if the ideal is kept. Into this crusade there is no rush for enlistment, no crowding of the ranks. The world's martyrs and benefactors come singly and at intervals. Of that distinguished company our friend was worthy and among them he shall be embalmed. He was blessed beyond most reformers, inasmuch as he was permitted to live to witness the triumph of his labors, to see the stronghold of American slavery demolished and the bondmen ransomed. He even survived to a time when grown men could not remember the existence of the curse his manhood was given to destroy.

"And then he heard the hisses changed to cheers,  
The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,  
And took both in the same unwavering mood."

Sleep in peace, friend of the oppressed, champion of women, defender of religious freedom! All the opprobrium of the past is now transformed into the glory of the future, for you have unselfishly served mankind.

---

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON'S TRIBUTE TO PARKER PILLSBURY.

**I**N THE death of Parker Pillsbury, another of the great and good men of this generation has passed from our midst. One of the most remarkable characteristics was his absolute truthfulness. Frank, candid and sincere, he said what he thought and did what he believed to be right, without the slightest regard to the world's opinion as to whether he was in season or out of season. He scorned what is called tact, diplomacy, worldly wisdom. Had he been the only man on this planet, he could not have acted more independently in laying out for himself a straight course through the wilderness, following with unwavering fidelity the North Star of hope and promise. He was a thoroughly self-centered man, and had his own decided opinions on every question. Being an extensive reader and traveler, he acquired varied information and had well-digested ideas of people, countries and institutions. He was a man of unblemished character, pure in all his tastes and habits of life. Justice, liberty and equality were the cornerstones of his political, religious and social life.

As co-editors of a journal for over two years, we were in frequent consultation during that time on all the vital questions of the hour. He was clear, concise and logical as a writer and thinker, and many of his editorials are masterpieces of the English language. Like Carlyle, he hated shams and pretension; and his style of writing was not unlike that of the great Scotch philosopher. To be united with him as a co-laborer in the reforms of the day was an advantage I have always appreciated. The friendship of this man I esteemed as an inestimable blessing.

He would have filled a much larger place in public estimation, and held many posts of honor, but for his excessive modesty; a shrinking timidity which prevented a proper and timely self-assertion when opportunities for promotion offered.

Though life with him was a long struggle in the school of adversity, his tastes in literature and art were highly cultivated and his manner gen-

tle and refined. Driving with him on the blue hills of Jersey one day, viewing the grand scenery of the Palisades and Hudson River, deeply moved with their majesty and beauty, he exclaimed, "All this and Heaven, too!" "Yes, dear friend," I replied, "I hope we shall enjoy the next sphere of action as much as we have this, and rest on the banks of the great river of life, flowing through Paradise, and with unclouded vision behold the deep significance of our mortal struggles here." He poured forth such a stream of eloquence in reviewing the joys of this life and prophecies of the life to come, as I had never heard from mortal lips.

But few travelers in the Old World ever enjoyed as he did the beauties of nature, the galleries of art, the palaces with all their memories of human weal and woe; the deep-toned organs reverberating through the arched cathedral walls; and, above all, a tempest at sea. His description of all he saw, felt and thought should have been preserved. But with him, alas! his richest gifts lie buried.

I would fain adorn his last resting place with memories of his noble deeds, his eloquent words and his exalted virtues.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

### PARKER PILLSBURY AND HIS WORK.

BY CHARLES BUFFEM.

AND now has passed on Parker Pillsbury, the last one of that famous galaxy or phalanx of anti-slavery lecturers and "agitators," as they were called, who traveled incessantly over New England and the West during the whole generation preceding the Civil War, denouncing American slavery and its inevitable iniquities.

They cried aloud and spared not, either Church or State or the business world, for they insisted that they all cowered before the dominating slave power. It is not now denied, that they were entirely correct. They were called "agitators," disturbers, brawlers, mischief-makers, nobodies, infidels, and many other hard names.

No Crusaders, Covenanters or Puritans ever had sterner purpose or firmer convictions in the justice of their cause. They were the greatly-hated "Abolitionists." They were shunned, denounced, abused, persecuted and sometimes prosecuted. They were ostracised in society, mobbed, ridiculed and made to feel that they were advocating an unpopular cause, in every possible way; but year after year they veered not to the right or to the left, but denounced "Slavery as the sum of all villainies," as it had been pronounced by John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. This

treatment of such a body of high-minded men and women, engaged with such disinterested purpose in such a holy crusade, now reads very strangely to this generation.

As late as 1857, only four years before the war, which was brought on by the slave power, a member of a prominent Boston family, who wielded a vigorous pen, selected Mr. Pillsbury and Mr. Garrison for attack. He wrote over the nom de plume of "Sigma." What he wrote was monstrous, and it reacted on himself, for he was abusive, vituperative and mendacious almost beyond belief now. Mr. Garrison answered him in the most effective way by stating simple facts, and with his caustic pen silenced and almost annihilated him. If anything more was needed to finish him, it was done by that master of language, Edmond Quincy, in his finished style, fine diction and incisive way of putting things.

This Boston episode of those times shows the mendacity of this vindictive slave power, that pursued for so many years the so-called "Fanatical Abolitionists." Mr. Garrison had uttered those sublime words to this dominating power that held the nation in its grasp—"I will not excuse, I will not equivocate, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!" He was heard and he was victorious. And this utterance, this defiance, was while the State of Georgia was offering a large reward for the head of William Lloyd Garrison.

His co-workers adopted his words and sentiments and were loyal to them to the last, when victory crowned their efforts and they came off conquerors. The Abolitionists did not expect to see slavery abolished in this century, but they had an abiding faith that they could arouse the moral sense of the nation, so that it could not be long delayed. Joshua R. Giddings, from the "Western Reserve" in Ohio, was the first member of Congress sent there on the slavery issue. Others follow, but Giddings always encouraged the Abolitionists, though they were not voters, telling them it was only by their agitation that it was possible for them to be in Congress.

Mr. Pillsbury's career can be related here only briefly. He was born in Hamilton, Essex County, Mass., Sept. 22, 1809. His father was a farmer and moved to Henniker, N. H., in 1814. Mr. Pillsbury was the eldest of nine children, six brothers and two sisters. He survived all his brothers. He had a limited winter district school education, and worked on the farm till he was 20, in 1829, when he took a bundle of clothing and started to walk "down shore" to Lynn, in quest of work. He secured it and drove a baggage wagon between Lynn and Boston for three years, when he returned to the farm, in 1832. While in Lynn he endured the jeers and

sneers of his fellow-teamsters, because, on principle, he would never taste liquor of any kind, which was the general custom of that day.

In two or three years he joined the Orthodox church, became very active and useful in organizing Sunday schools and social meetings in the neighboring places and was strongly urged by ministers and others to fit himself for the ministry, but he contented himself by influencing his father, who was a deacon, to educate two of his younger brothers to become ministers. Later he resolved to qualify himself for the work, and arranged to go for three years to the Gilmanton Academy, and then one year to Andover Theological Seminary. In due time he graduated and was licensed to preach by the "Suffolk Association," of Boston. He preached one year for a Congregational church in London, N. H. He never was settled over any parish, because he became an Abolitionist.

He told the writer, many years ago, that the faculty at Andover said to him: "Mr. Pillsbury, you can never secure a parish, never, if you join those hated Abolitionists." He replied, "Parish or no parish, I shall cast in my lot with theirs." He, with several other students, the most active and alive of their class, S. S. Foster and the energetic John A. Collins among them, enlisted in 1840 in the anti-slavery crusade, with Garrison, Rogers, Phillips, Samuel J. May, Lucretia Mott and others, and became lecturing agent in the employ of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society and the New England Anti-Slavery Society, and traveled over all the country north of Mason and Dixon's line, agitating for the downfall of slavery.

Mr. Pillsbury's style of talking and writing was peculiar to himself, for he seemed ever to want stronger words to express his thoughts. It was not possible to mistake his meaning, for he never equivocated or prevaricated; he went straight to his mark. He had a fine memory and a strong mind, so his intellectual requirements were much superior to those of most men. Intellectually he could move in any circle of society and invite attention.

One episode in his career now seems very queer, in view of his advocacy of universal peace. As a young man in Henniker he was Commander of the "West Side Militia." In 1840 he married Sarah H. Sargent, of Concord, N. H. They had only a daughter, Helen B., born June 14, 1843, now the widow of ex-Mayor Coggsell, of Concord. Of late years Mr. Pillsbury had been pleased to give parlor lectures in the West and in New England towns, till 1894, when he gave them up.

Since Emancipation he had interested himself in all moral reforms, in church, State and society, by traveling, writing, lecturing and "bear-

ing testimony" for all high aims and high principles. At one time in his career he was editor of "The Herald of Freedom," of Concord, N. H., which was founded by the lovable and brilliant N. P. Rogers, who sent forth clarion notes for freedom and progress.

Mr. Pillsbury always contributed freely to the columns of the "Liberator," the "Anti-Slavery Standard" and the "Herald of Freedom;" also, for two years, in New York, with Mrs. Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, he edited "The Revolution," a most able and influential weekly publication, devoted to woman's suffrage. He published a most important and almost complete history of the whole anti-slavery movement, called "The Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles;" it will become still more valuable as time goes on. He published many pamphlets, generally of twenty to twenty-five pages, of which he recently said he had sent out 16,000 pages on subjects like the following:—"Things New and Old," "Ecclesiastical and Civil Authority," "God In the Federal Constitution, Man and Woman Out," "Popular Religion and What Shall Be Instead," etc. Until within fifteen years or more he spent much time in Ohio and the West, lecturing, writing, and preaching as a layman at times, mostly in Salem, Ohio.

In 1853 he went abroad to England and Scotland, where he was most cordially welcomed, and remained to talk and lecture for two and a half years. He has lived a pure life, has seldom been ill, and died of old age, not from any disease. His sands had run down. He was ready and willing and wanted to depart, although he retained his interest in all things about him, and received his friends in his library among his treasured things, which were his delight, till the end came.

"But his battles are fought; and his march—it is ended.

He laves in the Ocean of Silence,  
Alone with the stillness and God."

Lynn, July, 1898.

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#### PARKER PILLSBURY'S PERSONAL TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

BY A. B. BRADFORD.

MY DEAR MR. GREEN: Your letter of the 15th inst., saying that the next issue of the Magazine would be what might be called a Parker Pillsbury memorial, and requesting me to furnish a short sketch of the old hero, was duly received. Delighted with the idea, I forthwith took pen in hand, and what follows is my tribute:

You are old enough to remember that when the anti-slavery movement began, about the year 1830, Garrison was the recognized leader. His plan of campaign was to make the abolition of slavery a moral

achievement, and therefore he abjured all other methods. On the other hand, after a short time, Gerrit Smith, and others of us who sided with him, took the ground that, as the whole system of slavery was a creature of law, it could be abolished only by law, and, therefore, they favored the organization of a political anti-slavery party.

Pillsbury was a Garrisonian. Nature had endowed him with a capital brain to think with, and a great big heart to execute its moral judgments. But every drop of blood in his veins was of the Puritan kind, and non-resistant as he was, on principle, had he lived in the time of Cromwell, and been a member of the High Court of Justice, he would have voted promptly for the decapitation of Charles, as the greatest criminal in England.

Pillsbury's style of oratory was peculiar, and intensely interesting to every intelligent and candid listener. He had a voice of great power, and in making a speech he would begin his argument in moderate tones till he arrived at the point of application, when his eyes would flash fire, and he would fairly thunder in his consciousness that he was convincing his audience.

Pillsbury was a remarkably clean man, in every sense of the word. Such was his high-toned self-respect that his tabernacle, by which I mean his body, was never allowed to be polluted and weakened, by the indulgence of those personal vices which degrade so many persons below the level of the brutes. He set so high a value on his personal liberty as a man, in thought and action, that he scorned the idea of being a slave to any vice. He was very far from being a rich man, in the sense of being wealthy, but I don't think there was money enough in the whole world to bribe him into the commission of a mean or unjust act. I suspect that he had but a limited acquaintance with "Shakspeare;" but I never knew a man whose character was more completely modeled on the pattern laid down by old Polonius, in his parting advice to his son:

"This above all, to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Pillsbury did not need the rewards of a future heaven, with its golden harps and pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, or the agonies of a future hell fire, to stiffen up his backbone and make him walk uprightly among his fellowmen. His self-respect was amply sufficient for that purpose. And here I may diverge for a moment, to give it as my opinion that, in the next century, when our abused and unhappy race shall have recovered in-



telligence and courage enough to free themselves from their long and degrading bondage to religious superstition, this kind of morality will be common.

The infirmities of age compelled Pillsbury to retire from the world of action a few years before his departure to "the land of the dead;" but in the prime of life he was a man of affairs, and had business transactions with his fellowman, but he was never false in a single instance, and his word of promise was always as good as his legal bond. I do not praise him for this. His bountiful mother, Nature, who made Marcus Aurelius what he was, had composed his soul of such fine material that it was not difficult for him to be true to the interests of others, because he was true to himself.

There was, however, one feature in his character which some critics—but not I—would deem a blemish. In the heat of controversy he could, and would, give, and take, like other men. But if any one would impeach his motives, or intentionally insult and injure him, without apology, he would never retaliate in kind, but would promptly terminate that man's acquaintance.

The ties of mutual confidence and affection that bound the abolitionists together during their long struggle of thirty years, cannot be understood by other men. When the object they aimed at was accomplished in 1863, by Lincoln's proclamation of freedom for every human being living under the National flag, the self-evident truths of the Declaration vindicated, and the integrity of the Union assured, they dissolved their organization and retired to private life. There was no hungry candidating for political office and preferment. They had already received an abundant reward for their services, which was paid to them as they went along, individually and punctually, and consisted entirely of the secret and silent approbation of their own consciences. Nearly all these men and women have left the scene of their labors; and the foregoing brief account of one of the most distinguished of them all, by your courtesy, is offered to his memory, by a friend who knew him long and well, and loved and admired him.

Enon Valley, Pa., August 20, 1898.

## "BROAD-SHOULDERED PILLSBURY."

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

IN HIS essay on Eloquence, Emerson says:

"The resistance to slavery in this country has been a fruitful nursery of orators. . . . They send us every year some piece of aboriginal strength, some tough oak-stick of a man who is not to be silenced or insulted or intimidated by a mob, because he is more mob than they—one who mobs the mob—some sturdy countryman, on whom neither money, nor politeness, nor hard words, nor eggs, nor blows, nor brickbats, make any impression. He is fit to meet the barroom wits and bullies; he is a wit and a bully himself, and something more; he is a graduate of the plough, and the stub-hoe, and the bushwhacker; knows all the secrets of swamp and snowbank, and has nothing to learn of labor or poverty or the rough of farming. His hard head went through, in childhood, the drill of Calvinism, with text and mortification, so that he stands in the New England assembly a purer bit of New England than any, and flings his sarcasms right and left. He has not only the documents in his pocket to answer all cavils, and to prove all his positions, but he has the eternal reason in his head. This man scornfully renounces your civil organizations, county, or city, or Governor, or army, is his own navy and artillery, judge and jury, legislature and executive. He has learned his lessons in a bitter school. Yet, if the pupil be of a texture to bear it, the best university that can be recommended to a man of ideas is the gauntlet of the mobs."

This passage was written by Emerson with Pillsbury in mind. James Russell Lowell, in a sketch of an anti-slavery convention held in Boston in 1846, drew this portrait of Pillsbury:

"Beyond, a crater in each eye,  
Sways brown, broad-shouldered Pillsbury,  
Who tears up words, like trees, by the roots,  
A Theseus in stout cowhide boots;  
The wager of eternal war  
Against that loathsome Minotaur  
To which we sacrifice each year  
The best blood of our Athens here.  
A terrible denouncer he,  
Old Sinai burns unquenchably  
Upon his lips; he well might be a  
Hot-blazing soul from fierce Judea,  
Habakkuk, Ezra or Hosea.  
His words are red-hot iron searers,  
And nightmare-like he mounts his hearers  
Spurring them like relentless Fate"—

I first saw and heard Parker Pillsbury at Providence, R. I., in 1857. His subject was the fellowship of the churches with slavery. One of the pictures which he drew was that of an anaconda, whose tail was coiled under or back of the pulpit, its body extending across the Bible and over the desk, and its hideous eyes gleaming among the communion dishes on a table in front of and below the pulpit. The speaker's voice and manner and the descriptive language which he used combined to make the illustration the most vivid and frightful that I had ever heard.

Years later I came to know Pillsbury personally; I heard him lecture several times, read most of his published addresses and essays, and had some correspondence with him. I am of the opinion that his greatest strength as a platform orator of the Abolition cause was his wonderful command of language, his power of making comparisons and contrasts by pictures and concrete illustrations, and his mastery of sarcasm and invective. Phillips was more polished and eloquent, Burleigh and Foster were more logical, Douglas and Remond were more emotionally impressive, but Pillsbury surpassed them all in severity of language and in the vividness with which, by use of figures of speech, he communicated his thoughts. He often startled and shocked his audience, and did it purposely, to arouse the sluggish and the apathetic, and to make them active workers.

At Danvers, Mass., in a church, Pillsbury, after referring to degrading human beings into brutes and chattels, and then baptizing them and receiving them into the church, invited his hearers to imagine a dog in that sacred place and a repetition of the solemn invocation, "Tiger, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Dismay ran through the audience, and leading citizens called upon the grand jury, through the press, to indict the speaker for blasphemy. His purpose was to awaken people to a more vivid conception of the system which baptized human beings to prepare them for heaven, while it bought and sold them as cattle. The incident attracted wide attention and led to many false representations.

Parker Pillsbury was educated for the pulpit, but his ministerial career was brief, for he early adopted the views advanced in James G. Birney's famous tract, "The American Church the Bulwark of American Slavery." He was summoned before the Suffolk Association in 1841, with a view of revoking his license to preach. He wrote in response to the summons:

"Let your intimated 'censure' and 'resumption of license' be carried into full execution. I shall still preach the gospel of Christ and by his

grace wash my hands from all participation in your guilt on the awful crimes and cruelties of slavery, and in the last day be a swift witness against you unless you repent. Brethren, regard this letter as my solemn excommunication of you, and my work with you is done. I go now to the lost sheep on the mountains. And when they and you and I stand at the tribunal of God with assembled worlds, the down-trodden and the sorrow-stricken slave in the vast congregation, it shall be known who has served God and who has not."

Some time later Parker Pillsbury wrote in reply to a similar summons from another church, to which he had belonged:

"I am not aware of the existence of any Congregational Church in Henniker. Four or five years ago there was an organization in that town known by that name, myself belonging to it. But that body I excommunicated, for its grossly immoral character. I am still laboring for their reformation, and shall rejoice to see signs of penitence and to forgive with all forbearance and charity as soon as I see hope of genuine repentance and fruits meet for repentance."

Parker Pillsbury possessed some humor of a grim sort, but he was too terribly in earnest to make much use of it. He had imagination strong and vivid, but it was of a sombre cast, and he saw the dark side and rarely the bright side of a reform. The views that he held were not usually optimistic. He was a Yankee Puritan turned reformer and broadened out, but the influences of Puritan ancestry, education and surroundings continued.

Mr. Pillsbury was a brave defender of the equal rights of women, and there is hardly a reform that he did not during his life support. He became broad and liberal in his religious views, as he advanced in years, and some twenty years ago he was regular speaker for the Broad Gauge Church at Salem, Ohio, where I used to meet him frequently. He was then and to the end of his life a spiritualist, but I do not think he made spiritualism a subject of his lectures.

In concluding his sketch of the anti-slavery movement, Parker Pillsbury says of himself:

"Truth in statement, justice and right toward all persons and parties have been constantly, carefully kept in view, alike toward foe and friend. In soul, spirit, purpose, I have known no foes; no sun has risen or gone down on any wrath of mine."

I have always highly valued Parker Pillsbury's services. When I could not agree with him, his sincerity commanded my respect, and his strong personality and high character commanded my admiration. In the history of the anti-slavery movement Parker Pillsbury will be a conspicuous figure. Garrison, Phillips, Pillsbury—this is, perhaps, the order

in which they will rank. Of the particulars of Parker Pillsbury's career as preacher, lecturer, editor, author and reformer, I have not attempted to speak. To do that fully would require a volume instead of an article. He lived a long and useful life and helped to make the world better. No generals or admirals stand as high in my estimation as does the earnest, fearless, persistent worker for freedom and reform—Parker Pillsbury.

#### LUCY N. COLMAN'S ESTIMATE OF PARKER PILLSBURY.

Lucy N. Colman is about the only woman still living, with the exception of Mrs. Stanton, that took an active part in the Anti-Slavery conflict. She writes to the "Truth Seeker" about Mr. Pillsbury as follows:

PARKER PILLSBURY is dead. We may not see his like again. Forty-five years ago I met him for the first time, and have known him very intimately during all the years since. His intellect was marvelous, his humanity was even more marvelous. Born in New England in the early days of this century, he accepted the Christian religion, became a Presbyterian, and attempted the preaching of its doctrines. I never heard anyone who could paint the horrors of Milton's hell as could Parker Pillsbury while he supposed he believed it; but his intellect was too large, his heart too tender to fully endorse such a monstrous doctrine. Putting it aside as a fable, he awoke to the fact, not a fable, of the hell of "American Slavery," in which three millions of human beings were suffering, doomed to the awful condition by the Christian God whom he, in his blind superstition, had worshipped and preached.

To no one person, not excepting even William Lloyd Garrison, the leader and founder of Abolitionism, is our country more indebted for the abolition of slavery than to Parker Pillsbury.

Pillsbury was master of the English language, and used it as I have never heard it used by any other person. Let me recall for your readers some of his expressions. Christian ministers and laymen, even in that early day, not being able to meet argument with argument, sought to fix some stain upon the character of the Abolitionist, and as they spoke the truth, paid their debts, drank water instead of whisky, what could they say of them but that they loved one another? This was Pillsbury's retort to this kind of reproach: "They say we are Infidels, and all Infidels go to hell. Well, friends, when we get there we will continue to love one another and we will spread the great Sahara of hell all over with beautiful oases, and they will behold us from the kingdom of heaven and come thronging down to join our happy company."

Large corporations were not as frequent in those early days as now,

but they were of the same ilk as to-day. Lowell, Mass., as a city of spindles, was in its babyhood, but it was a somewhat vigorous baby, and it kicked with great force against the Abolitionist. The following is Pillsbury's description of them: "So corrupt, so grasping are these corporations, that they would, if it were possible, dam up the river of the water of life, coin into dollars the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, make every angel a spinner or weaver, and in the eternal din of looms and shuttles drown out the songs of the morning stars."

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### THE DEVIL A TAX.

BY A. B. BARRETT.

TAXES are of three kinds, mental, physical and financial. Mental, where there is an overdraft on the brain; physical, when the body is required to act beyond its normal capacity, and financial, where simply money is involved. Most people understand the latter better than the former. This nation has just passed under a cloud of that character from which it will not emerge until hundreds of millions of dollars have been extracted from the people.

Great as each of these kinds of tax has been in all the ages past, aggregating more than mind can grasp, I hold and will attempt, at least, to prove that the devil has been by far the greatest tax of all. Just when the devil idea first entered the brain of man we may never know, but it is here and here to stay until, by education and the evolution of thought, it shall become eradicated. I have only sympathy for all who, by education and environment, have been forced into the blood-stained ruts of superstition, where the crafty few fatten on the spoils gathered from the credulous many. From the days of Moses, at least, to the present, it has been the central thought, the one grand aim and effort of priest and preacher, to get the people to believe something. "Believe or be damned" is the keynote—the threat which is to force the world to love God and incidentally to pay the preacher.

The crafty clergy, through the emotional in our nature, capture and enslave the minds of women; the women of course raise the children, the devil idea is diligently instilled into the very marrow of their existence, and so, like the poor, we have the devil always with us.

To "believe" is the lifeboat amid the wreck and ruin, where the devil is about to get the entire crew. To doubt is to be doomed, and later to be damned. To believe fits one for the joys of heaven, corner lot, mansion, gold-paved streets, perfect health and the best spring water all the

year; while to investigate and then honestly doubt, closes heaven's gates, causes one to become eternal kindling wood where the worm (whatever that is) dieth not and the fire is never quenched, and even one drop of water is denied.

Nothing could be more infamous. "God is love. His tender mercies are over all his works." (Pardon the digression, but in the light of contrast we may discern the truth.)

With the clergy the devil is a necessity, indispensable. Their very existence as clergymen depends on him, for, no devil, no preach; no preach, no pay. See! And they would be brought face to face with the stern necessity of making a living outside the realm of superstition.

We first hear of the devil in the garden, where he beguiled the youthful pair, and through them the race. Right here, according to the clergy, was the beginning of the trouble that has furnished them a job ever since, and will continue to do so while credulity lasts.

Through the influence of this devil, murder soon followed; Abel was slain. From then to now all murders of men and beasts, all wars, all pestilence, all famines, all crimes committed, all wrong and injustice done, the loss of God's favor, all suffering, anguish, pain and even death itself, yea, two of them, is ascribed to the power and influence of this same devil. Wonderful, indeed! Had he never showed up, God and his little family would have glided along as smoothly as a sailboat before a gentle breeze. No deluge to engulf and destroy a world would have been needed. No destruction of the cities of the plain, no ravenous beasts nor birds of prey, with beak and claw to tear and slay; no vermin to torment, no aches, sorrows, pains nor death (either first or second), no fear, worry nor work; no deformity of body or mind; love and loveliness only would have been known. Adam and Eve would have forever enjoyed the unspeakable sweets of a perpetual honeymoon, basking in the sunlight of God's countenance, eating the ever-ripening fruits and sniffing the odoriferous flowers of that beautiful garden, without a politician to lie or a preacher to feed and pay in all their borders.

Viewed from the foregoing standpoint, after attempting to figure out all that humanity has lost and suffered, is it not clear that the devil has ever been and is now by far the greatest tax known to man?

Justice to the devil compels me to add that, according to the Bible, his pedigree is good, having been created by God himself, who, on carefully reviewing His big week's work, pronounced it "all very good." Just when the devil became bad, or how he could so become at all, when there was no bad, no evil in all the universe of God, remains a mystery to intelli-

gence, while apparently the ignorant and superstitions give to it little or no thought.

When the Bible tells us plainly that "God is love—that His tender mercies are over all His works," does it state the truth? If it does, then at once the devil, hell and eternal pain become impossibilities. The English language cannot be made to reconcile love and eternal pain. One or the other must go. To abandon love would dethrone Jehovah—to surrender the devil idea and give up eternal pain; would destroy the clergy, and so the multitudes flounder along as between "the devil and the deep sea," accepting and believing all kinds of mental hash the clergy cook up and dish out to them.

From my standpoint there is no devil and no need of any, that his existence is wholly mythical, while as a fact the belief that such a monstrosity really does exist has cost humanity—could we weigh all—more than the earth itself would be worth, though it were solid gold.

I have never read the Age of Reason, but should be delighted to see ushered in an era of good common sense, when science and free thought shall take the place of superstition, when faith shall disappear before the light of truth, when one law shall govern all nations, and that the universal law of love.

Lonoke, Ark.

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#### ADVERTISING IN CHURCH.

—Joe and Henry Bruton, the snuff men, were two of the best story tellers that ever lived, and many of their stories are yet told in Nashville and elsewhere with due credit to their originators. One of the best I ever heard of in the nature of a personal experience of either was the narrative of the part Joe Bruton took in an experience once. In a town which he "made" he went to church, and the meeting was for the relation of personal experiences. Several spoke concerning their personal faults and the sorrow they felt, and finally some one called on "Brother Bruton" to give his "experience." Bruton rose and began with a dissertation on the various forms taken by sin with different people. Some, he said, were affected with the sin of betting on horses, which was a great evil, and

one which they should not indulge. Then there were others whose besetting sin was whisky, a most grievous sin. So he went on until he came to tobacco. He said that the besetting sin of using tobacco took many forms, of which the commonest and worst was chewing. This was not only unclean, but unhealthy, and should never be indulged in. Then there were some who smoked, another very bad habit. "In fact," he said, "if you are going to use tobacco at all, you should use it in the form of snuff, and when you do use snuff, you should never use any but the — snuff" (naming the brand which he traveled for). And with this conclusion he took out a handful of circulars concerning the snuff and threw them up in the air, letting them fall all over the church.—Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.



## THE BASIS OF LIBERAL LIFE.

BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

**W**HAT we are to know and what we can or should do in this world depends upon our point of view and our consequent perspective. That is the great rule, not only of Art, but of life. The great difference between us and all those who have lived before us,—the difference which ought to make our Liberals angels of knowledge and light, is that we live in an age that has achieved the new, true, scientific, secular, evolutionary point of view, from which the whole world of space and time, and all that in them is or will be, falls for the first time into a true, rational, correlative, and progressive perspective. This is the one great victory the human race has won, and it changes our world-view as to everything. We now look at the phenomenal events and history of the whole world, cosmic and human, evolutionally,—considering always how they were evolved, born, and grew into an “is” out of the “was” which preceded and surrounded them. So we must judge us and our affairs and our future, and we live to arrange it accordingly.

This evolutionary point of view reverses, to begin its application, all the old notions about the past—how there was at some time, in the ages back of us, some wonderful creation, supreme wisdom, perfection, or superior order of beings, and finally of men and women sages or philosophers who knew more than the present world does or can know, and by whose theology or theosophy we must be governed, or sit at their feet and learn. We must recover from this revelational nonsense. The ancients were always looking backward in this way, like children who had lost a home they were trying to find and reconstruct again. Thus they are never much more than children striving to find their way back to a past that never was a present. The world of the ancients had no idea of progress at all, except backwards! They accumulated much empirical knowledge, and made some acquisitions in Science, Art, and in Statesmanship, which we strangely persist in overrating. Aristotle, Euclid, Cicero, or Caesar were great as the beginning—not the flower or fruit of science or statesmanship. They would have an awful amount to learn to begin to understand where the new astronomy, evolution, correlation, and federal republicanism have placed us to-day. The continued glorifi-

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\* Written for the “Truth Seeker” on its twenty-fifth anniversary celebration, showing the changes in the aspect of Liberalism in twenty-five years—From “Principles” to Facts and Laws.

cation of the past, except as the nursery and seedfield of the present and future, is an anachronism, unevolutional, unscientific, unliberal, and unhuman. We must turn our faces towards the future, and away from the spooks, gods, and devils of the past, or we are losing our life.

The Middle Ages, also, with their triumph of the church, the scholastic philosophy of metaphysics, and the formative monarchies, had no real, practical idea of progress. They were always looking backward and expecting the world to come to an end; and when they added anything to the old revelational theology it was an assortment of metaphysical "principles"—that is, "beginnings"—which were mere assumptions, and never more dubious than when described as "self-evident." These principles are the children of theology.

This odd lot and stock of "revelations" and "principles" was the religious and intellectual legacy the Past and Middle Ages have sent down to us, and which the intellectual and political revolutions of a century ago, headed by Voltaire, Jefferson, and Paine, greatly helped us to work off. They first helped us to get our feet on the solid ground of facts and laws instead of "revelations" and "principles." It would have been too much to expect of those great Freethinkers to have jumped out of the old theological and metaphysical woods at once. We never can be grateful enough for the progress they did make, but science and evolution since their day have shown that only about half of the work was done, and for that reason they only partly accomplished their greatest undertakings.

Poor Rousseau, for instance, was a worshiper of the Goddess "Nature" by means of a lot of metaphysical "principles" or myths, which set science and evolution at defiance. Voltaire and Paine had their deism and "reason," with another assortment of principles, which gave Rousseau and his godless no quarter. Then our statesman Jefferson combined them all with Hobbes and Locke into a still more select assortment of "self-evidents," upon which he based everything—and very unfortunately, it may prove in the end, our great Federal Republic itself—in his "Immortal Declaration." While this greatest of state papers really stands upon the soundest grounds, i. e., laws of sociology and evolution, the reasons given for making it, when read literally, are purely metaphysical, and will not now stand a moment's inquiry. Instead of these "principles" being "self-evidently" true, they are self-evidently false. We know now that man was never "created" at all, much less "equal;" that he was never "endowed by any creator" with anything, much less any "rights" which were "unalienable;" that "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are in fact the most "alienable" of all things, and the very hardest to hold on

to even for a few years. Then we read about governments being "instituted among men," when history proves they grew out of violence and necessity and were never instituted at all, until Jefferson and Congress did it, July 4, 1776. Then they are said to be based upon the "consent of the governed," when in fact they are based upon the needs and forced submission of the governed, with which consent has nothing to do, except as a metaphysical, false assumption, to deceive into obedience.

We need not spend more time on this amusing specimen of the metaphysical method, of which Jefferson was a first-class specimen producer, and therefore an example for a modern Liberal not to follow, unless he puts science under his metaphysics. Take for example the August number of the Free Thought Magazine and read its great article on Jefferson as a Freethinker. In it we are left to think that Jefferson would be up to date now. But is it not amusing to read in that article his advice to his young friend on religious matters in the light of modern evolution? Think of a modern Liberal trying to pick out "the words of Jesus" and giving them an importance as though they were the teaching of some live and very wise man! Evolution shows us plainly that "Jesus the Christ" (not Jesus Christ) was never a God nor a man at all, but a "materialized" messianic idea of the Jews, afterwards married to the "Logos" of the Greeks, thus begetting Christianity, which threw back our "Jesus Christ" on the screen of tradition and myth as about one hundred years before—a part of a past that never was a present. Liberals who now talk about Christ as Jefferson & Co. used to do, give away our case, and are guilty of anachronism, which is "the unpardonable sin," for time can never reverse itself so as to forgive! Evolution tells us not to admit Creation, Fall, Flood, Jewish Captivities or Empire, or Christ, or Logos.

So about the Bible. Until fifty years ago it was generally taken for granted that though the Bible was "all off" as to science, yet it might have true history, good morals, and the basis of a good religion in it. Even the Old Testament was supposed to have a "moral" quality, and the Bible was "the criterion of morals." The last and best joke of the venerable Boston Investigator was to set us Liberals to work to find a "substitute" for that "criterion." Evolution shows that the Bible, old, middle, and new, was the work of those in the tribal stage of sociology, and that ethic or ethnic ideas were and are impossible in that range of evolution. The word moral does not occur in the Bible, nor even the idea. Hunting for morals in the Bible is just like trying to find human remains in the oldest geologic strata—with the eozoon, for instance. Morals had not then been born—i. e., differentiated from the authority of the gods of the tribe

or sect. Read the old stories of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Esau, or Joseph, and notice the utter absence of anything like moral sentiment! It is all pure tribal—"beesness." So we might show in regard to history and religion—no morals, or a far-back number of the tribal stage! Nothing moral is up to date in the Bible.

The point we make is that up to fifty years ago Liberals were fighting the Bible and theology with metaphysics. They were willing to throw "revealed religion" overboard and wash the decks, but with their own intuitive and fanciful "principles." Twenty-five years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Bennett begot *The Truth Seeker*, the weakness of this fight in the air was becoming manifest, and much has been done by it and in it to get Liberalism on the higher, true, and constructive basis of facts and the evolutionary laws of the world and of mankind. Mr. Bennett himself did much good work in this direction. For instance, his plain statement of the few "acres of Palestine that could be cultivated by anything but a crow-bar," at once knocked out the old stories of the great cities there, and the "millions" that used to fight in and around Jerusalem. He put the verdict of common sense on the explorations of Lieutenant Lynch, the Keys of the Creeds by Dr. Westbrook, and the article of Mr. Tenney, in the said number of the *Free Thought Magazine* on Palestine. Yet those "millions" still play their part in the frightfully learned excogitations of the German inner self-consciousness of Professor Cornill, which are published by our metaphysical friends of the Open Court of Chicago. What is the use of continuing the repetition of exposed falsehoods? How does it differ from lying?

The threefold Testaments of the Bible may indeed be usefully read as a wonderfully evolutionary poem. But that is a very different affair from taking it as science, history, fact, morals or religion, of which it is neither,—and all of which are asphyxiated by the unevolutional metaphysical assumption that there was somebody or something—spook or other—back of the Bible who knew more than modern science about them, or of things ultimately, or in general.

It was in *The Truth Seeker*, too, that the first proposition was made to substitute the truth for the great fundamental falsehood—and, now, lie of history—the Christian era. It was proposed to date our era from 1600, the year of the general publication of the New Heliocentric Astronomy and the burning of Bruno for teaching that truth and its consequences. Let us never forget that we ought to be living in the new "Era of Science and of Man"—the year 298. All Liberal letters and affairs can only be truthfully and properly dated in that way. What sense or reason

is there for continuing the fundamental falsehood of "Christian" superstition as the basis of Liberal life? Let the friends of The Truth Seeker so date their "Friendly Letters," and let The Truth Seeker so print the dates. The change in the aspect of Liberalism during the last twenty-five years calls for that, for it has been just that! Evolution has now placed us Liberals wholly within this new era, and it is either ignorance, inconsistent conservatism, or cowardice which makes us continue to acknowledge ourselves as under the Christian era of superstition which really ended with 1600. From this standpoint only can we bury the domination of the past theology, the static idealism of metaphysics, and get ourselves at home on the scientific method of facts, laws, and objective verification as the basis of individual and collective life, working out the ever higher welfare which is the object of human existence. At the end of another twenty-five years may The Truth Seeker be seen stronger than ever in working up, and helping others up, this ladder of progress, of which our years are the rounds.

#### BIGOTRY—THE WOMAN'S BIBLE.

—The following "special" and comments we have received signed as below. Our readers will readily understand whom these initials stand for—the noblest, bravest, truest woman in America, the author of the "Woman's Bible," and yet these little female bigots of Topeka, Kan., that can swallow all the nastiness in the old Jew book without wincing, are horrified at the "coarseness" and "inelegance" of the "Woman's Bible."

St. Louis, Aug. 26.—A special to the Post-Dispatch from Topeka, Kan., says: "After a discussion lasting a week the Board of Censors of the Topeka Federation of Women's Clubs has excluded the 'Woman's Bible' from its library on the

ground that it is 'written in a flippant, coarse and inelegant style.'

The commentators have done the best they could, considering the character of the text. Many passages relating to woman in the Pentateuch were found too coarse and obscene, even, for mention, and if those referred to in the "Woman's Bible" are coarse and inelegant the text is responsible; also, if the "Woman's Bible" is to be abolished from the woman's library and schools of Topeka, the Jewish mythology should go also.

I recommend these elegant, fastidious bigots to read the thirty-first chapter of Numbers, to see the fate of the women and the child-women of the Midianites.

E. C. S.

## "GIVING" AND "TAKING."\*

BY REV. DR. MACK.

I WELL remember when I was a boy how I used to think about this text. I used to look at our old washerwoman, as she toiled on from morn till night. I used to hear mother say what a hard time this poor old woman had to make a living for her five orphan children, the oldest not over 10 years of age. And I'd repeat the text to myself in my boyhood wonder: "From him (her) that hath not shall be taken away even that which she hath." Then I'd think again as I said to myself, "This is what the preacher says is a kind God; this is the God whom the preacher says is good to the poor and provides for the widow! I used to hear my old class leader (a name for a lay spiritual adviser in the M. E. church) say, "If I only had the money, I'd help such and such a poor person," but, he would continue, "I haven't the means." He used to help us sing "My father is rich in houses and lands; he holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands." Then I would wonder again, in this wise: If God is so good to the poor, as they say he is; if giving does not impoverish him, as they say it does not—why is it that he never helps the poor, though they cry to him day and night? For I had always noticed, if these poor people were helped, it was always by human beings like themselves. I used to wonder if other people ever turned over these questions as I had done. I am still wondering along the same line! Here are good Christian Spaniards and Americans fighting—both sides asking this same God to help them lick the other side. Where is this God of peace? Where is this God who "holds his people in the hollow of his hand?" Where is this God "with whom all things are possible?" May we not say, as one of old said of a similar God, "Peradventure he sleepeth?" Possibly he went to sleep just after that hard week's work of "making the world" in six days, as he rested on the seventh day; he fell asleep and has never awakened up since!

It is the same old story. This God business makes a good subject to write poetry or preach about, but that is about all. But what shall be done with our text? I say, accept it for just what it is, a hard scientific fact, side by side with such statements as that "two times two make four," which knows no love, no god and no religion.

Some of you know, possibly, that the fish in Mammoth Cave, in

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\*Part of a sermon preached July 10, 1898.

"For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."—Matt. 25: 29.

which there are rivers and lakes, are blind. These fish have places for eyes but no eyes. We are told that once they had eyes and could see, but the ages in which they have lived and had no use for eyes, and therefore did not use them, Nature has taken away "that which they had." So we are told that once the whale had legs but not using them for ages; now we can find but a mere trace of the legs in the anatomy of the whale. The point, then, is this, Nature's law—not God's—says, cease to properly use what you have and behold, in time, I will take away that which thou hast. We, many of us at least, know that it is only by the proper use of our functions that they become strong, or developed, and remain useful. Carry your arm in a sling for years—not using it at all—and the time will come when that arm, which was strong and could lift fifty or a hundred pounds, will not be able to lift its own weight, but will have fallen away to mere skin and bones.

It seems to me, my friends, this is the great lesson of life. You may carry this idea into any field you wish, and you ever will be confronted with this universal rule: To him that hath shall be added, to him that hath not, even that which he hath will be taken away. The gymnasium teacher knows that, as a rule, when men, women or children enter the gymnasium to get physical benefits, the muscle which is weakest is the one they least desire to exercise. The pupil in public school shows the same tendency. The study he learns the most slowly is the study he least likes to work at. And I believe it is our failing to understand this law that causes most of the failures in life. Let me illustrate just what I mean in the above statement. How often have you heard this statement made about a young woman: "Yes, she is fine in music, but she knows nothing else." Now, pretty soon this young woman will get married, and she is put in a fine home, but it is wrecked, and she winds up in a divorce court. Why? Because her husband soon learned that they cannot live on music alone. Certainly, be a master of one thing, if you can, but remember a house with all windows will be a poor thing. Too many seem to think that they, of course, will never have to work, but can they hope, as a rule, to be good overseers if they don't know how to do themselves? She forgets that all other qualifications will be "taken away" from her if she does not use them. Certainly she would know music, but that essential, well-rounded up life, would be wanting. One thing gained but many sweet characteristics "taken away." But this is only the beginning of the thought in my text. I used to hear an old preacher say the same road led to heaven which led to hell—it all depended upon the direction you took. So I say there is but one road in reference to success; go one direction and you fail,

go the other direction and you succeed. The further you go toward success the more (chances) added; go the other direction and your chances to succeed are taken away in proportion to the distance you go. Out of the philosophy of my text comes the idea of corporations, consolidations or companies. Let me illustrate this point: You know how little use \$100 is in the business arena. But get twenty men, each having one hundred dollars. Don't you see how much stronger is your capital of \$2,000? Elect your business manager and turn this power in one way instead of twenty different ways, and "to him that hath shall be added." Or suppose one man owns one section of railroad, another man another section of the same road, another man owns a locomotive, another man owns a car, and another man owns a switch—each man pulling his own way, not interested in the welfare of his neighbor. Can't you see how soon this railroad scheme must fail? The department store is another proof of this philosophy. Wherever the department store starts, other little stores fail. And you must remember I am discussing the text, or the truth in the text, and not whether we want this, that or the other thing. When I see my little child rub its hand against a redhot stove, I may feel as though I would like to do away with the law of heat, for the time. Yet law is law when Nature stands behind it. It has no "special Providence" for child, drunkard or Christian. Have, and more shall be added; have not, and even what you seem to have will be taken away. We are in an age of uniting our forces. In our large cities physicians are forming into companies, lawyers are forming into law companies; even preachers, in spite of their "trust in God," are forming preachers' associations. Storekeepers, market men, factory men, and a thousand other energies are being consolidated. Even nations are forming ties for the same purpose. The Odd Fellows have an emblem which would do many people good to study. It is a bunch of sticks, all tied together. Take away any one of these sticks, separately, and any person can break it, but take them all together and no man can break them. "In union there is strength." When we see how determined many men are to "go it alone," is it not a wonder that there are not more people in the poorhouse? Gould could well say the the first thousand dollars was harder to get than any five thousand dollars thereafter. Dollars, like men, are weak when scattered, but unite them (enough of them), and wonders can be accomplished. Then let the text read, When many dollars are united, more shall be added; but when you have but one lone dollar a thousand hands are outstretched to take away even that dollar from you. This might be a good lesson for us Liberals; get together, get together. When Christians can rally around a foolish dream.



can we not rally around the Truth? And let us ever remember that Nature's laws deal with Liberals just like other people, if we do not use what we have (the truth) that which we have will be taken away from us. If we have but a little, let us get together with others who have but a little. Every town in this country has more or less Liberal thinkers. What are we doing with this liberal thought; got it buried away? Then mark the force of my text. Start a club, if there are only a half dozen; start a club—get together and grow. Convert others—be men, be strong. Don't wait for somebody else to move, or some lecturer to come along—get together and do something. Take up a collection and start a fund to have an organizer. Get together and read "The Free Thought Magazine." Do something and do it quickly. Remember my text: He that hath little freedom and doesn't use it, will awaken up some day and find that that little has been taken away from him.

# LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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## SEARCHING FOR TRUTH AND RIGHT.\*

BY W. E. WARNER.

COME, let us reason without dismay;  
Earnestly try to learn the best way,  
To help each other use an X-ray,  
Searching for truth and right.

Chorus—

O, how tranquil will our lives then be!  
When from "fear of God" our minds are free;  
Humanity with reason, we'll see,  
Teaching religion of love.

A God of love we never should fear,  
Always should teach to our friends so dear  
That God is love; to be of good cheer,  
Searching for truth and right.

And, to the children that should be taught,  
Their minds with germs of truth should be fraught:  
Then they'll enjoy the grandest Free Thought,  
Searching for truth and right.

Our minds then free from ev'ry old creed,  
We'll stand for truth and each worthy deed.  
Reason and science our thoughts must lead,  
Searching for truth and right.

Maple Rapids, Mich.

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\*This may be sung in our public schools to the tune "Come to the Savior," No. 62 Gospel Hymns.

## "BRAIN-MECHANICS."

BY REV. J. O. M. HEWITT.

O MIGHTY Atoms; O mighty Brain,  
Composed of cells; yet sensing pain,  
And having joys, transcending all:—  
O Matter-Gray: (there is no Soul)—  
O Protoplasm that giveth thought,  
Surpassing worlds, in meshes caught;  
I see thee now, laid bare to me:—  
The skull removed; of course I see!—

But what see I?—This seemeth dead:—  
There is no thought:—all motion, fled!—  
I'll galvanize this "matter-gray,"  
For it must "think" for me to-day!—  
I know I am "a Poet," called,  
But I by this am not forestalled,  
For 'twas a poet, laid thee bare;  
So may not I, his science share?

I note, the nerves are all in place;  
This work-shop seems a thing of grace;  
And all seems ready now, for me:—  
I'll pour on it, "lectricity"—  
It moveth not, this matter-gray,  
Perhaps albumen's gone astray:—  
I'll manufacture some for it,  
And thus evoke the flash of wit!

"Undisciplined imagination,"  
Is better far, than is stagnation:—  
Or infused blood, if 'tis alive,  
And wit by it, for me may thrive!—

It still remains an inert mass:—  
Albumen fails me; and, alas,

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\*Reply to C. J. Lewis in June number of Free Thought Magazine.

So doth that liquid "fire of heaven,"  
 That was to us by Franklin given!  
 I strike my Harp, that "Sound" may be  
 For once, this Brain sensed minstrelsy;—  
 I'll sing of Love, of Hate, of Peace:—  
 And then, to watch; will singing cease!

"It has no ears!"—There—see the drum:—  
 All perfect, is the tympanum;  
 The "Labyrinth" of hair-cells, there,  
 To catch vibrations of the air;  
 Hammers for impact, matter-gray;—  
 Why work they not, for thee, to-day?  
 Or why, thyself, so dull to me,  
 As I display my minstrelsy?

I'll take the wondrous "Roentgen ray,"  
 And flash its light again on thee,  
 And let a photograph of thee  
 Show forth thy motion; I must see!

O matter-gray; lo! thou art dead!—  
 The Living One from thee hast fled!—  
 The Living One, who tools could drop;  
 The Brain-mechanic; not the Shop;  
 He was "my friend;" I loved him well;  
 And 'tis of him my verse should tell;—  
 He left thee there, O matter-gray;  
 And thou art powerless hence, to-day!

So this I think:—not yet is Thought,  
 By "Net-cadaver," ever caught;—  
 To "Engineer," not to "Machine,"  
 Belongs the praise for thought, I ween!  
 Sometimes, 'tis true, machines break down,  
 Or "Engineer" goes "out of town;"  
 Then grist of thought, we did not get,  
 Because gray-matter could not let!—

But stop, O muse! What do I hear,  
 Of music, sweet; though doth appear

No form of man ; no Matter-Gray ;—  
And yet it comes to me to-day!—  
Ah, yes, it comes:—I, thought it not ;  
And yet it is a human thought ;  
And words unused by my own tongue,  
Are in this song, my friend hath sung!

I hear the words my friend doth sing ;  
I feel the touch of angel-wing ;  
My brain obeys my will's command,  
And fingers move, that all the Land  
May read this Song, that came to me,  
Whence matter-gray can never be!—  
Vibrations these, of Soul, I ween ;—  
Let not gray-matter come between!

I have emotion ;—I have will ;—  
I sense at times, the mystic thrill  
Of other Lives, where "Soul" obtains,  
And Intellect o'er matter reigns!  
I am "a "Poet ;"—what of that?  
And I "have brains beneath my hat."—  
Ah, yes ; what fool I am, that I,  
These brains forget, thinking to fly  
On angel-wings ; to soar in thought,  
That only was gray-matter wrought ;—  
I cease to be!—but stop! I am ;  
I, matters rule! O soul, be calm ;  
Thou art the King o'er matters, all ;  
And "Brains," as well, obey thy call!

Chicago, Ill, 498 West Madison street.

## THE KEY TO THE LIFE OF JESUS.

BY H. W. B. MACKAY.

FOR SOME years past the conviction has been forcing itself upon me that the true key to the life of Jesus of Nazareth is to be found in a direction not hitherto suspected. I may be wrong; yet I cannot but think that, if an explanation be given which solves not merely a few of the circumstances connected with his birth and wonderful career, but all (except the visit of the Magi), it must be admitted to be correct. That key which fits the lock must be the true one. The hypothesis I am about to present you will, I admit, seem at first sight eccentric. Yet when the arguments by which it is supported have been considered, I believe they will carry conviction. In introducing that hypothesis I might probably gain a more attentive hearing by stating my reasons first, and then gradually advancing to the conclusion, as is the usual practice of recent authors; but I think my readers will find it easier to follow me if I adopt Euclid's method, and state the proposition first, leaving the proof until afterwards. Shortly, then, the theorem I have to offer is this: That a man—perhaps the very person whom Celsus mentions—conceived an unholy passion for Mary; that, owing to her chaste and devout character, he despaired of gratifying it by any ordinary means; and that he therefore presented himself before her, clad probably in some antique prophetic garb, and professed himself to be the Angel of Jehovah, and therefore, in some mysterious sense, Jehovah himself; that he told her that her good works had come up before his throne, and that he had determined to reward them by selecting her as the mother of the Messiah who should redeem Israel from foreign domination; and that she yielded to his embraces, believing that she was not thereby violating the law of chastity but performing an act of religious duty; that she at first, from motives of humility, kept the honor secret; but afterwards, finding that her intended husband suspected her of unfaithfulness, told him of it; that he also believed, and felt honored by the condescension of Israel's God; that, when Jesus had attained a suitable age, they informed him of it; that he, too, believed and patterned his life accordingly,—studied the Scriptures for the purpose of ascertaining how the Messiah was to behave, and endeavored to fulfill them, believing their prophecies to be commands addressed to him by his father.

In dealing with this question, we must beware of the common error of assuming (strange anachronism!) that a mind like that of James Freeman Clarke or Theodore Parker animated the body of the village carpenter of long ago. Such a theory leaves many of his sayings stranded—incongruous with his personality, and only explicable by supposing them unauthentic. Jesus had high and holy aspirations, but his intellectual culture was on a par with that of the man in McLaren's *Bonny Briar* bush, who had personal interviews with the devil. If we would find a modern

analogue for the peasantry of Galilee we must look for it among Scotch covenanters, not among American Unitarians.

Jesus had a human father. The contrary hypothesis is too incredible to admit unless every other is disproved. And, at the present day, this is generally admitted. I am informed that the present Bishop of Boston has ordained a student who avowed his belief that Jesus had a human father.

Joseph was not that father. It would be a moral miracle if a soul so chaste as that of Jesus had been molded in a family where loose ideas prevailed on that subject. It is, therefore, impossible that Joseph and Mary could have come together before marriage. But the account of Luke ii., 5 (Revised version), states that they were only betrothed at the time of Jesus' birth. There is no proof that the account is inaccurate. The journey to Bethlehem, too, has to be accounted for. Joseph went to be enrolled. But Mary!—why should she go, except because she had read in the Scripture that Christ was to be born at Bethlehem? If they were only betrothed their journey together would, supposing Joseph to be the father, have been a public scandal. Then we are told that the expected birth of the Messiah was well known. Known to Elizabeth (Luke i., 43); to Herod (Matt. ii., 3); to the Magi (Matt. ii., 2); to the recluses in the temple (Luke ii., 26-38), Anna making it known to the godly in Jerusalem. And the shepherds had no difficulty in finding him (Luke ii., 16). Joseph's dream, too, shows that he was puzzled to account for her pregnancy (Matt. i., 20). It was most natural that, as his mind worked upon the subject, as he pondered over the condition of the woman whom he respected most and loved the best, his sleeping brain should have evolved this explanation. The husband of Plato's mother is said to have had a similar dream under similar circumstances, Apollo appearing to him as an angel to Joseph. It is said that these stories are inventions or myths. If they were inventions they were inventions which courted refutation. If they were myths, that is stories which grew up by mistake and exaggeration, they must have grown up outside Judea, for there the truth must have been known. Their number seems almost to preclude the supposition of their falsity, except of course in matters of detail and embellishment. And, if the gospels were really written by the men whose names they bear (and I believe it is generally so held as regards the first three gospels), the writers must have had certain information from Mary herself. But, however that may be, it is hardly possible that a story tending to dishonor Mary could have grown up among Christians without a basis of fact; and, therefore, the story that Joseph intended to put her away must have been true; and, if it was, Joseph was not the father.

Mary was not unchaste, for the same reasons which have been given in regard to Joseph.

Mary was not forced, else certainly the fact would have been noticed. It was said, however, by the Jews, that a soldier named Panthera deceived her in the dark, by personating Joseph. (Smith's Dictionary of the Bible; Article "Mary.") But there is no proof of this. Nor does this ex-

planation solve all the difficulties. The story of the intended divorce is the only one which it explains, and it assumes unchastity on Mary's part if we may credit the assertion that she was only betrothed at the time of the birth.

It was credible to Mary that Jehovah should appear in bodily form. The Scriptures declared that he had conversed with Adam in Eden (Gen. iii., 9); and had appeared to Abraham on many occasions (Gen. xii., 7; xvii., 1, 3, 22; xviii., 1, 17, 23, 33); to Isaac (Gen. xxvi., 24); to Jacob (Gen. xxxv., 9); to Moses (Ex. iii., v. 22 to vi. 8; xix., 3; xxxiii., 23; xxxiv., 34); to Miriam (Num. xii., 5); to Seventy Elders of Israel who ate and drank before him (Ex. xxiv., 11). He also talked with Moses face to face (Ex. xxxiii., 11; Deut. xxxiv., 10); and mouth to mouth (Num. xii., 8); and on one occasion sought to kill him (Ex. iv., 24).

The body of Jehovah was not regarded as apparitional, but as one of real flesh and blood. This is proved by his eating of Abraham's veal (Gen. xviii., 8); and by his writing on the tables of stone with his own hand (Ex. xxxi., 18; xxxii., 16).

The Angel of Jehovah was related to have appeared to Hagar (Gen. xvi., 7); to Abraham (Gen. xxii., 11); to Moses (Ex. iii., 2); to Gideon (Jud. vi., 11); to Manoah's wife (Jud. xiii., 3); and this Angel was Jehovah himself (Gen. xvi., 13; xxii., 11, 12; Ex. iii., 2, 4, 6, 14; Jud. vi., 11, 14, 21-23; xiii., 22).

The Angel was not distinguishable in appearance from an ordinary man (Gen. xviii., 2; xix., 1; Jud. xiii., 11, 16); nor was Jehovah himself so distinguishable (Gen. xviii., 2). And the same idea prevailed as to angels in New Testament times (Mark xvi., 5; Luke xxiv., 4, 23; Heb. xiii., 2).

That Jehovah should beget a son could not seem incredible to Mary. She lived among Greeks in Galilee, and must have heard the stories of the amours of Zeus; and, though the austere God of Horeb could not be supposed to be of a similar disposition, yet, if a sufficient cause existed, such action would be justified; and what object could be greater than that of raising up a deliverer to Israel, and what time more opportune than when such a deliverer was anxiously expected? Besides, Sons of God are mentioned in Gen. vi., 2.

Union with a god was not, in that age, deemed a violation of the law of chastity. We are not left in doubt on this point, for Josephus (*Antiquities*, Bk. XVIII., ch. iii., sec. 4) tells us of a chaste and godly matron in Rome, a worshiper of Isis, who, with her husband's concurrence, spent a night in the temple of Isis, in the arms of one whom she believed to be Anubis (the fabled husband of Isis), but who was afterwards found to be a man, who, to gratify an adulterous passion, had personated the god. The story is well worth reading; but, as Josephus is generally accessible, it need not be repeated here.

It is probable that Josephus, as originally written, contained a similar story respecting Mary. The story of the Roman matron does not seem to be apropos of anything, but it immediately follows the passage in which



Josephus mentions Jesus Christ. That passage, as it now stands, is so unlike what a Jew would have written that it is generally supposed to be an interpolation made by the monks, who, in the middle ages, preserved the works of ancient authors by copying them. The monks used to suppress works distinctly opposed to Christianity; and it is quite likely that they would have suppressed such a story respecting Mary, supposing Josephus had written such; and quite likely that they might have preserved a few words in the passage, and fitted in a few of their own composition to complete the sense. But it is not likely that, if Josephus left Jesus wholly unnoticed, they would have inserted a complete new passage.

The theory suggested explains most of the stories in the gospels. It explains the story of the Angel who appeared to Mary. The name of Gabriel was probably substituted for the Angel of Jehovah by mistake, or to make the story more spiritual. It explains Joseph's dream, the intended divorce, and the journey to Bethlehem, as has already been shown. It explains the story of the Shepherds. They had heard of the expected birth just as others had; and during their vigil, one of them, whose thoughts were running on the matter, dozed, and dreamed of Angels. He told the rest; and they at once repaired to Bethlehem, where, with a slight inaccuracy of expression, but without any intention to deceive, they said, "We have seen a vision of Angels." It explains Mary's answer to the Angel, "Be it unto me according to thy word." It explains why Jesus thought himself the son of God in a very exceptional sense, and not merely in the sense in which every good man may be so, which is abundantly clear from many passages in the gospels. It explains why he said "Before Abraham was I am." He meant that he was in existence in his father as Levi was in Abraham, (Heb. vii., 10.) It explains why he was always trying to fulfill the prophecies, and sometimes in a very wooden way, quite mistaking their meaning; as, when he rode into Jerusalem on an ass to fulfill literally a prophecy which was merely meant as a metaphor. And, if space allowed, it could be shown to explain very much more in his life and teaching. It shows that the gospels may have been written by personal acquaintances of Jesus and Mary, and yet may contain the miracle stories without any intention to deceive. It does not explain the story of the Magi. That, I fear, is inexplicable.

There is nothing new under the sun. Since writing the above I learn from Keim's "Jesus of Nazara" that a similar explanation was put forward by one Venturini, who thought that Joseph of Arimathea was the person who deceived Mary. Keim thinks Venturini's hypothesis absurd, and holds that the stories connected with the birth were myths. But he also holds that the first gospel was written within 70, and the others within 100, years after the birth of Jesus. Now, Jesus lived to the age of 31, or perhaps 35; and Mary outlived him, and knew the facts. It is therefore improbable that these stories should have been without foundation. Mary knew Peter, whom some hold to have dictated Mark's gospel; Peter knew Paul, whose companion (Keim holds) wrote Luke's gospel. Besides, there must have been some reason why Jesus believed himself to have been the

Messiah ; and, if it was neither a miraculous birth, nor a literal sonship to a pretended Jehovah, what was it?

## WE ARE ALL INFIDELS.

BY H. C. DAVIDSON.

ARE we all infidels? The Catholics call the Protestants Infidels, and vice versa. The Turks call all Christians Infidels, and the Christians call the Turks Infidels. The Brahmins call all, both Christians and Turks, Infidels, and the latter return the damaging epithet with great force. What does this awful word mean, which many are more afraid of than of the smallpox? Infidel—in, not and fides, faith. That is, if you do not believe my system of religion, you are an Infidel ; and if I do not believe your system of religion, I am an Infidel. It is easily seen that the word Infidel is very ambiguous and does not cover our system of philosophy. However, I am not at all ashamed of the epithet, and often inform my Christian friends that I am an Infidel. The word sceptic (Gr. skeptikos) an examiner or enquirer, suits us just as well as Infidel. We examine, we enquire, we investigate, before we believe. Hence, I am proud of the title of sceptic. It is interesting to look after this word sceptic a little farther. Prof. Max Muller, in his "Science of Language," Vol. I., p. 257, shows clearly the word respectable is of Latin origin, respectabilis. He eliminates the prefix and suffix of this word and obtains the Latin word spectare. Spectare is traced to spicere or specere, meaning to see, to look. The word is further analyzed until the root spec is obtained. He then goes to the Aryan language and gets the original root pas. from this root he gets spase, a spy. The word spashta (in vi-spashtar) means clear, manifest. The Vedic spas (from the same root) means a guardian. In the Teutonic family of language, he finds spehon, from the same root, meaning to look, to spy, to contemplate. The word speha, the English spy. In Greek the root ~~spek~~ has been changed into skep, which is found in skeptomai, I look, I examine—and hence skepticos, an examiner, or enquirer. From the same root, we have episkopos, a bishop! Now, from this very imperfect sketch, who will object to be called a sceptic? Neither does this word cover our philosophy. The word agnostic (Gr. a priv. gnosis, knowledge) has been coined by some of our brethren, and while there are many things we don't and perhaps never shall know, I don't like the word as a title of our system of philosophy. If asked whether I believe a man has an immortal soul, I answer no. Because no anatomist has ever found it. If it be affirmed that the soul is immaterial, then I answer, There is nothing in the universe but force and matter ; that force cannot exist without matter, neither can matter exist without force. Therefore, if the soul exists, it is composed of force and matter, and should have been found long ago. The comparative anatomist finds the very same organs in beasts that he does in man. This fact caused Liebnicz to affirm that beasts have not only souls but immortal souls! It is amazing what an influence has been wrought upon the minds

of great men by this "hog-wash," sometimes ycleped theology! Thos, god, and logos a discourse. What do these "pulpit pounders" know about God? The greater the fool the better he is acquainted with that myth. This brings us down to the word Atheist, a, Gr. pris, and theos, god; that is, without god. This pleasant epithet is often applied to us, whether we deserve the title or not. I rather like the title, but it does not cover our philosophy. We have a word in all languages which, to my mind, completely covers the case. That word is Rationalist. The word in its broadest sense seems to me to cover all the epithets that have been thrust upon us by the enemies of common sense and reason. Rationalism and materialism seem to me to be twin sisters. Rationalism leads us to search for facts upon the basis of Reason and Common Sense. Materialism says: Go not among the gods and ghosts, fantasms and myths, spooks and spirits, witches and wizards, to seek for truth, but go rather to the great laboratory of Nature. Dig deep down into that which is a sealed and a profound mystery to the weak-minded fanatic who is seeking for aid from on high.

Hendrickson, Butler County, Missouri.

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IN MEMORIAM.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

LAST of that noble few who dared to stand,  
 With church and state against them, while the land  
 Rose up in arms to thrush them out and down;  
 These men who dared in face of jeer and frown  
 To call the poor black slave a fellow-born,  
 And meet the people's wrath and ruler's scorn,  
 When it was held by even judge and priest  
 A crime to call a slave aught than a beast.

Where others dared not stand he dared not swerve,  
 Right as he knew it he was bound to serve,  
 And all the courts and pulpits in the land  
 The people's verdict or the mob's command,  
 Turned not this noble soul till all was done  
 And slavery's cursed blighting course was run.

Whatever our Philosophy or Creed,  
 To whate'er god we bow in time of need,  
 What counts the most for virtue, right and good,  
 Is principle to stand as this man stood.

CARL BURELL.

East Pembroke, N. H.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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ROBERT G. INGERSOLL ON "HOLY SMOKE."

WE ARE pleased to publish the following letter from Col. Ingersoll, on D. K. Tenney's "Holy Smoke:"

Dobbs' Ferry, Aug. 17, '98.

H. L. Green, Esq.: My Dear Friend—The pamphlet, "Holy Smoke," by Daniel K. Tenney, that you sent me, appears to be a truthful, sensible description of the Holy Land. Palestine is a poor, hilly, miserable country, about one-fifth as large as Illinois. According to the Bible, it had a population, in the time of Moses, of over twenty millions. Within its limits were seven nations greater than the Jews, who numbered at that time about three millions of souls. How so many people managed to make a living in so small and barren a country can be explained only to the satisfaction of people who have been born twice. Natural people—those who have some sense—know that the inspired history of Palestine is absurdly false.

Mr. Tenney seems to be a natural person. His heart was never hardened, nor his brain softened, by "conversion."

He knows that a people with such a country and such a soil never could have been rich. He knows that Poverty and Palestine were natural partners, and that Prosperity was never a member of the firm. He knows that the wealth of Solomon, like his wisdom, existed only in the imagination of inspired maniacs called prophets. He knows that the miracles described were never performed—that the plagues of Egypt and the wonders of the wilderness, were all manufactured hundreds of years after the time when they did not happen. We know now that the Hebrews were never enslaved by the Egyptians and that the account of their escape—their journey through the wilderness—the miraculous manna, the celestial quails, the fiery serpents, the traveling cloud, the peripatetic pillar and the conversations between Jehovah and Moses, never had the slightest fact for a foundation, and that the entire history is an unadulterated fabrication. We now know that Jehovah was a poor savage, tribal god—ignorant, jealous, revengeful, egotistic, dishonest, heartless—with the conscience of a hyena and the mercy of a cobra.

Is it possible that any educated minister, one who can read and write

and understand the Rule of Three, believes in the inspiration of the Old Testament? If he does, he lacks brain. If he says he does, he lacks honesty.

Mr. Tenney knows that the miracles and wonders of the New Testament are just as absurd, just as idiotic, as those of the Old. What happened to the Virgin Mary is just as incredible, as impossible, as the crystallization of Mrs. Lot. The dream of Joseph is as foolish as the dream of Jacob. The angel that talked to Joseph while he slept was as purely imaginary as the angels that Jacob saw climbing up and down the ladder that reached from earth to heaven. And yet the Christian religion is founded on Joseph's dream. That dream is the only evidence we have that the Holy Ghost was the father of Christ. So far as we know, Joseph never said a word or wrote a line about this dream. But if Joseph did have the dream, how could he have known that an angel had talked to him when he was asleep? The virgin Mary never wrote an account of the miraculous occurrence—never gave any of the particulars, and the Holy Ghost has never said a word.

Christianity rests on a "hear-say" dream. The miracles of the New Testament cannot bear investigation. The most of them are childish. Turning water into wine, feeding a multitude with a few fishes and loaves, and having more left over than they had at the beginning, finding fishes with money in their mouths, walking on the water, passing through closed doors, and casting out devils, all these miracles are foolish and puerile, and were manufactured by the ignorant and superstitious.

At one time these miracles added to the character of Christ—made him a god; now they belittle him—put him on a level with Roman augurs and the wonder-workers of the savage world. Of course, in the nature of things, there is, and there can be, no evidence that Christ arose from the dead. This is just as absurd as the miracle of the ascension, and that is just as probable as the translation of Enoch or the transportation of Elijah.

According to the inspired account, Christ had his clothes on, had just eaten some fish, and without the slightest warning started bodily towards the clouds.

Where was he going?

What became of his clothes—of his body? The people who told this story thought that heaven was just above the clouds.

We know better now.

Where did Christ go?

Will some intelligent preacher, some educated priest, answer the question? Where did Christ go?

Mr. Tenney's pamphlet will do good, because it will make people think—because it is reasonable and sane and because the author had the courage to give his honest thought.

The idea of the supernatural is slowly fading from the minds of men, and the wonders and miracles are being doubted and denied. In a few years facts will become as precious as falsehoods are to-day, and the great scientists will outrank the vermin-covered saints. Yours always,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

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PARKER PILLSBURY.

**W**E DEVOTE much of our space in this number of the Magazine to obituary notices of Parker Pillsbury. He was about the last of the great anti-slavery apostles and therefore there is left none of his distinguished co-workers to give us a history of his life-work from personal observation and experience. We made his acquaintance in the last part of the anti-slavery conflict, just previous to the war, and as lawyers say, our evidence, as is most of our contributors, is "hearsay" testimony, so far as relates to the most important period of his life—the thirty years previous to the war. But we are glad to be able to say that we have known him very intimately for the last twenty years. He has been, during that time, a frequent visitor at our humble home, sometimes staying a number of days, and we have kept up a steady personal correspondence with him, and we think that there has appeared in the Free Thought Magazine during the last ten years, more articles and letters from him than in any other journal in America. He was a special friend of this Magazine, and we were always glad to publish his communications, for he always had something to say that was valuable when he took up his pen. The last letter that appeared from him in this Magazine was in our late March number, on page 160. The closing words of that letter were as follows:

Cannon balls may aid the Truth,  
But Thought's a weapon stronger;  
We'll win our battles by its might,  
Wait a little longer.

Only behold what victories have been won in the spiritual and religious world, and they mainly, if not wholly, by argument. And how gloriously, too, the work is going on! I look and labor for a day,

"When all the Nations shall be merged in Peace ;  
"And all the souds of war and strife shall cease ;  
"And 'neath the dome of Heaven and 'neath the sun,  
"There shall be none outcast, O no, not one!  
"For 'tis the utterance of the Eternal Word,  
"The Church is Man, and Love its Law and Lord!"

Nor do I see that in my religion there is either mystery, bigotry or superstition.

We think those were the last words of the great anti-slavery apostle, that came from his pen, that appeared in print.

If there is any man that has lived in the nineteenth century that is more entitled to the name of Free Thinker than any other, it is Parker Pillsbury. He was not only a free thinker but a free speaker. He was educated for the ministry, but no pulpit in this country was broad enough to hold him, for Parker Pillsbury was a perfectly honest man, and nothing could prevent him, when he spoke, from speaking his honest thought and that is not allowed in the pulpit. If every preacher in this country should at once be converted to an honest free thinker, and free speaker, they would all be excommunicated within a month. In fact, they would not wait to be excommunicated; they would all withdraw from the church. Every intelligent clergyman, if he is a candid man, will admit as much in any private conversation that he is sure will not be repeated. So it would have been impossible for Parker Pillsbury to have stayed in any pulpit, though it had been as Liberal as Theodore Parker's or Henry Ward Beecher's, for there was no subject relating to humanity upon which he would not express his honest convictions.

There are two kinds of heroes in this world, moral heroes and physical heroes; the first possess great moral courage and the latter great physical courage. The people of this nation are now extolling the gigantic military achievements of Admiral George Dowey, and he is justly entitled to all the gratitude and praise that they are able to give him. He is the best representative of physical courage that this century has produced, and we say without fear of contradiction that Parker Pillsbury is among the best representatives of moral courage that the century has produced. Physical courage meets with immediate applause from the multitude; moral courage, sometimes, has to wait a generation or more to receive its just appreciation. Wendell Phillips said in Faneuil Hall, when the mob was so tumultuous, that his voice could not be heard, "I am not speaking to this audience, but to the audience that will assembly in this hall fifty years hence." Fifty years have nearly passed since them, and his prediction

has proved true. The speech that Wendell Phillips delivered at that time would be applauded now, not only by the people of the North but by the descendants of the slave-holders in the Southern States. Parker Pillsbury was one of the few who may justly be called an apostle of Humanity of the nineteenth century. He was a grand and good man, and the world is much better for the noble life-work that he accomplished.

### WHY SPAIN IS WEAK.

SPAIN is the victim of its own ignorance and superstition. The humiliating position which it occupies to-day among the nations of Europe has been brought about by a condition which has existed in that country since its origin. From the day that Recared, its first Catholic king, ascended the throne in the sixth century, the Spanish people have not enjoyed one day of real political and intellectual liberty.

For thirteen centuries they have worn the yoke of a double despotism—the Church and the State. And of these two, the Church has been the most cruel, intolerant and relentless. In fact, the church in Spain is the state, and the ignorance of the Spanish people is the direct result of a government that derives its unjust powers from the consent of priests. Ignorance we all know is the food priests grow fat upon, and in Spain the ignorance of the people makes it possible for the priests to grow to an enormous size. Every famine, every earthquake and epidemic—and in Catholic Spain these are frequent—has been used by the priests as an argument against heretics and a warning to the faithful.

Not only have the people been kept in absolute subjection by the priests, but Spanish kings and queens have been made to fight bloody wars for the propagation of the Catholic faith. Spanish history is full of the crimes of pious rulers.

During the fifteenth century Ferdinand and Isabella issued a decree expelling all Jews from Spain who refused to deny the Jewish faith; and to enforce this decree the cruel Inquisition was established.

Another Spanish king, Charles V., boasted that he had always preferred his creed to his country, and to prove this he butchered, during his reign, thousands and thousands of heretics. He even ordered that those who bought or sold heretical books should be beheaded.

The favorite maxim of Philip II., another “upholder of the faith,” who succeeded Charles V. as king of Spain, was: “It is better not to reign at all than reign over heretics.”

About a hundred years after Ferdinand and Isabella had expelled



the Jews a crusade was begun against another peaceable and industrious but heretical people—the Moors. In 1602 the Archbishop of Valencia declared that the defeat of the Armada sent against England, as well as other disasters to the Spanish people, were manifestations of God's divine anger because the Moors were permitted to remain in Spain. This opinion of the pious Archbishop aroused the brutality of the Spanish people, and they began to hunt down the innocent Moors like so many wild beasts. Those Moors who escaped being murdered by the Spanish were driven to the shores of Africa, where many of them were butchered by savage Bedouins.

After these heretics, these Jews and Moors, were driven from Spain, ignorance and superstition became even more general than before. Agriculture, manufacturing and other worldly pursuits declined. The priests were satisfied. And it is said that to this day there are rich districts in Spain which have never felt the spade or plow since the departure of the Jews and Moors.

In Spain the priest has always considered himself above the law. He preyed at will upon the national wealth, and gave in return only an empire of tyranny, ignorance and superstition. And the Spanish kings and queens have been but little better than the priests. They were all devout, orthodox and cruel. The slightest approach to free discussion was forbidden by them. There was no literature, no learning, no politics, save that which crouched at the feet of king and priest. As for science, it was considered one of the blackest of crimes.

As late as 1771 the grand discoveries of Newton were not permitted to be discussed in Spain. The priests said the system of Newton was not true because it was not believed by the early fathers of the church.

As late as 1776 there was not in the whole country of Spain a man who was known to be apothecary enough to compound the commonest drugs. And one hundred and fifty years after Harvey had proven his theory of the circulation of the blood, the Spanish people were intelligent enough to deny it. The priests taught the people that science was only a clever net of the devil to catch the souls of men. Prayer and faith—the "cure all" of the ignorant—was the favorite prescription of the priests. And so they aroused the prejudice of the people against medicine, against astronomy, against geology. Not satisfied with this, they darkened the literature of the land. The only books sanctioned by the priests were those which tried to prove the necessity of burning heretics, or gave records of miracles, the biographies of saints or furnished a sort of guide-book for those who desired to visit the sacred relics. Now and then some

man would be unable to find any wit or wisdom in these books, and would write one of his own. Perhaps a book of real worth, like *Don Quixote*. For this he was generally repaid by imprisonment and a chance to confess his sins. To walk in the narrow path of ancestors, undisturbed by the customs of other nations, ignorant and cruel, but with a burning zeal for the propagation of their holy faith—this was and is the teachings of the Spanish priests. And these teachings have been upheld and sanctioned by the kings and queens of Spain who, in their zeal to serve the church, have not only wasted the national wealth but have bathed the land with the blood of countless martyrs.

And what has been the result? Instead of a nation of meek and lowly followers of their Jesus Christ and Virgin Mary, these priests have produced a nation, three-fourths of whose people can neither read or write; a nation notorious for its cruelty, without a literature and without a science.

Spain has always been in every sense a religious nation, and, as a result, she is to-day draining the last drop of a bitter drink pressed to her lips by ignorant priests. Broken and prostrate; with former possessions in the power of other nations; hopelessly in debt, and with a people made desperate by over-taxation, Spain is truly a relic of the past. But we must not blame the Spanish people for their condition. They are the victims of priests. There is now only one remedy—knowledge. Unless Spain educates, unless it permits science to enter the land and drive out superstition, unless it gives more liberty to the people and less to the priests, it will continue to go down until it is absorbed and regenerated by some greater and more civilized nation.

R. N. R.

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#### JUDGE WAITE ON HOLY SMOKE.

OUR editorial contributor, Judge C. B. Waite, who has visited the "Holy Land," in the following letter corroborates all that D. K. Tenney has said about it, in the August Magazine:

Editor Free Thought Magazine: On the evening of Sunday, the 19th of December, 1886, I started from Jaffa over the plains toward Jerusalem. For a short distance, going out of Jaffa, the road was lined with trees and plants of tropical growth—the palm tree, the date, the olive and the orange tree, loaded with fruit ripening in the December sun. The earth seemed to be rejoicing in its luxuriance of vegetation; but this did not last long. Soon we began to cross vast open plains, with no fences, and no habitations, though mostly under cultivation. Such was the character of the country, the quantity of land under cultivation constantly growing

less, until we reached the mountains. This was, of course, before the railroad was built, and we did not travel as fast as my friend Mr. Tenney, whose very interesting article I have just been reading in your magazine.

At 5 or 6 in the evening we reached Ramla, a place of four or five thousand inhabitants, situated at the foot of the mountains. Here we stopped for about three hours, at a sort of Arabic public house. It was a stone building, which resembled a lime-kiln, the entrance corresponding with the arch through which the fuel is put. Inside was wood, etc., together with animals; those of the human species sitting around on the ground near a small fire.

About 3 a. m., after drinking a small cup of very sweet coffee, we were in a few minutes on the road again. The route over the mountains was in some places not only steep but exceedingly rough.

While thus pursuing our laborious way toward the famous city, there appeared, immediately east of us, in the direction of Jerusalem, a very bright star, a little above the horizon, which twinkled and twinkled in a knowing way, as much as to say, "I am the star that came and stood over where the young child was."

About 9 o'clock we arrived at Jerusalem, the stony hills having continued up to the very city, with almost nothing growing but olive trees. These somewhat resembled the stunted pines of America, and many of them looked like decayed apple trees.

As to what I saw in and about Jerusalem, I could not do better than to refer your readers to the article of Daniel K. Tenney, in the last number of the Magazine, entitled "Holy Smoke in the Holy Land." His article covers the whole ground; and to the correctness of his statements and descriptions I can bear personal testimony.

Of the ruins of Jerusalem, among the most interesting to me were the remains of excavations which had been made continuously for a series of years, in vain attempts to find the exact location of the Temple of Solomon.

On the Mount of Olives I saw the stone from which Christ is said to have ascended to Heaven; and then descending and going to the Mosque of Omar, I saw the stone from which Mahomet is said to have ascended. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

The article of Mr. Tenney speaks for itself, and scarcely requires any support, but I could not forbear thus testifying to its correctness.

C. B. WAITE.

Chicago, Sept. 11, 1898.

### "HOLY SMOKE."

"**H**OLY SMOKE IN THE HOLY LAND," by Daniel K. Tenney, promises to be the most popular pamphlet that has been issued by the Liberal press in many years. We are sure our readers will peruse with great interest what Col. Ingersoll says of it in this number of the magazine. The Boston Investigator thought enough of it to publish it in full, though it occupied most of one issue of that paper.

"Holy Smoke" strikes a fatal blow at the superstitions of three of the great religions of the world, viz., Christian, Jewish and Mohammedan. "The Holy Land" is where all these religions had their birth, or claim to have had their birth. Mr. Tenney shows plainly that this claim is a diabolical fraud, originated by the priests of these religions for the purpose of hoodwinking and defrauding the people. And it has worked like a charm. Millions of money, too great to be expressed in figures, has been drawn from the poor dupes of these priests to build gorgeous temples for the priests' benefit; other millions, equally as great, have been drawn from their deluded followers in visiting this Holy Land, and they have returned with pious lies about what was to be seen there and the benefits to be derived therefrom. We have had most of the reports that we have received from that country from Christians, as seen through their religious delusion known as piety. Mr. Tenney gives us the picture as it appears to an intelligent man, who looks at it through eyes that have not been blinded by priestcraft or superstition, and gives us the facts as they really are—gives us the naked truth, and he shows clearly that this "Holy Land" business is nothing but "Holy Smoke."

This pamphlet of twenty pages will give the reader more actual knowledge about this gigantic humbug than all that the priests of all these three religions have ever written about it.

Susan H. Wixon, one of the editors of the "Truth Seeker," writes of "Holy Smoke:"

"Dear Mr. Green: I have read, first and last, many accounts of Palestine, or 'The Holy Land,' but I have never read anything in that line that pleased me half so well as 'Holy Smoke in the Holy Land,' by Daniel K. Tenney. It is written wonderfully well, contains a great deal of information, and its keen sarcasm, clear-cut and neatly turned sentences keep the interest of the reader to the very last word, and then, he wishes there were more of it. I thank Mr. Tenney for writing it and you for

publishing it in such a neat and tasteful manner. No one will be sorry for buying it."

"Holy Smoke" ought to be scattered over the whole country. If it could be it would cause a revolution in public sentiment, and we ask every reader of the magazine to aid us in spreading it broadcast. We will sell fifteen copies for \$1; 50 copies for \$3, and 100 copies for \$5.

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#### FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

WE PROPOSE to publish in the near future what we shall entitle the "Free Thought Magazine Photograph Album." It will contain the portraits of as many of our subscribers as shall desire to have their portraits appear therein. The portraits will be of equal size, viz.,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and there will be four portraits on a page. The size of the page will be  $6\frac{1}{2}$  by  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Under each likeness will be the name and postoffice address of the person it represents, and the Album will contain an index, by which any likeness can be easily found. The number of pages will depend on the number of likenesses published. We hope that at least five hundred of our subscribers will decide to appear in the Album.

The Album will be printed on heavy enameled paper, bound in cloth, with gilt edges, and the title in gilt letters on the first page/of the cover, so that the Album will be an ornament to any center table.

The price of the Album and the expense of making the plates for portraits will be three dollars.

Those of our subscribers who would like to have their portraits appear in the Album, and have a copy, will please send us immediately their photograph, upon the back of which is written their name and postoffice address.

## ALL SORTS

—Reader, will you please renew your subscription at once for Vol. XVII?

—This magazine will be published monthly, as formerly, commencing with the January number.

—Send immediately one dollar for fifteen copies of "Holy Smoke" and give them to your intelligent neighbors.

—"Ma, the minister is coming." "What makes you think so? Did you see him?" "No, but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the stable."

—The editor of the New Time quotes some lines from James Russell Lowell as "our editorial platform." A Western editor copies these lines and gives credit to "J. R. Lowill in New Time."

—"When I hear about 'sermons in stones,' " remarked Uncle Allen Sparks. "I am reminded of the Rev. Dr. Fourthly. His sermons always seem to rock me to sleep."—Chicago Tribune.

—Little Georgie—Do your folks ever have family prayers before breakfast?

Little Albert—No; we only have prayers before we go to bed. We ain't afraid in the daytime.—Agnostic Journal.

—Papa—Did you ask God to give you your daily bread this morning? Bobby—No, papa. I looked in the pantry last night and saw that there was enough to last for three days.—Harper's Bazar.

—Reader, send us the name and post-office address of every preacher in your vicinity, and three 2-cent stamps for each, and we will mail "Holy Smoke" to all of them. Wholly smoke is about

what we get from the pulpits generally, and now let's give them some "Holy Smoke" in return.

—Papa—Yes, the Lord created the world in six days, and He rested on the seventh—which is the Sabbath. Little Elsa (surprised)—It's funny His ma didn't make Him go to church.—Puck.

—Commodore Sampson, in our Spanish war, has proved himself a good fighter, but he does not come up to his distinguished ancestor, who slew one thousand men with a new jaw bone of an ass. (Judges xv., 15.)

—Mrs. B.—I couldn't hear what the minister said this morning that made all of the people smile. What was it?

Mr. B.—Instead of giving out his text he said: "The usual nap will now be taken."—Judge.

—The next issue of this magazine will be the last for Vol. XVI., and we hope our subscribers, who can, will renew their subscription for Vol. XVII. immediately, and enable us to commence the next number out of debt.

—A paper in Alabama states that a murderer of that State addressed the following note to the Governor: "I wish you would give me a respite for thirty days. I am short in religion. I intended to get it last week, but was too busy."

—The universalists, fifty years ago, thought their creed would soon be the popular one, for the reason that they proposed to save everybody. Their mistake was in ignoring the fact that the "consolation" of the orthodox religion

consisted mostly in thinking how those who rejected their creed here would catch it over there.

—L. A. W. Bulletin, unlike Christian papers, is laboring for "good roads" in this present world. It pays but little attention to the road to Heaven or to that other country "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

—"What weapon did Samson use in slaying the Philistines?" asked the Sunday school superintendent during the general exercises. "He—he didn't use none," sputtered a little red-headed urchin on the back row of seats. "He didn't git inter de scrap till dey was all sunk."

—Baptist Clergyman—I don't see how you Methodist ministers can ever be contented in heaven.

Methodist Clergyman—Well, I'd like to know why not?

Baptist Clergyman—You aren't used to staying over three years in one place.

—New York Journal.

—The little boy was on his knees in his little night dress saying his prayers, and his little sister couldn't resist the temptation to tickle the soles of his little feet. He stood it as long as he could, and then he said: "Please, God, excuse me while I knock the stuffing out of Nellie."—Saturday Evening Post.

—The Sunflower is the title of a new monthly eight-page spiritual paper, published by our friend, W. H. Bach, at Lily Dale, N. Y., near Cassadaga, the spiritual camping grounds. The price of the paper is 50 cents a year. We would be tempted to turn a spiritualist if we could change localities with Brother Bach, from these hot, dirty, brick city walls to

that pleasant, lovely retreat, Cassadaga, which is more attractive to us than the orthodox heaven.

—Parson (to youth riding on Sunday)—Young man, do you know that you are following the path that leads to perdition?

Bicyclist—That may be, but it's the only decent bicycle path in this neighborhood.—Philadelphia North American.

—The Paintsville (Ky.) Commercial says: "We have heard of strikes in nearly every kind of business, but never until last week did we know of a strike among church members. Some of the women tried to get up a supper for the benefit of the pastor, and others went on a strike because certain other ones were managing."

—How Adam Was Punished.—The other day, in a Sunday school class of boys between the ages of 6 and 10, a question was asked as to how God punished Adam for disobeying him. There was silence for a moment or so; and then one bright boy said, "Please, sir, God took away one of his ribs, and gave him a wife."—Saturday Evening Post.

—Prof. James A. Greenhill writes of "Holy Smoke":

"I have read Mr. Tenney's 'Holy Smoke' two or three times over, and will read it at least two or three times more. It is the best thing of the kind I ever saw. I wish it could have a large circulation among the 'Unco guid' and the Rigidly Righteous. Find inclosed one dollar for twelve copies."

—D. K. Tenney writes in a private letter: "I have read with great pleasure the letter of Col. Ingersoll commenting upon my 'Holy Smoke' and some

other matters. I regard Ingersoll as the greatest benefactor of the human race that has appeared in the present century, and am pleased that he and I so well agree."

—During the past one hundred years Spain has been engaged in war for nearly one-third of the century ending in 1896, Turkey alone, of all the European nations, having experienced a longer period of blood-letting.

Turkey was engaged in war for thirty-seven years and fifty-nine of peace. Spain comes next with thirty-one years of war and sixty-nine of peace.

—Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 24.—A hurricane in this city this afternoon did thousands of dollars' damage. \* \* \* Part of the roof of the Church of the Assumption was blown off, and the statue of the Virgin Mary was blown off and lodged in the cellar. We wonder what "the mother of God" has done to arouse the wrath of her son and cause him to wreck her statue in that manner.

—Tommy—And did God make everything, auntie?

Auntie—Yes, my dear, of course he did.

Tommy—And did he make elephants?

Auntie—Yes.

Tommy—And fleas?

Auntie—Yes.

Tommy—Didn't he find it rather fiddling work after making elephants?—London Sketch.

—A tedious preacher had preached the assize sermon before Lord Yelverton. He came down, smiling, to his lordship after the service and, expecting congratulations on his effort, asked: "Well,

my lord, how did you like the sermon?" "Oh, most wonderful," replied Yelverton; "it was like the peace of God, it passed all understanding, and, like His mercy, I thought it would have endured forever."

—The next number of this magazine will be the last of Vol. XVI., and as we have stated a number of times before, if our friends will go to work in earnest and give us ten thousand subscribers with which to commence Vol. XVII., at the low price of 50 cents a year, we will put the regular price at 50 cents a year hereafter. But this cannot be done unless every one of our present subscribers will procure one or more new subscribers.

—Prior to the occupation of Manila by American troops the following item, illustrating well the tactics of priests, appeared in the New York Sun:

"The Archbishop of Manila is practically controlling the situation. He is the prelate who issued a proclamation before the naval fight declaring that the Americans would abuse and kill women and children and loot and plunder in every way. He also declared that God had revealed to him that the Spaniards would be victorious. He is urging resistance to the bitter end."

—W. H. Conley, of Benton Harbor, Mich., is an honest man and an earnest Free Thinker and, notwithstanding, he earns his living by manual labor, working for the farmers in his vicinity, he finds time to procure many subscribers for this magazine and other free thought literature. He does a great amount of missionary work, and if any of our friends have any good Liberal literature that they want put where it



will do good we advise them to send it to Brother Conley.

—The following story proves that God does, now and then, answer a prayer:

A Jewish gentleman, the owner of a large store, had for ten years kept it heavily insured without during that time experiencing a fire. He decided that insurance did not pay and canceled his policy. The following day the store burned to the ground. The Jew, in despair, knelt before the ruins and cried out: "O God, strike me dead, strike me dead!"

A brick coming loose from the ruins fell, striking the Jew an awful blow on the back. Amazed as well as injured, he raised his hands toward heaven and cried pitifully: "My God, can't you take a little joke?"

—Theodore F. Seward, the organizer of the "Don't Worry" clubs, tells a good story of a little boy who had reached the multiplication table in the course of his education. One night he was sitting anxiously over a paper of figures, when his mother came along and said: "Johnnie, do you find your arithmetic very hard?" "Yes, indeed, mamma, I do," was his reply. "It was so awful hard that I prayed to God to help me, but He's made three mistakes already."

—Isaac A. Pool, the Chicago poet, writes of the "Holy Smoke" article as follows: "It is the best thing that has appeared in Liberal literature for the last ten years. I have read it three times to friends and at one public meeting by request, and expect to read it many times more. I carry a copy with me so as to be prepared to read it when occasion will allow. It is worth more than a year's subscription to the Magazine, and ought to procure you a thousand subscribers. Mr. Tenney is entitled to the thanks of the Liberal public for this magnificent

publication, which ought to be put into the hands of every preacher and priest in America."

—The Truth Seeker made its issue of Sept. 3, a twenty-fifth anniversary number, that journal having been published twenty-five years. The paper contained articles from a number of distinguished Liberals, including Colonel Ingersoll, also portraits of D. M. Bennett, its founder; Mrs. Bennett, E. M. Macdonald, G. E. Macdonald and Susan H. Wixon, its present editors; Watson Heston and Colonel Ingersoll, and Herman Wettstein, its first subscriber. It is a valuable and interesting number.

—Capt. Albertson, of New York, owns an Episcopal prayer book which made more converts among the Dakota Indians than all the others ever printed.

The book was bound in metal. At the top of each cover was an appliance for the insertion of an electric wire. The missionary using it among the Indians had concealed in his clothing a small battery, which he connected with the prayer book. An Indian allowed to hold the book for a second felt a slight shock, and promptly attributed it to the power of the white man's religion.—Chicago News.

—The Reverend Ebenezer Johnson, of Georgia, had been holding very successful revivals at a little seaside town. A day was appointed upon which he was to baptize a number of converts. The day was very cloudy, the sea rolled up on the beach with an angry roar. When the time came the Reverend Ebenezer waded out with the first convert, but just as he immersed him an unusually rough wave swept the poor fellow away

and he was soon beyond reach. The Reverend Ebenezer looked after the drowning man as he was carried out to sea, and, lifting up his eyes, said, "De Lor' gave an' de Lor' has taken away; b'essed be de name ob de Lor'. Next!" —Judge.

—To show the importance of bringing the attention of intelligent people to this magazine we publish the following extract from a letter we recently received from New York:

"Some time ago, while reading at the Astor Library of New York, I happened through chance to see your Free Thought Magazine, and being an earnest admirer of Colonel Ingersoll's views on religion, as expressed in several of his lectures that I heard him deliver in New York in the past three years, and since being in search of some periodical or magazine that would be in harmony with those views, I could not describe the ecstasy in the reading of your magazine for the first time."

—"Holy Smoke in the Holy Land" is a title capable of more than one interpretation, but it is not ill-adapted to the purport of the essay, which is written by Daniel K. Tenney. Its aim is to entirely abolish the glamour with which the country and associations of Palestine are regarded by the majority of Christian travelers, and to regard everything in the light of the baldest fact. Now this process inevitably robs any subject of all claim to interest, and in the present case is a great mistake. The character and events of the Holy Land are such as will always hold a pointed significance for the higher thinker, no matter how much may be taken away from traditional accumulation. And Mr. Tenney's manner of dissecting and satirizing

the modern aspect of the subject cannot therefore be seriously considered.—Boston Ideas.

—A little boy had been told by his mamma that people who tell lies cannot go to heaven. After studying the matter, as boys will, he asked his papa if he ever told a lie. His papa had to confess that he had told more than one. Then he pursued his inquiry to his mamma, his aunt, his big sister, and her beau, and some neighbors. In every case, without exceptions, the answer was in substance the same as that of his papa.

So, one day, after thoroughly turning the matter over in his mind, he said to his mamma: "Mamma, I don't want to go to heaven."

"Why, my son?" was the startled inquiry. "Because it would be so lonesome there—nobody there but Jesus and George Washington."—Life.

—My daughter, who teaches in a mission Sunday school, tells me of a Dewey experience she had with a youngster making his first appearance. She had put him through a half hour or more of instruction in the rudimentary principles, for he was entirely lacking in information on that point, and to test him was reviewing her work with him. "Now," she said, "tell me again who made the world and all that is in it?" "God did," replied the boy, with commendable promptitude. "God can do everything, can't He?" she asked again. The boy hesitated a moment. "I don't believe He could lick Dewey," he answered at last, and his teacher sat silent between her religion and her patriotism. It wasn't her time to say anything, if she didn't want to lose that boy forever, and

she had wit enough to let it go at that.—*Washington Star.*

—Mount Vernon, Ill., Sept. 5.—The Salem Baptist Association, which embraces every Baptist church in the counties of Marion, Franklin and Jefferson, believes that Chicago University is too liberal in its views. The association closed its three days' session here to-day. The association adopted a resolution advising and requesting all good Baptists to refuse to patronize Chicago University, stating that it was too liberal in its views and was not sufficiently orthodox to warrant the Baptists aiding it.

The resolutions stated that the institution was not worthy of the support of the Baptists. There was but little protest against the adoption of the resolution and when it was put to a vote carried unanimously.

The above resolution was unnecessary. People whose minds are stunted do not attend universities.

—John Murray, one of our Clinton, Iowa, subscribers, passed away Aug. 30, and the *Janesville Gazette* publishes the following obituary notice of him:

"I wish to extend the knowledge of the fact that one of Clinton's best citizens has passed to the beyond; and all who knew John Murray lost an earthly friend when his immortal spirit left the body to join the hosts at peaceful rest. In him who sleeps the sleep of the just, all may recognize one so just and kind that selfishness was to him unknown, except as others had exhibited so much of it that honesty and justice was unknown to them. John Murray and his brotherly brothers have exemplified to all who knew him and them to love them as true manhood is worthy of being loved, that

the true kingdom of heaven and its righteousness is within the dome of brotherly love and eternal justice."

—Shakspeare says, "Some men are born great, some acquire greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." We learn from *Our Fellow Creatures*, a valuable magazine, published in this city, that bravely defends the rights of animals, that we have been elected Third Vice President of the Anti-Vivisection Society of the State of Illinois. We consider that a great honor, and we desire here to call the special attention of the Recording Angel to that fact, and ask him to record it in the book he keeps for that purpose, to be used in our favor at the "Great day of Reckoning," for we are sure if the "Judge of All" who presides on that august occasion ascertains that we were considered fit for so humane and honorable a station, when on earth, it will be a good point in our favor at the great assizes, "where every man shall give an account for deeds done in the body."

—Santiago de Cuba, July 17.—The Sabbatarian may not find it as good a reason for thankfulness and congratulation as do the men of the American fleet off Santiago de Cuba, but the singular fact remains that every event of supreme importance that has happened in our naval operations during the war with Spain has fallen on Sunday.

On Sunday, May 1, Dewey won the great victory at Manila. On Sunday, May 29, Schley found the fleet of Cervera in Santiago harbor, and said: "They will never go home." On Sunday, July 3, a portion of Admiral Sampson's fleet under Commodore Schley defeated the attempt of Admiral Cervera to escape,

and destroyed his squadron, and, on Sunday, July 17, the Spanish flag on Morro castle, Santiago, was hauled down forever, beginning the finale of Spanish control in the western hemisphere.

—"The Evolution of the Devil" is a valuable contribution to religious literature by an old friend, Henry Frank, who is now pastor of an independent congregation in New York city. Mr. Frank traces the origin of the Satan myth, presents his history, and finally dismisses him with his coadjutor, a personal God. As Colonel Ingersoll has observed, there has not been a patentable improvement on the devil in a thousand years; and probably there has never been so thorough a treatise written about him as this one of Mr. Frank's, which sells for 25 cents.—Truth Seeker.

In the October and subsequent numbers of this magazine of 1891 we published the above entitled work and then put it into book form, and we have sold a number of editions, and it is still a popular work, is in fact a standard work on the devil. It is a learned, accurate, scientific and philosophical analysis of his satanic majesty. It is a book of sixty-six pages and sells for 25 cents a copy, five copies for \$1. For sale at this office.

—The defense of the Wisconsin clergyman who is now on trial before an ecclesiastical tribunal charged with getting drunk and stealing a horse appears to us to lack relevancy—not to say strength. He explains the whole matter by the statement that he was sick at his stomach. Obviously this plea, if admitted, would establish a precedent which might lead to the most distressing results. Many clergymen suffer from stomach trouble. In fact, dyspepsia may

be said to be the bane of the clerical profession. Yet it will be clear to every one that the spectacle of dyspeptic bishops, deacons, presiding elders and ordinary clergymen, in various stages of intoxication, galloping through the streets on stolen horses would be damaging to the cause of religion and shocking to the moral sense of the community. Hence we must indulge in the hope that the Wisconsin dominie's plea will not be too hastily accepted. His dyspepsia cure is somewhat too heroic when temporary relief, at least, can always be obtained through pepsin and other well-known remedies in the pharmacopeia.—Chicago Chronicle.

—"The Woman's Bible" is the best bible we know of, but we cannot agree with all we find there. We take exception to Mrs. Stanton's estimate of the respective characters of Mr. Job and Mrs. Job as they appear in "The Book of Job." It appears that Mr. Job was a special friend of God and had stood by Him through thick and thin. But the devil questioned Job's motives, and God, to prove that Job's friendship was genuine, covered his body with boils, then killed his seven thousand sheep, his three thousand camels, his five hundred yoke of oxen and his five hundred she asses, and then caused his house to be blown down that killed all of his seven children. Still Job kept on praising this God as he had done before. Then it was that Mrs. Job showed some good womanly grit and gave her husband some reasonable advice. She said to Job, rather than to worship such a villainous, cruel God, he had better exhibit a little manly courage and "curse God and die," if death resulted from the curs-

ing. Ever since we read that story we have had great admiration for Mrs. Job, and have classed her with the Elizabeth Cady Stanton class of women, who will not willingly submit to an injustice, even from a God, or from his book.

—New Paltz, N. Y., Aug. 4.—The foundation walls of the present Reformed Church of this place consists of stones taken from another church which occupied this site, and was built in 1772. That old church replaced another built many years before. Recently a stone was found under the horse block of the church with the figures "1772" cut in one side, and from the fact that on the other side are cut the initials of the building committee, it is believed to have been the cornerstone of that church. In the building of that ancient house of worship five gallons of rum were among the articles necessary to do the work, according to an original bill found among some old papers of the Deyo family, and now in possession of a citizen of Kingston. The bill is as follows:

Kingston, the 15 Oct. 1772.

Mr. Abram Deyo bought as manager of building the New Paltz Church, of Abraham Hasbrouck.

13 lbs. nails at 9 pence.....	9	9
5 gallons of West Indian		
Rum .....	£1	2 1
	—	— —
	£1	11 10

—Prof. J. A. Greenhill, our astronomical correspondent, sends us the following story for our "All Sorts" department. We cannot see how it relates to astronomy, unless it be that a man under that kind of medical treatment will "see stars" and other things revolving around

him without the aid of a telescope. This is the story:

Some years ago, when railroads were not as plenty as they are to-day, a high-land tourist, after scrambling among the hills the greater part of the day, toward night met with a solitary individual in charge of a flock of sheep. Being quite hungry, he asked the shepherd how far it was to where he could get supper. He replied, "Oh, just ower the hill yonder, about twa miles to the clauchin."

"Is it much of a village?"

"We'el, ye see, there's an inn, a smid-die, a wagon-maker's shop, a tailor, a shoemaker, an' twa or three orra hooses."

"Have you no doctor there?"

"Deed no, we've nae use for a doctor; there's no ane within twal mile."

"Dear me! How do you manage, when any one is suddenly taken sick?"

"Oh, we just gie him a gless o' whis-kie."

"But suppose that does not help him?"

"Then we just gie him anither."

"But if two does not make him better?"

"Then we gie him three."

"But suppose the three does not cure him?"

"Then we just fill him fu'."

"But suppose making him drunk does not make him well?"

"Oh, then we think he's no worth sav-in', an' just let him dee."

—The following is an extract from an article on Indian life published in the New York Sun of a late date:

"As the sun went down all work ceased. The hunters returned from the chase, feasts were called out here and there, and the camp was filled with song and laughter. Among the younger people dances and games of chance were in order, while the older ones smoked and told stories of war, the chase, or recounted the wonderful doings of the gods. Every evening the head men of the tribe, the noted warriors, medicine men and sages gathered in Pe-nuk-wi-

im's lodge, and I was always interested in listening to their tales, and so was Archie, so long as the story was of the chase or war. But when they talked of religion, of the power and greatness of their gods, Archie would become impatient, for, like all the halfbreeds of French descent, he was a strict Catholic, and had no faith in their heathen ways. It was amusing to hear him argue with them as to the relative strength of their gods and his, and I cannot say that he ever got the better of the argument. One evening Archie, with great pains and detail, told them the story of the loaves and fishes. The Indians listened to him patiently, and when he had finished an old medicine man said:

"'Huh; that's nothing, my son; nothing at all. I can tell you something yet more wonderful. It happened to one of our ancestors a very long time ago. He was wandering by the river one day, and looking down in the clear, deep water he saw a lodge resting on the bottom. It was very large, very white, and painted with figures of strange animals and birds. Our forefather determined at once to dive down and see who inhabited this strange dwelling, so he pulled off his clothing and dived in. Down, down he went, and reaching the doorway pulled aside the curtain and entered. There was no water inside, and everything was dry and warm. At the back of the lodge sat a very old man; his hair was white and long. Near him sat his wife, also quite old, but still good-looking and by the doorway, working at some garment of strange skins and feathers was their daughter, the most beautiful young woman any one ever saw. All around the sides of the lodge hung strange and beautiful weapons, garments, and pouches of medicine. The old man greeted

our ancestor very kindly, and made him sit by his side. He bade his daughter place some food before him, and picking up a shell from a pile by her side, she placed a single strawberry in it and set it before the guest. He thought this a very slender meal to offer one, but said nothing, and after waiting a little lifted the berry and placed it in his mouth. What was his surprise on looking at the shell, to see that another berry had taken the place of the one he had just eaten. He was afraid, for he knew at once he was in the lodge of the chief of the Under-water-people. But he determined to put a bold face on the situation, and calmly lifted the berry and ate it, although his heart was sick with fear. As fast as he took a berry from the shell another one appeared in its place, and at last, having eaten a great many, he set the shell aside, with the berry it contained.'

Here Archie interrupted the tale by exclaiming: 'Oh! that's just one of your stories, but it isn't true. There are no Under-water-people.'

"The old medicine man gazed at him thoughtfully a while and then said: 'When you told about your God feeding a vast number of people on a few loaves and fishes, we did not say that your story was not true. However, I will ask you to prove it. You can't? Neither can I prove my story. Yet I believe it, for it has been handed down from father to son to the present time, and I must say it is entitled to as much credence as yours.'

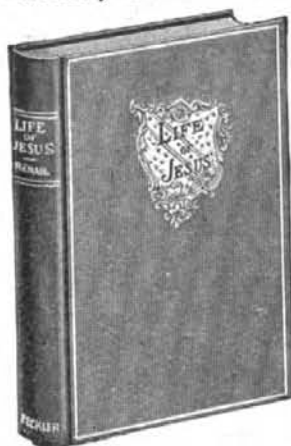
"Another evening Archie told about Daniel in the lion's den, and when he had finished a tall, brawny warrior remarked that the beasts had probably just eaten a hearty meal and were too lazy to move."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton has agreed to become an editorial contributor to this Magazine and write for every number.

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Just as we have new text-books in our schools from time to time in arithmetic, geography, history and philosophy, so we need new lessons in morals and religion, keeping pace with advancing civilization. We need expurgated editions of Bibles and prayer-books, catechisms and all Sunday-school literature. The morality and religion of the Jews centuries ago, as illustrated in the characters of the men and women of that period, are too far below our present standard to command the respect of our children.

The Bible, as it is, is full of contradictions. For example, the first and second chapters of Genesis give two distinct and discrepant accounts of the creation. The first recognizes a heavenly mother, the simultaneous creation of man and woman, with equal dominion over the earth, and all that is therein. The second makes woman a mere afterthought in creation, the author of evil, cursed in her maternity, a subject in marriage, and claims divine authority for this wholesale desecration of the mothers of the race.

In the ten commandments, children are told to honor their father and mother as of equal dignity and power, and are forbidden to covet their neighbor's house, or his wife, or his maidservant, or his ox, or his ass, or

anything that is their neighbor's, thus recognizing the subordinate position of the wife, as a chattel, like the house, the ox, and the ass, the man possessing the absolute ownership of all. The female, in animal and human life alike, is degraded and unclean. Offerings to the Lord must be of the male sex; a woman must not enter certain consecrated places or eat the consecrated bread and meat at certain times.

When Moses ascended Mount Sinai, no woman was permitted to be present. In our cathedrals to-day in the Old World, there are places wherein women may not enter. The wives of the patriarchs were all guilty of falsehood and theft, and gave their sons lessons in fraud and deception. Why the Lord should have made the Israelites a favorite tribe does not appear. Some claim that they were superior to all others in that they worshiped one God, yet they were constantly under punishment for taking wives from other tribes, and adopting their religion. It is said the Jewish mother enjoyed great honor and dignity in the family, that her position was most exalted, yet in their service every holy day men say: "I thank thee, O Lord, that I was not born a woman." In some synagogues they say: "Blessed by thy name, O Lord; that I was not born a Gentile, an idiot, or a woman." Such prayers do not argue a very high degree of reverence for woman.

The Bible is full of contradictions, inconsistencies, and absurdities, and of much unprofitable reading for our students in schools and colleges. The God of Hebrew mythology, as described in the Bible, is in no way superior to the gods of the Germans and Greeks, and its fables are equally absurd.

Behold the humiliation of Nebuchadnezzar; Daniel in the lions' den; the sequestration of Jonah; Elijah going up to heaven with a chariot and horses of fire; Joshua commanding the sun to stand still; Moses talking with the Lord face to face, leading the children of Israel through the Red Sea, and feeding them on manna from heaven forty years in the wilderness! the snake pirouetting on the end of his tail in the garden scene, and arguing like a logician with our first mother; Noah's ark, and Satan's conflict with Job. One and all, figments of man's imagination, they should be relegated, with the wonders of the mahatmas, to the realm of the fairies.

The poetry, morality, and philosophy of the Bible do not appeal to human reason and admiration in all cases. If it contains some of the most sublime passages in English literature, and the most exalted sentiments in morality and religion, why not collect these in text-books, separated from all that is false and obscene? To what purpose do our revising com-

mittees of learned men ever and anon get out new editions and still retain what is unfit to place in the hands of the youth of our nation?

To ascribe the authorship of this Book to the heavenly mother and father of creation is to give our children a very low idea of their wisdom and virtue and sense of justice in making a favorite of one tribe above all others. If the Jews did talk with their God face to face, and He gave such commands as they say to Moses in the thirty-first chapter of Numbers, we need not be surprised that the best of them sought for higher ideals among the gods of the heathen. Moses is represented as in constant communion with the God of the Jews in regard to questions not only of government and jurisprudence, but also of military tactics. People who excuse the worst features of the Israelites' wars on neighboring tribes, as belonging to an age of barbarism, should not make God responsible for its worst features, as he is immutable, the same to-day and forever. If God did talk with Moses, as the latter says, such a character is not worthy our love and worship. If he did not, the Bible is not worthy our faith and confidence. The devotees of the Bible claim too much influence for that Book when they say that its moral and religious teachings are of more value than those of all other books together. If that is so, instead of perfunctory reading a few minutes each morning in our schools assigned to that purpose, hours should be devoted to its study in the Greek and Hebrew languages, and to the revisions, interpretations, and the higher criticisms of learned men. The utilities of the spelling-book, arithmetic, geography, astronomy are as nothing in molding the nation's children compared with the great lessons and characters of the Hebrew mythology.

What an inspiration to our sons, striving for physical development, would be the story of Samson, the strongest man that ever lived, who walked off with the iron gates of a city on his shoulders, and on one occasion lifted up an opera house containing three thousand people, and dashed them all to the ground! And yet he adjured his religion, his God, and his parents for the love he bore a Philistine woman; and when his good parents tried to reason with him, the only reply he vouchsafed to them was, "Her face pleaseth me."

Solomon, represented as the wisest man in the tribe of Israel, spent his youth writing love songs to Shulanite maidens, his middle age surrounded with a thousand women in his palace, and his old age in hopeless repinings, declaring everything in life "vanity." Solomon's pessimism and Samson's wasted energies would be very depressing to most minds, for if the wisest and strongest men in their tribe could collapse in this fashion, what have we to hope for the weak and the foolish.

The fact that they professed monotheism has no special significance, as their standard of morality was in no way superior to that of the neighboring tribes. Although forbidden to intermarry with the heathen and to worship their idols, they did both. A recent writer says:

"What do we know of the ancient Jews, except from history? And what history, except their own, gives to us any account of them so far back as the days of the prophets? If such an extraordinary people existed as the Bible gives to us an account of, is it not strange that they should have been unknown to all the other nations in the then civilized world? And if they were known, is it not still more strange that no writer, not even Herodotus, Xenophon, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Solon, Plato, or any of the historians of Alexander the Great should have made mention of them? Yet we are told by Wyttenbach, in his 'Opuscula,' that none of these writers have spoken of the Jews in any of their works which have come down to us; and what is more, that Josephus, in his day, although he wrote two volumes on the subject, could not discover a single writer who had spoken of the Jews prior to the days of Alexander. All the Jewish records, therefore, that are now considered canonical, even by the Jews themselves, came from a people totally unknown in the annals of history, inhabiting the interior and sterile parts of Palestine, not larger than the little State of Delaware.

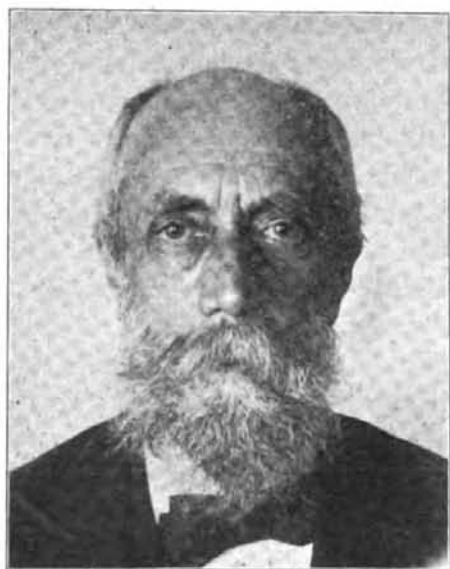
"Yet to this people, as both Jews and Christians believe and teach, was personally made known the will of the Supreme Jehovah; and among this people were retained the only oracles which existed at that time, as acknowledged by Christians themselves, and on which the Jews, even to this day, place their only hopes of salvation! On such histories what dependence is to be placed? There is so much fable mixed with the true histories, if any reliance can be placed on them at all, that it renders the whole, as a whole, of but very little value. Still, if the facts in the Christian Scriptures can be substantiated, or proved to be true, we need give to ourselves but little trouble or concern about the Jewish records. But the New Testament has no more claim to Divine authority than has the Old one, unless indeed the facts can first be substantiated on the ground of truth, of reason, and of reliable history. Till then the facts must be examined on the same ground and tested by the same process as are all other historical facts; and in no part is the truth of them to be taken for granted, merely because they claim to be of Divine origin. Let the supposed supernatural facts be first proven as matters of fact, and then it will be time enough to consider their Divine authority; but without this, they have no more claim to Divinity than has anything and everything else —

though if the devil has the power of working miracles, as some suppose and as the Bible seems to admit, then even miracles are no proof of Divinity."

## OUR CONFLICT WITH THE CHURCHES.

BY EDWIN A. POTTER.

WE are told, by some who call themselves Free Thinkers, that it is useless for us to spend our breath fighting the churches and exposing the fallacies of the Bible. The clergy, they say, have ceased preaching its more glaring absurdities, have given up the crudities which science has disproved and that even the doctrine of the Trinity is not now preached; in short, that the Bible is an exploded book.



EDWIN A. POTTER.

I agree with my Free Thought friends in this last statement — it is an exploded book, it has been exploded several thousand times — and every time its votaries gather up the fragments, hug them to their bosoms and with upturned eyes exclaim, "Behold our precious Bible! It withstands all the assaults of its foes. No book could be demolished as many times as this has been and still live, except by the direct interposition of God. This, therefore, is indisputable evidence of its inspiration and infallibility." My

friends, this picture is not overdrawn. Many a time have I heard and read it and so have you—if you have ever frequented churches or read religious literature. The Bible will die hard, and it behooves not Free Thinkers to flatter themselves with the idea that it has already received its death-blow. I expect it will have to be shattered several thousand times more before it receives its final quietus; and in the meantime every Free Thinker should cheerfully furnish his or her share of dynamite for the explosions.

Thomas Paine allowed it but fifty years to live, but at the end of that time there were probably ten Bibles where there were two when he made the prediction. With the British Bible Society expending over a million dollars and issuing over two and a half million Bibles and Testaments a

year, and the American Society a close second, the outlook for its speedy demolition is not encouraging.

While engaged in writing this paper there came to my home a sample copy of a family magazine, and my eye caught a full-page advertisement in which was set forth the extraordinary merits of the "Illustrated Oxford Teachers' Bible." Among its many attractions are the following: A complete harmony of the Gospels, Tables of Parables, Miracles, Prayers, etc. Genuineness and integrity of the Old Testament, Miracles of the Old Testament, Genuineness and integrity of the New Testament, Our Lord's Miracles, Recorded appearances of Christ after his Resurrection, and others, too numerous to mention. This Bible is prepared especially for teachers' use in the Sunday school and Bible class and will probably answer every objection to any absurdity it contains by one or more quotations from itself, which is all the evidence that most Christians require.

It is difficult to find a Christian who will use, in the least degree, either his reason or common sense in judging of this book. He does not dare to! I once witnessed a good illustration of this: A religious friend and myself were engaged in conversation when some observation was made about the new version of the New Testament which was then about to be issued, when a lady who was present inquired, with much apparent interest, what was meant by this reference to the "new version." It was explained to her, when she exclaimed with considerable warmth, "If it is any different from my old Bible I don't want it." She was evidently such an one as Rev. Washington Gladden had in mind when he said, "Some people seemed to think that the Bible was written by God in the English language."

But the saddest feature of the case is the assiduity with which the rising generation is taught, in Sunday schools, to reverence this exploded book. Whatever their elders believe, there is no letting down the bars here. I have never heard of the Sunday school of any so-called evangelical church that did not teach, with all the old-time emphasis, that this book was true, from beginning to end, and that it was a sin to doubt any statement it contained. So at the very outset of a child's life his mind is shackled with the idea of the sinfulness of doubt. Is it any wonder that a child brought up to accept a particular book as his spiritual encyclopedia, whose author is God, should grow up to become a narrow, bigoted man or woman? It is the logical result of this teaching, and any one who sits down and calmly reasons himself out of these old ruts is, in my opinion, entitled to more credit than he gets.

What do the ministers preach concerning this book? The pastor of

the so-called "First Church of Christ" of this city says: "I accept the Bible as the expression of the will of God, and as revealing a purpose of grace on his part. The keynote of the Bible is redemption." Again: "The Gospel we preach is the Gospel championed of old by Paul, and Augustine, and Calvin, and Luther, and Whitefield, and Wesley." But he interjects this saving clause: "Only we preach it in a different way."

He says: "The Bible is not a text-book on geology or astronomy or sociology. It does not pretend to be. It alleges no title to infallibility. It does not claim to be free from mistakes." No, but there are plenty of its adherents who claim that there is not a mistake or a misstatement in it from beginning to end. Indeed, I heard another incumbent of a Springfield pulpit occupy two evenings in attempting to prove that the account of the creation, in Genesis, was geologically, astronomically, electrically and historically correct.

Recently a visiting clergyman said, in a Springfield pulpit: "Every honest student must admit that the Bible has a hold upon the human mind and heart that no other book has. It is also true that a belief in the Bible has influenced the world in all its history as nothing else!" This is true but deplorable, nevertheless. But when he goes on to say that "no man can claim the honors of a literary education if he be ignorant of the Word of God," we take exception to the statement. A knowledge of the "Word of God," as the gentleman is pleased to call it, is necessary to a literary person only because he cannot ignore his environments. With the odor of the Bible permeating everything around him, he cannot avoid inhaling some of it. One cannot cultivate flowers without learning something about weeds, but the knowledge is merely incidental and does not make his flowers more beautiful nor add to his bank account. In their absence he would miss them, but it would be a good miss. So, if the Bible should drop out of existence to-morrow, literature would scarcely miss it, but many a parlor table would look strangely bare.

When the reverend gentleman further says: "The whole system of jurisprudence, of medicine, of history, of poetry, and of literature generally, is so connected with it that no man can master these if he be ignorant of the Bible," it sounds to me idiotic. Was there no code of laws antedating Moses? Do our lawmakers go to him for a model? Rather is it not true that the better our laws become, the more they diverge from the teachings of the Bible?

And as to medicine and physiology: Was Aristotle, a pagan, indebted to the Bible for his knowledge of physiology, or Harvey for his discovery of the circulation of the blood, or Jenner for the theory of vaccination, or

Wells for the discovery of chloroform? And in the field of poetry: Did Homer consult the Song of Solomon for a model for his "Iliad," or Virgil the Psalms for his "Eneid?" Of the first, I read: "Homer, the earliest and the greatest of epic poets, stands forth as a grand, shadowy being to whom all nations have paid willing homage. His date is generally set down as 962-927 B. C., about a dozen years after the death of Solomon. His poetry is viewed as the model and consummation of epic minstrelsy. It is pervaded throughout by a solemn grandeur and serene divinity, which gave to it, to the Iliad especially, the character of a Bible or Psalter in the eyes of the ancient Greeks." And this man never saw, and probably never heard of, a Bible or any part of one. Virgil, or more properly Vergilius, the greatest of Roman poets, was born in the year 70 B. C. I quote: "His great poem, the Eneid, was the sacred book of the religion of Rome. Early Christian writers, especially St. Augustine, are deeply imbued with his spirit, and to Dante Virgil was the master and guide from whom alone he derived the beauty of his style. Bossuet knew him by heart. Burke had the Eneid always open by him. Immense also has been Virgil's influence on education in ancient Rome, in the Middle Ages, in modern times. Such is the glory of Virgil, that no man's praise can add to it, no man's blame diminish it." And these two poems are regarded as classics throughout the civilized world, and are used as models for translation in all colleges and high schools. Have I not sufficiently shown that the spirit of Poesy has not settled down forever between the lids of the Bible?

Now a word as to history. If a "knowledge of the Word of God" is necessary to a good historian, how did it happen that Heroditus, the "Father of History," as he is called, a pagan Greek, wrote most valuable history before Malachi wrote the last book of the Old Testament. Of him it is said: "As an observer he was quick and shrewd; as a historian, thoroughly honest and faithful; and many of his statements that have been scouted as absurd have been shown by the light of modern travel and discovery, to be strictly accurate and true." And how is it that Hume and Gibbon, both eminent English historians, were both skeptics?

But when the reverend gentleman asserts that "The Bible cannot be equaled as a literary work alone," he caps the climax of absurdity; and to show the utter fallacy of his statement I will quote from a paper prepared under the supervision of John Clark Ridpath, LL. D., for the assistance of students of literature: "The History of Literature is closely correlated with the social and political progress of mankind. Ideality has kept pace with fact. The one has been recorded in literature, and the other has been



recorded in institutions. \* \* \* Generally the two have wrought together in the production of national life.

"Such was the method of development in the case of the ancient Hindus, whose institutions of religion and society on the one hand, and whose literary productions on the other, proceeded together, in an age fully two thousand years before our era. In the valley of the Indus, the hymns of the Vedas were chanted, and these remain to us as the oldest literary treasure of the Aryan races. \* \* \*

"Gradually the literary stream flowed westward with the migration of the races, and the voice of the rhapsodist was heard on the shores of the Aegean and amid the beautiful scenes of Greece. On this famous peninsula of Southeastern Europe our race attained its best intellectual footing. Here the mind accomplished its greatest results. Here the greatest poetry was written; here the greatest oratory was heard; here the profoundest philosophy was elaborated and recorded in books which to this day remain the best in their kind. The Greeks were peculiarly a literary people. They began to produce far back in the dawn of Hellenic tradition. There was a cycle of pre-Homeric bards, and a larger cycle around the Father of Poetry, who still shines among them as the central sun in the firmament of the past. Different kinds of literary art were cultivated. Lyric poetry, dramatic poetry, greatest of all, epic poetry, and, at length, chronicles of the actual deeds of men, and history as the summation of it all, were produced by the Greeks as by masters.

"Thus were created the major part of the literary models which, to the present day, are used as patterns of excellence by all the thinkers and writers of the Aryan races.

"Whether the author be Hindu, or Persian, or Greek; whether he be ancient or modern; whether he be Roman, or Celt, or Teuton; whether he be Norse skald, or Druidical priest, or English poet; whether he be of the Indus, the Euphrates, the Tiber, or the Thames; whether he be of the German woods, the sunny places of Provence, the rugged coasts of New England, or the prairies of Dakota,—the singer of the song, the teller of the story, the writer of the book, whoever he may be, and whatever may be his theme, must still find, for what he produces, his original models in the ideals of the Greeks." Not one word in all this about the Bible!

Now let us see whether the ministers preach the doctrine of the Trinity? The Presbyterian Confession of Faith says: "In the unity of Godhead there be three persons of one substance, power and eternity; God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost." The pastor of the First Church says: "The advent of Christ reveals the existence of the Trinity,

and makes the persons of the Godhead real to us in their separate and distinct offices. The advent of Christ was marked and definite, so likewise was his departure from this world. The coming of the Holy Spirit was definite. We have no record that he has ascended; so I believe him to be still in the world as truly as Christ was here until his ascension." This last expression provokes an irreverent smile. I repeat: "We have no record that he (the Holy Spirit) has ascended; so I believe him to be still in the world." The reverend gentleman seems to think the Holy Ghost is a celestial visitor who hasn't been home for nearly nineteen hundred years.

I am not familiar with the Catholic service, but we all know the Catholics teach the Trinity most emphatically 365 days in the year; and they have over 8,000 churches with 6,250,000 members in this country alone. I was formerly well acquainted with the Episcopal service and know that at every regular service the Apostles' creed (so-called), is repeated by the people, led by the minister, which teaches, from beginning to end, in plain and forcible language, the doctrine of the Trinity. This creed is endorsed by every evangelical church in Christendom. Besides, in the church just mentioned, the choir, at frequent intervals during the service, break out into singing the doxology, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," etc., and every church I know of, excepting perhaps the Unitarian, dismisses the congregation by invoking the blessing of the Trinity—"Father, Son and Holy Ghost." If the teachers do not preach it, the preachers do most certainly teach it. According to the last census there are about 20,000,000 church members in this country professing a faith in the Trinity, as the fruit of this teaching.

Now let us inquire concerning the other old doctrines and beliefs. We can think of but one that has been abandoned, and that not altogether, for it is still in the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, as follows: Chapter X., Art. 3. "Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit," etc. Now if elect infants are saved it is plain that the non-elect are damned; otherwise there is no meaning to the article. As to the other old doctrines, the fall of man, redemption through Christ, the Resurrection, Ascension, second coming of Christ, etc., the evangelical churches all teach them and the clergy all preach them. They are the same old doctrines served up with modern salad. Hell is dealt out more sparingly than formerly, but they still carry it in stock and always on draught; although some of them give a poor sinner a chance to accept Christ after death and thus escape the everlasting Sheol.

A foolish boy was a privileged character in a doctor's office. One day, during the Doctor's temporary absence from the room, his curiosity led

him to make a tour of investigation. At length he reached a closet, and opening the door stood face to face with a skeleton. With a scream of terror he fled from the office. A few days after he spied the doctor on the street and yelled out: "You can't fool me, I know ye, if he have got your clothes on!" So we know these ancient theological skeletons if they are disguised in nineteenth century costumes; but it is largely this modern dress that saves them from popular contempt. Truly, as the Springfield clergyman said: "They preach the Gospel championed of old by Paul, and Augustine, and Calvin, and Luther, and Whitefield, and Wesley, only they preach it in a different way!"

It is true that there is, now and then, a clergyman skirmishing around, ostensibly in search of the truth, but not one in a hundred even of this small number is brave enough to follow his own logic to its legitimate conclusion; but the great majority of them are still dinning in our ears the same stale dogmas that have been preached by the Protestants for three hundred, and by the Catholics and early Christians for almost nineteen hundred, years; for do not the Catholics boast that their church never changes? The Presbyterian synod, at its last session, refused to have a committee appointed to review its old, worn-out Confession of Faith, which teaches the fall of man, predestination and election, and by plain inference, as we have seen, infant damnation. It is true that glimpses of truth and waves of liberal thought have, to some extent, permeated the pew, otherwise we doubt if the pulpit would have the courage to utter as much of liberal thought as it does. We opine that the pew will do more to liberalize the pulpit than the pulpit will do to liberalize the pew. It is true, as I said before, that occasionally a clergyman expresses an unorthodox idea, but no sooner does he do so than he discovers that he has stirred up a hornet's nest. If Dr. Abbott casts a doubt on the Jonah-and-the-whale-story, classing it as fiction and not a statement of fact, Mr. Moody rushes to the assistance of the whale and loudly proclaims that he wants everybody to distinctly understand that he believes everything in the Bible, from cover to cover. If anyone doubts the capacity of the Ark to contain a pair of every kind of living thing upon the earth, a clergyman hastens to declare, over his own name, that the Almighty could have compressed an elephant till he was no bigger than an ant; and he further says, "If God should require him to believe a lie he would do so, believing that he meant it for his good." This is not an imaginary story, but a fact, as I can show. Can a man uttering such contemptible words as these possess a soul worth saving?

To my mind Geology disproves Genesis; to Rev. Lyman Abbott it shows "God's way of doing things." In my opinion that is begging the

question. A few years ago a Springfield clergyman, just returned from the "Holy Land," gave a course of lectures on the Bible. I heard his lecture on the Flood. He said it was probably local and not general—that it was probably caused by a subsidence and subsequent elevation of the land in that locality; and claimed that similar phenomena were not unknown to science. Very true, but does science record an instance in which the earth's surface has been depressed till the sea covered the tops of the mountains and elevated again to its former position, all inside a few months? In every case known to science, it has evidently taken many millions of years to produce anything like such a result. But I suppose it is only another instance of "God's way of doing things," although to me this explanation looks like another case of begging the question. Why can't a minister look the Bible squarely in the face, and, if it will not bear an honest interpretation, admit it? But experience has shown that this is too much to expect. "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

Again, the Rev. Mr. Abbott says that the Resurrection is one of the best attested facts of ancient history; but I defy him to produce a scrap of evidence of such an event from anyone whose religion did not require him to believe it. Indeed, he cannot find any non-Christian evidence that Jesus ever existed, to say nothing of his death and resurrection. Why Dr. Abbott should discredit the fish story and swallow the still more incredible one of the resurrection, "passeth all understanding." Both rest on the same authority—the Bible—both are wholly incredible. The doctor strains at a gnat, but swallows a camel at a single gulp.

Again recurs the question, Shall we quit fighting the churches and talking about the Bible? Not much! In 1861 all Jefferson Davis asked was to be let alone. To-day that is just what the churches want. Quit talking about these old humbugs and the church will take on a new lease of authority and lead mankind by the nose as formerly. It is only by constantly fighting the churches that the right to express free thought is, in any degree, acknowledged or permitted. One hundred years ago we would not have been allowed to hold our meetings in a public place. Every member would have been liable to arrest and prosecution for blasphemy. Fifty years ago we would have been ostracized from so-called respectable society. To-day we are tolerated and respected. What has brought about this change? Talking, persistent talking, nothing else.

Are not these questions proper subjects for discussion? If not, pray tell us what are. If they are not, then for what was this association organized? More than two years ago Robert G. Ingersoll lectured, in this building, on the "Holy Bible." Soon after there appeared in the Repub-

lican newspaper an advertisement inviting any person desirous of joining in the formation of a liberal club to address so and so. Out of that advertisement was evolved this association, and if the consideration of these subjects are not its legitimate work its organization was a mistake.

As I understand it, its chief mission is to expose the absurd and cruel doctrines of the Christian church, and to show the unreliability of its foundation—the Bible; and by mutual counsel to incite ourselves and others, along the lines of Free Thought, to nobler lives, moved by purer springs of action, than the church has yet disclosed to us. The church says: "Glorify God that you may enjoy him forever" in a mythical heaven; we seek to elevate ourselves and others to right living, so we can enjoy the here and now, believing that there is no duty superior to that we owe our fellowmen; and that

\* \* \* "just the art of being kind

Is all the sad world needs."

"Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty" no less now than formerly—liberty of thought and speech no less than of action—and while life, and health, and strength remain I intend, on proper occasions, to oppose the Bible and the churches.

Springfield, Mass.

### A GOOD LETTER.

—William Podman, of Trenton, N. J., sent us a club of ten subscribers, making a total of forty which he has sent us from that city, and writes the following interesting letter. If we had such a worker in every city and large town, how the Free Thought cause would progress:

"Dear Sir—You will find inclosed a money order for five dollars for ten yearly subscribers to the Free Thought Magazine. I have endeavored to do my best to increase the circulation of your magazine and spread the ideas of Free Thought among my friends, and have succeeded in loosening the shackles of theology from the minds of a few, and taught them, with the aid of the Magazine, to think freely for themselves, and be their own priest and their brain their cathedral. I felt very sorry to hear that you had such a narrow escape with the

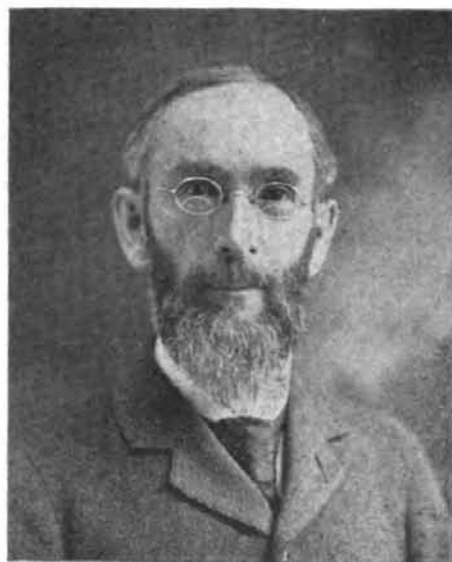
Magazine. I glory in your spunk and energy in passing the journal over the crisis with safety and landing it secure for the coming year. I hope you will be able to overcome all obstacles and tribulations with feasibility, and that your efforts may be crowned with a rewarding success. I put my shoulder to the wheel with ten new subscribers, to secure the desired success, and I hope others will respond with many new subscribers. It does not take much of an effort to interest some one in the good work and aid in helping build up a solid foundation. You have been very fortunate in securing such an able writer as Robert N. Reeves as assistant editor, and I look forward to his work with expectation of good results. His article on Jefferson was an able production and greatly enjoyed by the readers of the Magazine in this city."

## THE CHRISTIAN TEMPLE—WILL IT STAND?

BY D. B. STEDMAN.

**A**N IRISHMAN armed with a shovel was seen to stop and kill a snake, ending the work of slaughter by cutting off the snake's head with his shovel. The observer coming up and seeing the serpent still wriggling in the dirt, inquired of the Irishman, "Is he dead?" The in-

stant reply was, "Yis, begorra, he's did; but he don't know ut yit!"



D. B. STEDMAN.

I am often reminded of the Irishman's reply when I contemplate the present condition of Christianity; for it seems to me that there is a striking similarity in the conditions. However, I would not be understood as seriously likening Christianity to a serpent—though serpents are nowadays considered vile, since the story of Eve's interview with one is acknowledged to have been a slander on the snake.

But symbolizing Christianity with the familiar and more agreeable figure of a temple, I remark—and will proceed to verify the observation—that the pillars supporting this temple have

one after another fallen, through violence or decay, until not one is left; so that the final fall and disappearance of the edifice seems only a question of time. Does this seem a startling and unwarranted announcement? Let us take a brief survey of the scene.

One of Christianity's pillars—and half a century ago it was generally regarded the strongest of them all—was the infallibility of the Bible. This dogma is now so thoroughly exploded that our most orthodox preachers—although careful not to throw out any hint from the pulpit that might raise a doubt—do not venture to uphold it; therefore, I will not dwell upon it.

Another of the ancient pillars of the Christian edifice, and one used to bolster up or supply the place of that just alluded to, was the dogma of inspiration. The Bible was held to have been written by men inspired of God for the purpose; hence it was claimed to be the inspired word of God,

though admitted to possess something of a human element. But the authorities have never been able to agree as to just how far the Bible writers were inspired (since they plainly disagreed with one another to some extent and erred in various ways), nor could the learned doctors agree as to what form or mode of inspiration was adopted. So that, up to date, the inspiration theory amounts to just this: where the Bible writers tell us what actually happened, or give utterance to some noble thought, they are inspired; where they tell us something which isn't true, they are not inspired: A very plausible theory, truly; but one equally applicable to Shakspeare, Darwin, or Thomas Paine.

Another of the fallen pillars is the dogma of Adam's fall from an original state of perfection into one of sin, bringing him and all his descendants under the condemnation of the Almighty. This pillar, for ages deemed one of the most essential supports of the Christian edifice, has been so utterly overthrown by the successive attacks of historical critics, archaeologists, anthropologists, biologists, physiologists, geologists, and the long line of scientific men in whose ranks the names of Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Bacon, Strauss, Colenso, Renan, Darwin, Lyell, Huxley, Helmholtz and Spencer shine as beacon lights—that scarce one stone of the pillar is left above another. And now only an occasional backwoods preacher gives warmth and emphasis to his discourse by picturing to his hearers the awful punishments in store for the “impenitent,” and unbelievers.

Another pillar fell when the theory of creation—though supported by the Bible—had to be abandoned for that of evolution. No theory ever propounded was more bitterly opposed by the theologians of Christendom, both Catholic and Protestant; no theory could have been proposed more utterly subversive of the authority of the Bible and the cardinal principles of Christianity; and yet, such is the power of truth, and such the capacity of the theologic mind to turn itself inside out and make black seem white, that within half a century the intellectual world, both scientific and theologic, has come not only to accept the evolutionary hypothesis, but to think in the terms of evolution.

Another pillar which has gone down in the general theological wreck is the dogma of the miraculous. The Bible without miracles would not be the Bible. Take away the miraculous element from the life of Jesus as pictured in the gospels and he becomes a mere man—no longer the only begotten Son of God, the scapegoat for all mankind, miraculously conceived and miraculously raised from the dead, who existed from all eternity, and ever lives at God's right hand to make intercession for such

as believe on him. Modern science has shown that miracles—infractions of the natural order of things—are an impossibility. Theology—Christian theology—therefore has been placed under the necessity of going to work and explaining that miracles, rightly understood, are not miracles at all; that is to say, they are not infringements of natural laws; they are only results out of the common, brought about by superior knowledge or control of nature's forces. The term, "a law of nature," explains the theologian, "is but an expression which recognizes the general uniformity of God's action; but God, being omnipotent, can just as easily act in some unaccustomed way, in any given case, and when he does we call it a miracle. Jesus being God manifest in the flesh, had the same power. So when the gospel writers tell us that on a certain occasion Jesus turned water into wine, or raised Lazarus from the dead, it is just as easy to believe the statement as though the act were one of every day occurrence."

"But hold!" says Science; "you are going too fast. You assume too much. You assume, in the first instance, a God who makes laws to suit his own convenience; and in the second instance you assume that Jesus possessed miraculous powers. You both assume divinity to prove your miracles, and assume the miracles to prove your divinity. Of tangible evidence you furnish none. In order to prove the actuality of miracles, you must first prove the existence of a power superior to the laws of nature; and secondly, you must prove by indubitable evidence, that the miracle alleged in any given instance actually occurred." This, as I understand it, is the present status of the miracle question; it is wholly a question of evidence. But thus far the evidence necessary to substantiate miracles and miracle workers is sadly lacking, except in the minds of those who accept traditional belief or emotional instincts as evidence.

The question was recently put to Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott: "Do you believe in miracles?" The answer was, "Yes, I do." The succeeding question was, "Will you give us an example of what you regard as a miracle?" The reply was: "The recent victories of our fleets at Manila and at Santiago, resulting in the destruction of the Spanish fleets, with a loss on our side of only one man killed and less than twenty wounded. If such victories had been recorded in the history of the Jews, they would have been regarded as miracles, as interpositions of God to defend his people." Yes, Dr. Abbott; and the historians would have gathered up all the fictitious embellishments which tradition is wont to weave about such events, and would have told of marvelous signs in the heavens, or of earthquakes, or of troops of angels armed with flaming swords assisting to overthrow the enemy; and also how these victories had been foretold



by prophets; and subsequent generations would have furnished people gullible enough to accept all these embellishments for facts.

But if to Rev. Dr. Abbott, looking through glasses dimmed by the fogs of theological speculation, our recent naval victories appear as miracles wrought by special divine interposition, to the matter-of-fact editor of the Springfield Republican it looks this way. I quote from its issue of August 26:

"We can see nothing in the progress of the Spanish war that indicates anything more than that God is on the side of the heaviest battalions and the best gunners. Dewey's victory without the loss of a man, and Sampson's as well, were due to causes entirely human. Admiral Sampson explains it, saying:

"After the battle I visited the *Maria Teresa*, and to my amazement found that the gunner's sights had been adjusted at 6,900 yards. Imagine the result of their work, aiming at our ships at this range, when we were within 2,900 yards of their ships! The Spanish gunners had been taught to shoot by the sight as adjusted, but they had not been taught to adjust the sights, and as a result they were utterly powerless to get our range.'

"We lost few men in our naval campaigns from natural causes, as we lost many men in our land campaigns from natural causes. The losses of the Second Regiment have taught the people of Western Massachusetts that Americans are no more exempt from death and disease than the Spaniards. Live in Cuba on salt pork, unaccustomed to the climate of the rainy season, and the result is the same to the New Englander as to the Castilian. God's hand is nowhere visible either in Cuba, Porto Rico or the Philippines, save in so far as it is hidden behind the vigorous combatant, the superior marksman."

So much for the miracle question.

Another pillar fell when the leading Bible critics deprived Christianity of the support of Old Testament prophecy. This pillar was one of the original and most essential supports of the Christian temple. But for the argument from prophecy as exemplified in the several gospels, the Christian movement never could have gained headway among the Jews, from whose ranks its first adherents were drawn. For 1,800 years the heralds of the gospel have made use of the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament for unanswerable evidence of the divine origin of their religion; and the final abandonment of this claim within the present generation is one of the most notable results of what is termed the higher criticism. Honest, earnest, candid but fearless study of the Bible itself, aided by such outside testimony as contemporary history affords, has

made manifest the underlying weakness of the claim that the Messianic prophecies had reference to or were fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth; so that now it is possible for a Christian minister to declare from his pulpit—as has that able exponent of modern Christianity, Rev. M. J. Savage: “I challenge the world to lay a finger on one single prophecy in the Old Testament which the intelligent Bible student of to-day accepts or believes to be a prophecy of Jesus.”

There was one other pillar which upheld the Christian temple: it was the great central pillar, Christ. What of this pillar; is it still standing? No; it fell with the others. Christ fell when Adam fell. “As in Adam all men sinned, so in Christ shall all be made alive,” said the theologian Paul. The one was the complement of the other; without the one, there was no occasion for the other.

I am aware that some of our modern theologians, including those of the Unitarian denomination, decline to accept Paul’s authority on this matter. They hold that Christ (that is, Jesus) stands upon his own merits; that he needs no complement in Adam. But here is a test which I think is the true one to apply in all these cases: Let me first ask, Would Christianity ever have arisen but for the belief in Adam’s fall? Surely not. But for Paul and his theological structure, of which Adam’s fall was the bottom timber, the movement never would have attracted attention outside of the Jewish fold—so eminent students of Christianity tell us. Apply the same test to the dogma of scripture inspiration. Would Christianity have arisen but for a belief in the Jewish scriptures as embodying the revealed will of God? No, never. Nobody will so claim. As to miracles: Would Christianity have had even a local existence among the Jews except for a belief in the alleged miracles of Jesus? That it would is beyond the bounds of probability. “These things did Jesus that they might believe.”

Let us then ask the question, Would Christianity ever have arisen without a Christ, real or supposed? To ask the question is to answer it. “I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me,” Jesus is accredited with saying. If he had not been “lifted up” into the position of a divine being would he have drawn men in any considerable numbers? Surely not.

Granted that as a man Jesus was a remarkable individual; that he gave utterance to important truths and precepts; that he taught a religion of humanity, purity and self-sacrifice, and a God who forgives repentant sinners; would this alone have established him as the founder of a new religion? No. There were preachers of morality and brotherly love before Jesus; and a forgiving God had long ago been proclaimed. Granted

that he spoke words of comfort to the downcast and lowly; did he teach them how to improve their condition? Granted that he was a friend to the poor; did he not declare that the rich should not enter the kingdom of heaven? Granted that he healed the sick; did he teach them how, by obeying the laws of health, they might remain well? The people of his time believed that lunacy was the work of demons inhabiting the human body. Did he teach them the error of this notion? or do we find anything in the gospels to indicate that he knew any more about the nature of insanity than they did? Granted that he loved little children; did he do anything for the cause of education? Granted that his character, so far as we know, was irreproachable; did he not sometimes fly into a passion, as when he cursed the fig tree for not bearing fruit out of its season, when he exclaimed to Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and when he overturned the tables of the money changers and drove them out of the temple? Granted that he taught men to pray; did he not inculcate false notions regarding answers to prayer, when he said: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."—"Everyone that asketh receiveth." Granted that he proclaimed a God of love; did he not also teach the dogmas of everlasting punishment and a personal devil? He declared that he came to fulfill the law and the prophecies; but did he not override the law and misapply prophecy? He claimed to know the future; but did he not hold out false hopes in regard to his second coming? He "spake not as man spake," but did he not fail to make himself understood even by his immediate followers? And for 1,800 years have not men been disputing as to the meaning of his words? He purported to make plain to man the attributes and purposes of the Almighty; but do we really know any more about these matters than we did previous to his coming? He is claimed to have come as the founder of a new world-religion which should embrace all nations and endure to the end of time; nevertheless, did he not declare, "This generation shall not pass away till all these things be accomplished."—"The kingdom of God is at hand?"

It is doubtless true, as claimed, that many of the apparent discrepancies in his life and character are due to the shortcomings of his biographers; but allowing for these, and for the subsequent embellishments or perversions of priests and copyists, I cannot make out that Jesus was anything more than a sort of inspired lunatic. As I have already remarked, some of the most learned students of Bible history express the belief that but for Paul, with his fanatical dogmas and power of organization, Christianity would never have outlived the century of its birth.

Doubtless the influence of Jesus' life upon the world has as a whole been greatly beneficial, despite the mistakes and perversions of his followers; but that his career as teacher and exemplar was necessary to man's moral or spiritual salvation I hold to be incapable of proof from the evidence which we have. Much less does the evidence substantiate the truth of the orthodox "scheme" which makes Jesus the scapegoat, dying as a propitiation for a race of sinners under the Almighty's condemnation. This doctrine, still held by some of the more conservative sects, becomes fairly grotesque in its absurdity when viewed in the light of the knowledge which we now possess regarding the antiquity of man. Accepting the Bible chronology, it seemed bad enough that God should have allowed some 4,000 years to intervene after Adam's fall before sending Christ to redeem men from the effects of that fall, during which period no one was exempt from God's curse saving a few favored Jews; but now that the lapse of time between our "sinning first parents" and the alleged "Redeemer of mankind," is scientifically demonstrated to have been infinitely greater than was supposed—at least 50,000, and more likely several hundreds of thousands of years—it is putting too much of a strain on credulity to ask men to believe that a God "full of compassion" and "waiting to be gracious" would nurse his wrath for so long a period, to the everlasting destruction of the myriads and myriads of his children who were so unfortunate as to be born at too early a date. With a God who could do that, what need would there be of inventing a devil?

But if the last and chiefest pillar of the Christian temple has gone the way of the others, what remains to support it? I answer, nothing except ignorance and fear—ignorance of modern scientific research; fear on the part of the preachers of the results of this knowledge to the church and to society. But knowledge is increasing; the results of scholarship and scientific discovery are becoming disseminated; the more intelligent people are falling away from the evangelical churches, and few join the more liberal ones, for these generally ape the older churches in their rituals, and fail to supply the popular need. The people distrust Christianity; they have outgrown it; they are tired of its supernaturalism, its mummeries, its assumptions, its hypocrisies.

They are tired of being constantly fed on the husks of an ancient Hebraic civilization, which the world long ago outgrew. I need not here and now—had I the time—bring forward statistics to show how small a proportion of our population are supporters of the Christian church, or attendants of its worship. And statistics do not show how large a proportion of nominal Christians have no real faith in the Christian creeds.

The real truth is that Christianity as a theological structure—a formulated framework of doctrine—has passed away, and the world is none the worse for its having passed. As a step in the evolution of human thought—as a natural outgrowth of the conditions which gave it birth, it had its place in the world's history; and doubtless the world is the better for its having existed; but its period has passed. To-day we see only its ghost. Jesus the "perfect man," "the Messiah," the Lamb of God," "the intercessor," "the God-man," no longer has an existence. He has been relegated to mythology.

Astronomers tell us that light, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, is some three years in reaching us from the nearest fixed star; and that should the light of the most distant star be suddenly extinguished, an infant born that self-same day would attain his majority, live to a good old age, and die; and the rays from that star, now dead, would fall undimmed upon his grave. So it is with Christianity; to our eyes it seems to shine forth with all its olden splendor. But it is dead; and some day, perhaps in the far distant future, people will look up, and exclaim, "Lo, the star that was there has vanished!"

Springfield, Mass.

#### MR. ADAMS ERECTS A MONUMENT.

—Ira Adams, of North Java, Wyoming County, N. Y., a subscriber to this magazine, and an earnest Free Thinker, has recently erected on his lot in the village cemetery, Marilla, N. Y., a white bronze monument, and has had inscribed upon the spire the following inscription:

"The body of Ira Adams—like the cover of an old book (its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering and gilding)—lies here, food for worms.

"Whether the work itself shall here be lost or elsewhere reappear in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by nature—the mysterious mother of us all—was to me a problem

which the unknown future could alone solve.

"Of the multitude of religious beliefs, formulated by designing men and thrown upon the market for adoption, I accepted none!

"I could not accept a dogma which my every reasoning faculty repelled, even under threats of future woe, for loyalty to my convictions was ever my guide in life. I was ever true to the mental gifts bequeathed me for my use. I have believed what to me seemed true. This was my offense. Guilty of this, I entered the unknown. Thoughtful of the future, 'I waited the muffled oar, believing that No haven could come to me On ocean or on shore!'"

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO THE LATE KATIE KEHM SMITH  
AND MRS. WARREN CARSNER.\*

BY KATE DE PEATT.

FRIENDS: To-day we have met to consecrate ourselves anew to the cause of freedom. Let us so consecrate ourselves that this day shall mark a new epoch in the history of progress. With hearts o'erflowing with gratitude and love, we have met to-day to pay a tribute to two of America's noblest women—women whose hearts beat in sympathy with that of the lowliest slave. They pitied the oppressors and loved the oppressed. They were friends, faithful and just to all.

When the hand of caste grasped at the throat of honest conviction; when the tongue was silenced by the cowardly hand of fear; when the head bowed low under the yoke of priestcraft; when the poor man's home fell under the heavy weight of tax while magnificent palaces of worship stood as if in defiance of the very word tax—then was the voice of Katie Kehm Smith heard in the interests of Humanity. She believed there was room for all opinions and convictions. She believed in the rights of man—the liberty of man, woman and child. She believed that every pure thought, every noble deed, hastened the progress of the human race. "The world was her country, to do good was her religion." The liberation of mankind was her ambition—her life. She bowed not in the service of misshapen creatures of the human imagination, and to her truth alone was sacred. She was a teacher—but willing to be led. Hating tyranny, hers was a reign of loving kindness. From out the Niagara of thought she chose only the purest gems. She believed in the immortality of good works—that our immortality is measured by our deeds.

This is not a day for tears. She, to whose memory we pay this tribute, would not have it so. As Ingersoll has said: "We, too, have our religion. It is this: Help for the living, hope for the dead." If Katie Kehm Smith could but voice her sentiments I feel sure she would say: "Weep not for me, but rather weep ye for the living." She died as she had lived—in the cause of freedom. I can but believe that death is but a peaceful, gentle sleep—the sleep from which we do not wake to misery. Such was her belief and in such she died, and I can but believe that whatever the future is, Katie Kehm Smith is at rest. In the language of the district schoolmaster, "If one word could call her back to life, which one of us

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\*An address delivered July 3, 1898, in memory of the two women above named, at the tenth annual convention of the Oregon Secular Union.

would utter it?" As a true life must be simple in all its elements, animated by one grand, noble purpose, so was Katie Kehm's animated by the noble purpose of enlightening mankind. Therefore, weep not for her, she is at rest, but for the countless numbers who are bound and fettered by the chains of ignorance and superstition. Work ye for the countless numbers whose hopes are blasted from the fear of the dreadful "to be." Work for the thousands who are struggling through an existence in this world while thousands are preparing for the next; for the masses who are bowed down under the yoke of priestcraft; and for the untold numbers whose lives are darkened by crime and misery.

This was the lifework of Katie Kehm Smith, and this her religion:

"Goodness in the heart abounding,  
Truth in actions budding forth,  
Kindness in the conduct beaming  
Love for every manly worth;  
Feeling care for one another,  
Ready help for all in need.  
That is my profession, brother,  
That is my religious creed."

Katie Kehm Was a Secularist—a constructive Secularist. Her work increased with every hour. She it was who, in the face of all opposition, came to Oregon and threw her whole life into the work. She organized our Sunday schools and churches and earnestly looked forward to the time when they should be organized in every city, village and hamlet in Oregon. She realized the importance of inculcating into the minds and hearts of the young the great principles for which we are working. She realized that this could be done only by a thorough education free from superstition. She saw the strength the churches had attained through their organizations and realized that we, as Secularists, must organize. With this work she met with discouragements on every hand, yet she kept bravely on battling for the right. She not only met with opposition from the orthodox, but from many persons who call themselves Liberal. In spite of the narrowing dogmas of superstition, her path was marked with success, until the unknown reaper we call Death seized her and restored her to Mother Nature's embrace.

And as with loving hands we place this monument at the grave of our friend, we not only pay a tribute to her, but we pay a tribute to Truth, Justice and Right. The greatest tribute, however, which can be paid to her is to carry on her plan of organization. Her whole life was centered in the Sunday schools, and we can all pay the tribute of taking up the good

work and carrying it on. Secular Sunday schools can be organized in every community, and it remains for us to see that it is done. To-day we write the introduction to what should be one of the most important chapters in the bible of the ages, written on the great scroll of eternity.

One leaf of this great book of Nature—the masterpiece of all ages—will be devoted to the memory of Katie Kehm Smith. The one great law of Nature is change and decay, and as the leaves passing through all the varied tints from the emerald to the ruby, are caught, kissed and carried away by the whirlwind; so with the human life, it is caught, influenced and carried away in the whirlpool of thought until it finally sinks to its rest in the arms of Mother Nature. Indeed, some pass away before life's harvest is reaped, but who can say that it is not for the best? Perhaps it should be considered as some one has expressed it, "a glorious boon to die" before the shadows have darkened into night. Life is an ocean, calm and peaceful as the rippling stream, when but a single thought will cause the waves to foam and dash, and we become stranded wrecks on the shores of time.

Katie Kehm passed away before the spring of life had blossomed into summer, but she left for mankind the immortality of a life roused into all its action by the varying seasons of the year. Decade after decade has passed away and left to us the richest of all legacies—the thoughts, the ambitions and the experience of the world. I hold that every new generation should leave a greater impression on the sands of time, and now it rests with us—what impression will we leave? Hypatia, in whom all the art and eloquence, poetry and philosophy of ancient Greece seemed to be embodied, lives forever on the pages of history, and is associated with all that is pure and noble in the current of thought. The history of France will ever be sacred to the memory of Voltaire, and as long as freedom is revered so long will the name of Thomas Paine be honored and remembered. Still another leaf must be reserved for the heir of all the ages—Robert G. Ingersoll.

In the march of mind, Oregon will unfurl its banner with the name of its Hypatia in Mental Liberty—Katie Kehm Smith—written with the mighty pen of thought. We, it is true, may not become a Hypatia, Voltaire, or Paine, but we can become enshrined in the hearts of those around us and leave an immortality measured by kind and loving deeds and acts of sympathy which shall become as stepping stones in the progress of the world. When Katie Kehm fell into that dreamless sleep she left behind a work increasing in its grandeur every day and every year. The very fact that the sun sends its cheering rays to brighten and glorify this earth, it



seems to me, should be an inspiration and guide to us in working for the garden of Eden in the nineteenth century. What jasper could compare with the pure blue of a cloudless sky, and what gold could compare with the glorifying light of an evening sunset; and what music could compare with the thrills of rapture issued from the throats of Nature's warbling songsters! These thoughts I have often heard Mrs. Smith express, and it is fitting that on this day we utter them. I feel that we cannot pay a greater honor to her memory than to express them, and this day should be an inspiration to us to transmit these thoughts until they shall be inculcated within every heart that throbs and thrills within the human breast. May it be such an inspiration to us that the Nineteenth Century shall pass into the dawn of day and the goddess of love hold sovereign sway. May the Twentieth Century have no walls with which to imprison the mind and check the onward movement of the world. May the streets of gold be the paths of Nature lighted by the golden sun of science. From this day forth, with hearts full of courage and willing hands, let us take up the banner of Secularism and spread its triumphant folds from ocean to ocean.

We have met to-day to place this tribute of flowers upon the grave of our Hypatia and dedicate this monument to Truth. In one sense we cannot dedicate it, for the writings and works of Katie Kelm have done the deed which we fain would do. Upon her grave grow flowers which are beyond our power to plant. But, dear friend, upon thy grave we place the humblest and purest flower—the blossom of love. We pay to you the highest tribute the heart and mind can pay—the tribute of love and tears.

Out of the memories of the past, we draw another inspiration—that of a loving wife, a devoted mother and a sincere friend. From the Bible of the ages we glean the history of another life, which inspires in us a new ardor for the preservation of the principles which came to us through the baptism of fire and blood. The soil of freedom nurtured and nourished two twin blossoms of pure love, which we to-day consecrate to thy use. Wife, mother and friend, upon thy grave we place the other blossom.

"There is no death." Wrapped in the loving folds of Nature, the body slumbers on, but, wrapped in the hearts of loving friends, the noble thoughts and kind deeds live on sowing and reaping a more abundant harvest, and as long as gratitude exists and flowers bloom, so long will man be immortal. And how truly immortal are those who have lived and died in liberty's cause! In the hearts of those who have gathered here, Mrs. Carsner lives and returns heart-beat for heart-beat in all your cares and trials, hopes and joys. True, sympathetic and courageous, she cheered

all within her presence, and not one of us but whose life was bettered and ennobled by having known her. As long as this is true, no life could be said to have been lived in vain. To have lived a long, purposeless life is nothing but to have lived bravely, facing and conquering all obstacles, battling against every wrong, and to have died in humanity's cause is sublime. Brave in life, Mrs. Carsner was surpassingly brave in death. We are all brave enough as long as the course of life and death runs smoothly, but the moment the bend occurs we lose all our strength. It was Mrs. Carsner's work to teach us how to die. To have sunk unconsciously back into the arms of Nature is nothing but to have faced death for months, bravely giving up all that was dear to her, uncomplainingly bearing unceasing pain, is heroic. Those who knew Mrs. Carsner during the last few months will carry with them the impression of her brave, fearless character. Scorning every wrong action, earnestly following everything which her reason declared was right and just, she demanded the respect and compelled the admiration of all. With her generous nature Mrs. Carsner could not accept the orthodox creed. Her whole soul revolted against eternal punishment. Good was her god and to do good was her religion.

Why mourn for those who slumber here? All cares and trials have been wafted away by the healing breeze of death and gentle, peaceful, restful sleep is theirs. No more will they be roughly awakened by the stern call of duty, but rest, eternal rest, belongs to them. Their epitaphs are written on the priceless monument of the past and the banner of freedom ever waves on high in honor of their memory. Therefore this should be a day not for mourning, but a day for rejoicing. We should rejoice in the fact that liberty has gained such a hold upon the minds of the people that we are permitted to gather here and pay a tribute to our friends. We should rejoice that Truth is fast taking the place of ignorance and deceit; and that we to-day, eternal Truth, are permitted to dedicate to thy use the history and life-work of two noble souls who in life recognized thy supremacy. Friends, to-day, in form, we dedicate these two monuments to Liberty and Justice, but, friends by our lives, let us in truth dedicate them so that they may stand as fitting emblems of pure freedom planted by hearts and hands loyal to the principles of eternal truth. We can pay a true tribute to our friends only by living up to and carrying out the principles so dear to each heart. From out of the memories of the past we hear the voices of our friends repeating our golden rule: "The world is my country, to do good is my religion." Let us repeat it now and keep it as the guiding motto of our lives. Eternal Truth, to thee

we dedicate the two lives already lived and to thy use we pledge our own. Wife, mother and friend, teacher, friend and companion, your lives have encouraged us to a better and a nobler one, and we thank you.

# THE PRECESSION OF THE EQUINOXES.\*

BY PROF. JAMES A. GREENHILL.

FRIENDS: I hope we are all familiar with the object of the American Secular Union. It is clearly defined in the Nine Demands. It must be acknowledged that we have contracted for a huge job. We have banded ourselves together to endeavor to prevent the demoralization of the



JAMES A. GREENHILL.

constitution of our country, at the hands of religious bigots, by the introduction therein, of the names of their Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as if that trio were paupers, and it was desired to have our government take them under its wing. It seems to me that so far as age is concerned they ought to take care of themselves. And also to clear, as far as possible, every institution belonging to the government, of priests and preachers, to the end that we may have a Secular Government, uncontrolled by religion. That all may enjoy equal and exact justice.

In our endeavors to put in practice the aims and objects of our Union, it will be seen that we must be in a great measure Iconoclastic. But we ought to be careful to not make image-breaking our only work. When we find any obstruction in the way of progress, it is all right to do our best to remove it. But removing it does not mean simply knocking it over; it also means preparing the foundation for the erection of something in advance of that removed. But the manner of going to work to demolish is not the same in all cases; sometimes it may be best to first remove the obstruction. At other times it will be best to build the new, and let the other fall by going to decay.

From '57 to '73 my home was in this city. At that time I was trying to live my ideal of a Christian life. Was in the habit of attending church,

\*A lecture delivered before the Congress of the American Secular Union in Chicago, Nov. 18, 1898.

and paying my pew rent like a little man, and spent a good deal of time in the perusal of religious literature. In my reading I met with a book, I cannot now recall the title, but the author was Rev. Robert Patterson. To the best of my recollection he was the first I ever heard speak the word "Darwin." And he wrote the book to show that Darwin, and all the scientific writers of the time were wrong in their conclusions, and proved it by showing that their writings were in conflict with the Bible. I can remember some of the logic he used, to show that neither Darwin nor any geologist was to be believed. He said a man would be just as well able to describe the construction of the elephant, by climbing onto its back and scratching for a short time at its hide, as a scientist would be to tell anything about the age of our globe, or the nature of its inhabitants, by scratching around among stone quarries, or interviewing monkeys. I thought that grand. I admit it had a different appearance to me at that time than it has now; and the whole book was made up of such strong logic.

About thirty-five years ago the name of Darwin was frequently mentioned in the pulpit by those little whipper-snappers who wanted to make it appear that they were smart, always coupled with the word "monkey," spoken in a sneering tone. The way they used to distort made me think that Darwin must be a crazy man. And I wished he could have a chance to hear some of those scientific theologians talk, so that he might be set right. But investigation makes us change our views in many things. This leads me to tell how the pulpit talk of those days made me curious, so I bought Hugh Miller's *Testimony of the Rocks*, and his *Schools and School Masters*. This latter was the best book, to my taste, that I had yet seen. After a little I got Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and his *Descent of Man*. Later I got Mr. Ingersoll's *Mistakes of Moses*, and soon after Thomas Paine's *Theological Works*. And there you have my conversion in a nutshell. I liked Darwin's method. He seemed to be at work putting up a new building, taking no notice of the old. And this brings me to a point that I would like to have our organization notice. It seems to me that, instead of harping so much as we do about Old Mother Rome and her brood of Protestant chickens, it would be well to use some of the time at our yearly meetings in the elucidation of scientific subjects, chemistry, astronomy, geology, etc. These may be said to be dry subjects, and so they are to the thoughtless. But we are not children any more, and if any of us have not yet begun to think, it is time we did. It is time we laid aside the Santa Claus stories that amused us in childhood, and interest ourselves with something better. Not that I would have the old lady,

"that many-headed monster thing," ignored, as long as she can champ a toothless jaw, to either harm or frighten; only that I think she should not absorb all of our precious time at these meetings.

Now, my forte lies toward astronomy. And by your leave I will try to interest you for a short time in elucidating one of the most beautiful problems in physical astronomy, viz., the precession of the equinoxes. It may be that some present are already familiar with the problem, but if so, I have no doubt they will be patient, and supplement my endeavor by something clearer, if so inclined, for the sake of getting the sciences introduced at our meetings.

But before going farther, allow me to quote from *Astronomico-Theological Lectures*, by Rev. Robt. Taylor, B. A. At page 86 he says:

"The priests of Egypt were so accurately acquainted with the whole theory of the universe as to have calculated the motion of the precession of the equinoxes, to the nicety of establishing that motion to be fifty seconds, nine thirds and three-fourths of a third of a degree in a year, by which the sun fails of coming up to precisely the same point, in the same given time of his annual course; and thus an entire degree is lost in seventy-one years, eight or nine months; and an entire sign in 2,152 or 2,153 years."

Again he says:

"The ancient Chaldeans are admitted, by all the learned in the subjects, to have been so much beforehand in astronomical science as to have calculated the length of the solar year to the mathematical precision of determining its length to be 365 days 5 hours 49 minutes and 30 seconds."

So we see that, although this science is not well understood by the general public, the knowledge is not a thing of yesterday only.

Flammarion says:

"The theory of the immobility of the terrestrial globe, and the motion of the heavens, reigned only three centuries ago—from 1500 to 1600—and was still taught in the time of Louis XV., in the eighteenth century. And even now, among one hundred persons, taken from all classes, there are but a few who understand that the earth turns, and few are certain of it, and there are not perhaps two who could give an exact account of the velocity of its motion of translation, and the effects of its diurnal motion."

Now, while not calling in question the correctness of Flammarion's statement concerning the knowledge of these things among the people in general, I think that before me at this time is an audience of men and women who constitute an exception to his rule. Of that I will take due notice and govern myself accordingly.

You are all doubtless aware that the equinox is the point in the orbit at which the earth's equatorial plane is presented edgewise to the sun, and the sun's light reaches from pole to pole of the earth. I will begin by illus-

trating one of the simplest problems, one that probably we are all familiar with, that is, the motion of the earth around the sun, as a preface to the more complex. I have here two balls, or globes. The larger to represent the sun and the smaller to represent the earth. The plane, or level, of this table top will represent the ecliptic. We all understand, in a manner, that the earth goes once around the sun, in what we term a year. I will show by these globes, its motion in orbit, also its diurnal motion, and the cause of precession.

I hold that the Copernican System is absolutely correct, which is proven by calculations of eclipses, not only those of our sun and moon, but also by the transits, eclipses, occultations, disappearances and reappearances of the satellites of the planets, more especially in the case of Jupiter and his family. Well, then, such being the case, we are taught by this system that the earth's axis forms an angle of  $66\frac{1}{2}$  degrees with the ecliptic, and that it moves along in its orbit in this manner, turning round on itself in twenty-four hours, without perceptible change in the direction of the axis in space. Now, although the change in the direction of the axis is so slow as to be imperceptible to the casual observer, its displacement among the stars is all the time going on. There is not one listening to me at the present time that cannot clearly see that if the earth were to go around the sun without any variation in the direction of the axis, it would have to go clear around the heavenly vault from vernal equinox to vernal equinox again. In that case the solar year and the sidereal year would be of equal length. Now such is not the case. The solar year—that is, from equinox to equinox—is 365 days 6 hours 48 minutes and 46 seconds, and that is what we term a year. The sidereal year—that is, the time it takes the earth to make one perfect revolution around the sun—is 365 days 6 hours 9 minutes and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. So we see they are not equal, the sidereal year being twenty minutes and seventeen and a half seconds longer than the solar year. Now by these globes I will illustrate the precession.

This largest ball in the center of the table top will represent the sun, with its axis pointing to the poles of the ecliptic, in the celestial dome. This smaller ball, with its polar axis at an angle of  $66\frac{1}{2}$  degrees to the ecliptic, will represent the earth. I will place it due west from the sun, with its axis pointing to the points in the heavens that appear to us stationary. The north pole pointing nearly in the direction of Alpha, Ursa Minorus—the Little Bear. Known as the North Star. This represents the Vernal Equinox, the poles being equidistant from the sun. Now as I move this ball round the circle to the south, you see the north pole con-

tinues in the sunlight, and just when it reaches the south; one-quarter of the distance around the circle, three months from the equinox, the plane of its poles cutting through the sun, we are at our summer solstice. Continuing the motion of the earth round the circle, three months more, till we reach the east, we come to the Autumnal Equinox. Continuing on around the circle another three months brings us to the 21st of December; we are now at the winter solstice. The south pole has been in the sunlight for three months, and will be for three months to come. Continuing around the circle for another three months will bring us to the place we started from, the Vernal Equinox. Now we have come to the point to illustrate precession. The fact is that, although we are taught that the earth moves around the sun, keeping its axis always parallel to itself, such is in reality not the case. The axis has got a slow-swinging motion, similar to the motion of the top when spinning. This motion causes the plane of the earth's equator to be presented edgewise to the sun 20 minutes and  $17\frac{1}{2}$  seconds each year before the earth has completed its full circuit around the heavenly vault. This swaying, or swinging, motion, causes the pole of the earth to make one complete circle among the stars, having a diameter of 47 degrees, with the pole of the ecliptic as a center in 25,920 years. And thus this steady, swaying motion continues from year to year, so that in 25,920 years the present pole star will be Polaris again, as it was to our ancestors 25,920 years ago, the pole having made one circle around the pole of the ecliptic.

The Rev. Robert Taylor says:

"Near the city of Benares, in India, are the astronomical instruments which, at a period of incalculably remote antiquity, had been used for making solar and lunar observations, cut out of the solid rock of a mountain. And Diogenes Laertius, a Greek historian of the first century, assures us that from the reign of Vulcan, son of Nilus, until the arrival of Alexander, there had been observed in Egypt 372 eclipses of the sun, coincidentally with 832 eclipses of the moon."

All such testimony going to prove that the Chaldeans and Egyptians were well versed in the science.

And now I thank you for your kind attention. It is pleasing to contemplate that the trend of the inquiring mind nowadays is more in seeking to become acquainted with facts, and in giving less heed to ecclesiastical nonsense than our fathers gave, not a great many decades ago. And proves to us that in place of the race to which we belong, having fallen with Adam, it is far in advance of what it was when our progenitors used to hang by their tails from the branches of the trees in Africa.

# LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## VOLTAIRE.\*

BY PROF. EMILE PINGAULT.

VOLTAIRE seems to me the most remarkable man of all the Christian centuries. No one ever soared with nature to sublimer heights, though, it must be confessed, at once, that serenity or self-poise were not attributes in his character, and it seems to me all that he did suffered on



VOLTAIRE.

that account. His writings are a library, eighty volumes or more, beaming with beauty, bristling with point, glowing with illustration, on fire with fervent and profound thought. Open where you will, seeking for whatever you may be, the first thing you see takes you prisoner, and you forget that you were seeking something else.

It may seem a small thing in one so great, that calm self-control were wanting. But really he needed nothing else to have made him invincible even in the palace of Frederic the Great, king of that proud monarch and all his court. But his violent, passionate temper pervaded him as a spiritual scrofula, possessed him as a devil, and at times made him a terror and a torment to all about him.

A few lessons from Seneca's code, especially from his section on anger, well learned and faithfully lived, would have made him the best as well as one of the greatest of modern men.

But he was born of a father passionate as himself, who neither controlled himself nor taught his son the art. Whatever the virtues of his mother might have been, and she is believed to have been well endowed, he lost her when he was only seven years old, and was then left to his father's care and tuition till he was ten, when he entered the Jesuits' College of Louis le Grand. What were his teachings there can only be known from what he tells and from what he did. He said in after life that he learned nothing worth learning, but his tutors pointed at him while a child as the future leader of French Deism, as indeed he proved to be.

\*A lecture delivered before the Freethinkers' Association, of Manchester, N. H. May 1, 1898.



Mr. Morley, one of his biographers, says: "A lad who could launch infidel epigrams at his Jansenist brother" (a Calvinist type of Catholic of that period), "and declaim a poem in which so important a hero as Moses figures as an impostor, was of that originality of mental turn on whose freedom the mechanical instruction of the school cannot be expected to make any deep or decisive impression." "Between a youth of bold, vivacious, imaginative disposition and a father of a temperament proper to a notary with many responsibilities, there could be no sympathy, and the two were not long in coming to open quarrel without any terms." Of the rest of his boyhood we have time but for a word. He passed out of the hands of his father to the keeping of his godfather, who brought him early to court, then a Sodom of every corruption. Till he was twenty his father still had hopes that he would tame at last into a notary like himself. But he was doomed to disappointment. The son had conceived a contempt for the profession which he vented in a definition of it, or of one seeking it, worthy only of himself. He called him "one who not having money enough to buy a brilliant office studies for three years the laws of Theodosius and Justinian, who wrote on law twelve or fourteen hundreds years ago, so as to know the custom of Paris, and at length gets admitted to the bar and has the right to plead law for money if he has a loud voice."

Voltaire did get admitted to the Bris bar himself, but his voice proved too loud, and his pleading at length reached the ears of all nations, and are still ringing round the world.

But his temper he never mastered, never controlled; taught by neither precept nor example,—at home, in the Jesuits' College, at the court of Louis XIV., in his law school, nor anywhere else.

While he was yet a young man, his father died, to the last relentlessly set against his son, and the dislike seems to have been balanced on both sides nearly alike, only that in private the father, I should say, was the better man. Perhaps he was not always indebted to his violent temper for the scenes and sufferings, too, through which he passed. Greatly offending a young noble, one day, by a prompt but not improper answer to a rather insulting question, the noble set his servants on Voltaire, who punished him severely with their canes.

All Voltaire could do, being a plebeian only, and no lord, was to challenge his foe to mortal combat with the small sword. He did his best, it is said, to urge and sting his opponent to fight. But the chevalier, either fearing the swordsman or despising the middle class (*bourgeoisie*), to whom he belonged, caused him to be arrested and sent to the Bastille.

Such an event did not sweeten the temper of Voltaire. The upper and insolent ruling class, as well in state as in the church, had already become objects of his dread and scorn. This imprisonment was part of his education. On quitting the Bastille he was ordered to quit Paris also, and his banishment, which gave him three years in England, was still another and by far the most important part of the education of his whole life; for there he learned how kings could be deprived by the power of the people not only of their crowns but their heads as well, when they

proved unworthy to wear them,—a lesson he carried back to his native land, which afterward gave to America a La Fayette, an early and earnest disciple as well as a countryman of that same Voltaire.

And so, after all, it must be said of Voltaire that even his failings leaned to virtue's side; and surely always to the side of justice and liberty — the liberty of the people and the whole people.

His biographers were numerous, and more numerous were the judgments men pronounced upon him. To some he was simply a universal genius; to others, the "apostle of Reason," the Father of sound philosophy. His earliest tutors named him the leader, the corypheus of French Deism. To multitudes, perhaps to all Christians who knew his name, he was "a monster of impiety, an atheist, an ape demon." All these, and many more names and things he was called.

And yet, I think we must agree with Carlyle, whose English prejudice would certainly curb any undue enthusiasm toward any Frenchman, that Voltaire had naturally a keen sense of rectitude, indeed for all virtue, the utmost vivacity of temperament, quick sensibility for every form of beauty, moral as well as intellectual. To the help needing he was always a benefactor, feeding many a hungry adventurer that afterward bit the hand that kept him from starvation; indeed, should we enumerate all his generous acts, from the care of the able Desfontaines down to that of the widow Calas, and the serfs of Saint Claude, we shall find that few private men have had so wide a circle of charity and have watched over it so well." So much Carlyle says, even Voltaire's worst enemies cannot deny it.

And it seems to me, the more we study his character and life, the more easily we can believe all this and vastly more.

The difference between Voltaire and Rousseau, in their estimate of the needs of mankind, was that one viewed them from the side of the emotional, the sympathetic, the other from that of the intellect, the judgment, the reason, tracing the evils up to their sources or causes and commencing there the remedy and removal. Rousseau looked on with the eye of the heart, the soul, and wept.

Voltaire might laugh at, even mock a misery he could not remove, but he would attack the causes, the authors of that misery, though Bastilles and dungeons of every kind loomed up before him wherever he came. That laugh of the eighteenth century, so often turned to the damage of Voltaire and his school of philosophers, it has been well said was too often misunderstood, as expressing hardness of heart, when it was in truth something very different from that. It was one form in which men sought a little relief from that monotony of abomination and cruelty which everywhere surrounded them, as when we whistle to keep our courage glowing, or rather when we sing not because we are but because we wish to be happy.

To understand what Voltaire attempted, and accomplished, too, in glorious measure, we should know how to compare the condition of France and the world when he entered them with what it was when he left them.

When Protestantism would make us know the value and importance

of the Lutheran Reformation it shows us what was the character of the church and its ministry when Luther began his work.

Nor need Protestants seek other or better defense. And so of the more significant revival of reason, right, truth and justice under Voltaire, Rousseau and their contemporaries a hundred years afterward. If Voltaire had his laugh so had Martin Luther. Let his friends find better justification for it, if they can, than can be found for Voltaire.

Voltaire was reason and freedom; the one based on the other. Rousseau was soul and sympathy. Martin Luther was Fate and Revelation where Voltaire was Free Will and Reason.

By a spiritual habeas corpus Luther could bring the human soul and mind out of the Roman Catholic communion, but only to keep it bound in the chains of inexorable, foreordained, predestinated fate in the Protestant faith, worse, at least in one respect, than Catholicism, for that did admit a Purgatory, through which sinners might pass to Paradise. But Luther's eternal decrees fixed the unalterable state of every human being for heaven or hell, from before the foundation of the world.

Worse than Catholicism in another respect. For whereas Catholicism gave some encouragement to a good life, making salvation to depend on works of benevolence, love and good will, Calvinism and Lutheranism hung it wholly on God's electing grace, so that some must be damned, though pure as heavenly angels, while others must be saved, sin how they might; even though committing a thousand adulteries or murders per annum, as was Luther's own declaration. So that while Luther's habeas corpus might have changed the court, it did not avert the condemnation. Nor was it till Voltaire established the court of Reason that the human mind and heart even began to understand still less to comprehend the rights, dignities, capabilities and responsibilities of the human race.

Perhaps it is not possible for us to understand and to appreciate the darkness and gloom which enshrouded the world, the Christian world, for with that only are we now concerned, when Voltaire first flashed the lightning of his divinely commissioned genius down upon it.

Martin Luther a century before him had exposed and revealed the material and moral rottenness of the Christian church and priesthood. So filthy as well as frightful were many of his utterances respecting them that they are still kept locked in their original language; as would many scripture utterances have been had our translation been made at the close of the nineteenth instead at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

And as Luther revealed the moral and spiritual state of the church, Voltaire opened up the mental, the intellectual condition of all Christendom. Till his time, the miraculous conception and ascension of Jesus Christ were accounted no mystery. For Greece, Rome, Egypt, India, all have had the same or similar, to large extent, wondrous existences and manifestations among their heroes and divinities.

I love to study and wish you were all well read in Buckle's historical analysis of the human intellect in Europe, and especially in France, when Voltaire stood at the head of the literary and philosophical and Bossuet

of the religious and theological academies of the periods they represented.

While the priest and divine had no respect for the human intellect and treated it, preached and wrote for it accordingly, the philosopher had begun to discover its mysterious powers, and the more he explored and traced them, the greater grew his admiration and respect for humanity, and his zeal and determination in rescuing it from all thraldoms of ignorance, government and religion.

Voltaire surprised the world in his history of Charles, the Swedish king and conqueror, by leaving out everything of a supernatural character, in which Bossuet particularly delighted. Till that time it may be said history and fable were at best but that twilight of evening and morning when you cannot tell when light goes out and dark begins, or where night ends and day enters and takes complete possession. Then and there began a new and glorious historic epoch.

Bossuet as well as Voltaire were eminent as historians. For the benefit of the Dauphin son of Louis the fourteenth he wrote a famous work, entitled "Universal History," in which he more than proves all I have charged. Its theology and religion are all exactly in keeping with the sentiments of the church of that period, however repugnant to all reason and common sense. He speaks with perfect confidence of events which are necessarily lost in the remotest antiquity, even if they ever transpired at all.

He knows the exact number of years since Cain killed Abel, when the deluge overwhelmed the world, and when Abraham was called out of Chaldea. He fixes the dates of all these and many other events with the utmost exactness, though the Scripture itself knows nothing of such accuracy.

In 1676, about fifteen years before Voltaire was born, a historical work of great renown, entitled "The Origin of the French," was published in Paris. The author is described as a man of very great and careful reading, with a profound reverence for antiquity and for the doctrine of his church, and the reputation of his work lasted many years.

In that famous history it is told that just 3464 after the creation of the world and 590 before the birth of Christ was the exact period at which Segovese, nephew of the king of the Celts, was first sent into Germany.

Jupiter, Pluto and Neptune were not only gods, but were kings of Gaul; and Gallus, the founder of Gaul, was none other than Noe himself, and many similar stories too stupid to be listened to.

Such was French history and learning in the court of Louis the fourteenth, in which all believed who believed or who read at all.

Nor was such Egyptian darkness limited to France. Dr. William Stukeley was an eminent English divine, historian, antiquarian and chronologist, and contemporary with Bossuet and Voltaire, and hardly less eminent in his own country. Like the French antiquarian, Audigier, whom I have been quoting, Dr. Stukeley studied much in the chronology of Creation, the Fall and the Flood; and in 1730 he wrote and published that according to his calculation well and carefully considered, "The Al-

mighty ordered Noah to get the creatures into the ark on Sunday, the twelfth day of October, the very day of the autumnal equinox of that year, and in just one week from that time, namely the 19th of October, the terrible catastrophe commenced, the moon being past her third quarter!" (Buckle, Vol. I., p. 566, 567 and alias.)

It was against such ecclesiastical ignorance, bigotry and superstition as this that Voltaire had to contend, while before him and around him, the persecutions by the church, of any who dared differ from the cherished and popular religious sentiments, were fiery, bloody, cruel, terrible, beyond all language to describe or imagination to conceive.

The penal laws of France and of all Christendom early arrested his attention, and by their cold-blooded severity stirred up his deepest indignation.

Evidently, the clergy, nobles and kings regarded the common people as created to be their lawful prey. One instance of cruelty in the civil code, and by no means of the worst, must suffice. Such was the tariff on the article of salt, not imported into the kingdom, but only transported from one section or salt district, and so low was the price of agricultural labor, that a poor man scudding across a district line with a pint of smuggled salt in his pocket was saving more money than he could earn by his labor, in the whole of that day! And the penalty for smuggling salt was hanging, breaking on the wheel and burning alive. And it was proportionately so all through Europe.

All the biographers of Voltaire tell us that on the oppression of the poor people by every form of torture his volcanic soul ever burned with a most righteous and holy indignation. His articles on Executions in the philosophical dictionary are among the best which that most remarkable work contains.

That Voltaire's influence in mitigating severity of punishment, greatly reducing the number of capital offenses and of abolishing the horrible custom of torture altogether, has been equal to that of all other men together, if not greater than all, will now only be questioned by those who, not having examined, have no right to express any opinion on the subject.

On the subject of war Voltaire wrote with even more vigor and in sterner protestation.

"All animals," he said, "are at war. It seems that God, having given reason to men, it should teach them not debase themselves by imitating brutes. Yet so much is murderous war the lot of man that, except two or three nations, there are none but what their histories represent as in arms against one another."

"Away toward Canada, man and warrior mean the same thing. With us we have seen that thief and soldier mean the same thing." "The most wonderful part of the infernal enterprise of war is that each chief of the murderers causes his colors to be blessed and solemnly invokes God, before he goes forth to exterminate his neighbors." "Natural Religion," he says, "has a thousand times prevented citizens from committing crimes. Well trained minds have not the inclination for it; tender minds are alarmed at it, representing to themselves a just and avenging God."

But artificial Religion encourages all cruelties which are exercised in troops, conspiracies, seditions, pillages, ambushes, surprises of towns, robberies, murders; each man marches gayly to crime under the banner of his saint. While the caprice of a few men makes part of mankind to murder loyally millions of their brethren, can anything be more horrible throughout all nature?" Such is but specimen of his view on war. Of the Quakers he always speaks with profound respect because of their early and faithful testimony and protest against its murderous work.

But I must hasten on.

Religious persecution, more than any other mortal evil, was the loathing and abhorrence of Voltaire. On lesser evils he exhausted all arguments, language, logic, rebuke and cursing. But persecution for mere opinion's sake, and that on questions mainly about which both sides alike knew nothing, often because there was nothing to be known, this was the unpardonable offense, the sin, the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, for which he had no forgiveness; for which his profuse vocabulary had no name.

For years his house was the home and hiding place of many hunted lambs, when the bloodhounds and jackals of pulpit rage and priestly wrath were pursuing day and night.

The story of Calas has been told a thousand times and always with blood-curdling interest. History has hung it as a garland of honor about the neck of Voltaire, to be worn, without withering, forever. Catholic spite had trumped up the story that Calas, a Protestant, had killed his son to prevent his turning to the Catholics. And he was broken on the wheel and died in awful agonies.

The son was found dead, but every circumstance showed it impossible that he had fallen by his father's hand. The widow and children were all put to the torture also; but survived its frightful torment and fled afterward to Voltaire, living in Switzerland.

Sirven and La Barre were the names of other families alike unfortunate. I will not tell their story, but they also found shelter or sympathy with Voltaire; and here is what he wrote about them in a letter to a friend:

"This is no longer a time for jesting; witty things do not go well with massacres. What! men in wigs destroy in midst of horrible tortures children of sixteen! And that in face of ten upright and humane judges! And it is suffered. People talk about it for a moment, and next day are hastening to the comic opera! and barbarity become more insolent to our silence will to-morrow cut open throats judicially at pleasure. Here Calas broken on the wheel, there Sirven condemned to be hung, farther off a gag thrust into the mouth of a lieutenant general; a fortnight after that five youths, condemned to the flames for extravagances which deserved nothing worse than confinement in St. Lazarre (lunatic asylum). Is this the country of philosophy and pleasure? It is the country, rather, of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Why! The inquisition itself would not have ventured to do what these judges have done. What! you would be content to laugh, we should rather resolve to seek vengeance, or leave a

land where such horrors are committed. No, once more I cannot bear you should close your letter with a laugh or by saying, 'I mean to laugh.' Ah! my friend, is it a time for laughing? Did men laugh when they saw the bull of Phalaris being heated red-hot?"

To Voltaire reason and humanity were one and the same, but that one was humanity. Three years he labored unceasingly for justice to the widow and family of Calas. And during all that time he declares not a smile ever escaped him without reproaching himself for it as for a crime.

And when in the last year of his long life he made his triumphal entry into Paris after an exile of more than twenty years, and the people all worshiped at his feet, from the king on the throne to the beggar on the dunghill, he said nothing so affected him as the answer of a poor woman who was asked: "Who is that so followed by the crowd?" and she replied: "Do you not know that is the man who saved the family of Calas?"

But there is time for no more particular on this most remarkable man of the eighteenth century, phenomenon rather of the whole eighteen centuries,—phenomenon more than man.

He read Moses and the prophets, Jesus and the apostles, the Christian Fathers and the Christian Reformers and drew wisdom and inspiration from them all. He began, indeed, where they left off, and from thence looked forward and not backward; the first, best, most genuine Free Religionist and Progressive yet known to the world.

Without skill or schooling in science, he was yet a profound philosopher and demanded that all religion and worship should be based in reason and the great laws and facts of human nature, and not on Christian, Jewish, Egyptian or Indian tradition and fable.

Voltaire taught the world a new humanity based in reason and righteousness, and not in mere sentiment and tears, hiding the innocent outcasts in his own home, laboring intensely and constantly three long years to procure justice to the widow and orphan children who survived torture.

And not less important and more remarkable was the revolution he wrought in history and literature, sifting and winnowing heathen mythology and Christian theology, and the literature of both periods in a manner as new as it was terrible to the church and learned world.

Christianity at that period, true to its own antecedents and to its Jewish origin, was darkening the very heavens with the smokes of its martyr fires, and filling the shuddering atmosphere with shrieks and groans of its slowly roasting victims, from the Liber to the Quadalquivir, and from Geneva to Smithfield; Protestant and Catholic alike glory in such work of hell.

Tell me not that Voltaire was a mocker. Single-handed and alone he entered the caves and the jungles, the woods and the winding labyrinths, where the imps and fiends of ages had held high carnival; ignorance, bigotry, superstition, priestly ambition, lust and power, whatever had bound and enslaved humanity during a night of dreary centuries, single-handed, unattended, he entered, sword in hand, but only a sword of truth, and in his other hand the burning flambeau of eternal light, and challenged all the host of hell to mortal combat. And the battle still rages so

bravely and so gloriously begun by him alone, and can only cease when victory and triumph are assured.

So, too, Voltaire has been called, is still by many believed to have been an atheist. But what the word commonly means, never, never was Voltaire!

But the world has no right to call him anything. It is not yet tall enough to look into his face, nor wise, nor just enough to sound the profound depths of his heart and soul.

In no line of all his eighty volumes is there one word in denial of a God or immortality. What did he mean when he wrote and said: "The more I think of it, the least I can admit that that watch runs and has no watchmaker."

Voltaire was no atheist in good nor bad sense, nor mocker, nor scoffer at good men, their works, nor worship, nor God. "Even to go to mass I wish one to have the liberty," said he.

Not one virtue did he ever cease to praise. Not one vice, in high or low, from the throne to the dunghill escaped the rod of his wrath. Not one.

From a mountain top of divine illumination, he cried to a world slumbering in the vales and shadows of death far beneath, and only few yet are hearkening to his voice.

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#### FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

**W**E PROPOSE to publish in the near future what we shall entitle the "Free Thought Magazine Photograph Album." It will contain the portraits of as many of our subscribers as shall desire to have their portraits appear therein. The portraits will be of equal size, viz.,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and there will be four portraits on a page. The size of the page will be  $6\frac{1}{2}$  by  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Under each likeness will be the name and postoffice address of the person it represents, and the Album will contain an index, by which any likeness can be easily found. Subscribers to the magazine are each requested to send their photographs at once. The money need not be sent until called for. Husband and wife can have their likenesses in for \$5.00 and two of the books. Please see page 457 October magazine.



## THE BOOK OF NATURE IS THE FOUNTAIN OF TRUTH.

S. LAFAYETTE WILLARD.

**I**N PREPARATION for the comprehension of Divine Truth, a consideration of these self-evident propositions is necessary; space is infinite and the universe has no bounds; in whatever direction mentality trends, the conception of a point without something beyond, is an impossibility. Duration is without limit; no



S. LAFAYETTE WILLARD.

conception can be formed of its beginning or ending. Infinity is incomprehensible, but its consideration serves to aid in arriving at the correct conclusion of the magnitude of forces which control the material universe. Matter and its evolution through the action of these forces has laid the foundation of the three sciences, chemistry, astronomy and geology, which are the principal sources through which authentic information is gained of the formation of worlds, and the state of matter anterior to the periods thus opened to view cannot be known, though it has undoubtedly always existed in some form. As not an atom can be destroyed or annihilated, but only changed in form, it is a stable fact that formation is the law of nature.

In the dim solitudes of ages past an infinite ocean of heated gas, composed of all the elements which now exist, occupied all space. Losing its expansive force and becoming condensed by cooling, this gaseous matter was drawn to centers by the law of attraction, which, by another natural law, produced a rotary motion. Centrifugal force operating in conjunction with the attraction of gravitation produced revolving spherical masses with axes of least diameter. These are the nuclei of the solar systems. All of the fixed stars are centers of this kind, and their careers are analogous to that of the sun, which, alone, it is necessary to follow in order to realize the condition of similar orbs under the control of the same laws. Our solar system is now isolated from all other matter with the immensity of space intervening and occupying a spheroidal space with its equatorial circumference about the size of the orbit of Neptune. Its rotary motion forced the condensing matter toward the equatorial surface, where, again, another smaller center was formed, which also rotated as the larger bodies and retained by inertia the motion imparted to it by the parent body. The sun by contracting drew away from this first planet, which is called Neptune, leaving it an independent globe in space. The same history is repeated of Uranus, Saturn,

Jupiter, Mars and the other planets, including the Earth, which is the globe in which its inhabitants are primarily interested. Before proceeding with the subject of the Earth's formation, I shall state a few facts favoring my assumption. Astronomers observe that all the planets move around the sun in the same direction; that their orbits are confined to the zodiac, or a belt of eight degrees on each side of the ecliptic; that they have been heated masses forming into globes as melted lead forms into balls while falling through air or space in making shot. The Earth, on becoming detached from the sun, was in a molten liquid state, and its diurnal axial rotation slightly depressed its spherical form at the poles and elevated the equatorial portion. After ages the superficial heat had radiated and the surface had become cool and solid. The atmosphere had been formed by a synthetical process combining its elements in the correct proportion. In the natural laboratory the oceans of water were also compounded, and in the form of steam or vapor escaped from the earth into the air, which condensed and produced torrents of rain. The constant evaporation of this water greatly increased the cooling process until beds were formed where water stood in lakes, which were strongly impregnated with mineral substances. These were deposited in layers of stratified rock, which, by the earth's contraction, were often inclined or stood perpendicular, as we now see them. By the constant erosion of water upon this cooled surface, a soil was formed from which, by the action of solar force and electricity combined with the primal and congenial condition of the Earth, organic life in the first forms of vegetation was generated. Immense forests of supertropical growth sprang up, and being buried by upheavals and subject to the interior heat, formed our coal beds. Simultaneously with, or shortly following, the first vegetable growth, the lower forms of animals, scarcely distinguishable from vegetable life, were produced by the magnetic action upon the most refined preparations entering into their composition.

From these primal germs begin the chain of connecting links which bind the whole animal kingdom in a common origin, or, perhaps, different origins, but under common laws which repeated similar results. This is the natural process through which matter is transformed from its incipient state into the more refined condition, and even into life and sensibility. The ultimate and culminating link seems to have been reached in the erect posture and high development in the intelligence of man.

It is the sacred and inalienable right of every individual to be unrestrained and independent in thought and volition, and the inseparable duty of every person to hold this privilege sacred by abstaining from any attempt to cram morsels down the throats of persons who are unable to swallow them, even under the absurd plea of conferring favors. Are not the privileges of all by nature equal, and has not every one the right to choose for himself?

The book of nature is the source of all truth, and whatever is antagonistic to natural law belongs to the domain of falsehood. This book is open to all truth seekers. Those who are bound by the threats and promises of an ancient priesthood and incumbered by the superstitions of

mythology are indeed slaves to false theories. Assuming the reader to be a reasonable investigator, free from prejudice and the pervading beliefs which exist among religious sects that miracles are facts and prove that their performer is a God; that prophecy is actual knowledge of the future without any rational means for obtaining such knowledge—you are now prepared to follow nature's course with all assurance that you are right. Natural forces operate in the same way to bring man and the lower animals into existence. The same principle extends to vegetable life. If the man called Adam was made out of the unrefined particles of dust, so was Eve and every other person. Natural law is contradicted in the inception of the book called the Bible. It is so with all mythological accounts of creation. Which is the more reasonable, that the first man was made from crude dust and the first woman from one of his ribs, or that both sexes were evolved simultaneously after ages of the refining process had prepared the material world for the advent of the human race? Which is the more natural for a god esteemed to be ruler of this infinite universe, but who did not know enough to perceive that two sexes are the law of nature until he had compelled his image, Adam, to go through all kinds of antics courting the beasts, and, not being able to obtain a wife, to be subject to that narcotic and surgical process in order to make a woman: or, for the physical forces which produced the first animals to have been at work developing all the diversified types, culminating in the human race. Again, this allwise God, knowing that he was bringing the greatest calamity that could fall upon his beloved children, deliberately placed them in an ignorant condition, exposed to danger which they had no power to detect or resist. Who is to blame for placing a babe where it can fall into the fire? Is the child responsible for any damages or suffering from its ignorance, or does not the person who placed it in jeopardy assume the guilt? The sin of the Bible is not a necessity; it could have been dispensed with without any perceptible disadvantage to mankind, and undoubtedly to the happiness of a large number of religionists. But in nature we observe the actual necessity for the passions to which all evil can be traced. A man steals because he is endowed with the faculty to acquire that which is necessary to maintain his life. Generally he murders for the same purpose, or for self-preservation; he commits adultery because the desire to perpetuate the species is inherent. All this theme, which is so much discussed in the pulpit, is lucidly explained and accounted for in the requirements and temperamental conditions of animal life. The human race, with all its advance in science and learning, is yet closely allied to the animal world. With its vanity and conceited glory, the outcroppings of barbarism yet appear, and a great chasm must yet be spanned before the race is truly human. Falsehood will never elevate the race. The innate desire for existence has always created an interest in futurity. The shocking brutality which has entered into the doctrines and formality that have been introduced into the world, is almost beyond comprehension. Sacrifices, torture, humility, and all that tends to debase independent personality, enter into the composition of religious teachings. The Hindoo is undoubtedly one of the most ancient races, and the Brahmin religion

among the earliest forms of worship. If that system be true, then all divergent beliefs are false. We have nothing to do, however, with any person's belief except what exerts a direct influence upon ourselves; then only to the extent of showing the truth of what is opposite and the error of the questionable doctrine.

The Mosaic Writings leaves the God of Israel without the attributes of immutability and omniscience by recording numerous blunders and reconstructions that he made. According to Moses he is indeed a most fickle, tyrannical and easily provoked deity. His son, Jesus, lost his claim to omnipotence by being allied with the "fallen" race of man.

No man is God. Jesus was a man. Jesus is not God. This logical formula is applicable to any man who aspires to the dignity of Deity. But how can it be proved that Jesus was a man? There is only one way to come into existence, and that is the natural way. Every person is brought to life by nature's own reproductions, and, thanks to her goodness, she does not evolve any gods out of the productions of earth. We do not need them. The principles of nature are immutable, and the stale and illogical argument that God can do anything only proves the depth of credulity into which credulous and unreasoning minds are submerged by supernatural dogmatism. The truth has been condemned by every writer claiming to be inspired; by every book purporting to be the word of God; by every teacher associated in the ostensible performance of miracles; by everybody who sets up or supports a theory or practice antagonistic to natural law. Passing rapidly over the mass of errors and contradictions which has been incorporated with the valuable portions of sacred history, let us take a view of futurity through the prophetic telescope and behold the ultimate destiny of the human race and this world of ours. I should say that the earth's destiny is fixed by known laws, and that it will revolve forever in its present orbit. After countless ages the sun will have radiated its heat to the extent that only animals, indigenous to polar temperature can live on the earth. Further on in the dim starlit wastes of perpetual snow and frozen seas, animal life will cease to exist, and only a blank sequestered sphere will whirl through space where now so much life and activity is present. The earth is cooling, we know; we are constantly receiving rays from the sun, which is positive evidence that the sun is losing its heat. The inevitable result is that our sources of heat will finally be exhausted, hence all reason teaches us that the earth will ultimately be depopulated by the partial absence of heat, or, in other words, by cold.

The Bible teaches and theology preaches that all except the "elect" will be consumed by fire, or, perhaps, worse for the unfortunate children of men, be consigned to a hopeless eternity of torture by fire, with the additional inflammable element of brimstone. Notice the contrast between what we may reasonably expect will terminate life upon earth and the conceptions of the God worshipers. Nature places no such proscription upon her children, who are punished only in disobedience to natural law, and this punishment is inevitable; the violation is the cause—the punishment is the effect.

Siloam Springs, Ark,

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## KATE DE PEATT.

MISS KATE DE PEATT'S portrait is the frontispiece of this magazine. Miss De Peatt is the Secretary of the Oregon Secular Union and the State Lecturer for that association. She has been for the last two years doing a grand work for Free Thought, not only in Oregon but in a number of other of the Pacific States. She is but twenty years of age, but is already a very popular lecturer and draws large audiences wherever she is known. If she continues to improve as she has done since she took the lecture field, in five years from now she will be the female Ingersoll of the Pacific coast, if not of the United States. She has ability, courage and eloquence, and a good command of language, qualifications which are requisite in a public speaker, and, besides, as the reader will see by looking at her portrait, she is an intelligent, fine-looking young lady, which greatly adds to her popularity as a speaker.

Kate De Peatt, though young, has already stored her mind with knowledge and valuable information. She has not spent her time as many young ladies do, either, reading trashy novels or in pious religious frenzy, which is little or no better, but has devoted all her spare time to reading books written by advanced thinkers and reformers.

We requested Miss De Peatt to send us a short sketch of her life for publication, and she furnished us the very modest sketch which we publish below:

### LIFE SKETCH OF KATE DE PEATT.

In writing an autobiography I must be brief. My hopes must necessarily form the principal part. Of the past little can be or need be said. Our salvation lies in the present and the future and only as the past has to do with these need it be dwelt upon. Around us the dim light of history throws its sunshine and shadows, but above us the stars of progress shine forth in alluring splendor. I am an Oregonian, born in Ashland, Oregon, Aug. 9, 1878. My childhood was spent in much the same manner as any other healthy child, except that I was unburdened by superstition and left free to devote myself to my books and sports. After completing the high school course in Ashland in the spring of '93, I at once turned my attention to the work which would prepare me for teaching. I entered the State Normal School at Monmouth, Oregon, in the fall and completed the regular course in the spring of '94. I then taught in the public schools until about two years ago, when I took up the work in the Liberal University, devoting the principal time to lecturing. At the tenth annual con-

vention of the Oregon State Secular Union I was elected secretary, and since then have been lecturing in the interests of that organization and the cause of Free Thought in general. The Liberal movement has always been of special interest to me, my mother being an ardent supporter of the cause, so I followed the example of Topsy and "grew up" in the work.

Now, as to my hopes: They are so many that I sometimes get confused with them myself. In every path and walk of life we see reforms budding and blossoming—something to do. We look upon the human family and see in it a race dwarfed and distorted by ignorance and superstition, but when, through the telescope of history, we see step by step the rough path which Evolution has trod, the obstacles it has encountered, the battles fought—we see in the present a race of stalwart men and women pushing on to victory. This gives us hope and courage. Let me express all my plans and desires in the one so fitly expressed by America's noblest son, Thomas Paine. I hope for the time to come when every human being can say: "The world is my country, to do good is my religion." Toward this end I am struggling to do my part.

#### THE TOPEKA WOMEN—THE WOMAN'S BIBLE AND THE BLUE GRASS BLADE.

THE following communication was received by us some time since for publication in this magazine:

St. Louis, Aug. 26.—A special to the Post-Dispatch from Topeka, Kan., says:

"After a discussion lasting a week the Board of Censors of the Topeka Federation of Women's Clubs has excluded the 'Woman's Bible' from its library on the ground that it is 'written in a flippant, coarse and inelegant style.'"

The commentators have done the best they could, considering the character of the text. Many passages relating to woman in the Pentateuch were found too coarse and obscene, even, for mention, and if those referred to in the "Woman's Bible" are coarse and inelegant the text is responsible; also, if the "Woman's Bible" is to be abolished from the woman's library and schools of Topeka, the Jewish mythology should go also.

I recommend these elegant, fastidious bigots to read the thirty-first chapter of Numbers, to see the fate of the women and the child-women of the Midianites.

E. C. S.

After reading this communication we felt very indignant, and thought we would write an editorial on it, but after considering the subject we concluded we could not do it justice, and we could think of no man in the Liberal ranks better qualified for the task than Charles C. Moore, editor of the "Blue Grass Blade." So we wrote him the following letter:

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 8, 1898.

Dear Brother Moore:

I learn by a special in the Post-Dispatch, of St. Louis, that the "Woman's Bible," published by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, has been excluded from

the Topeka, Kansas, library, by the Federation of Women's Clubs of that city, on the ground that it is "written in a flippant, coarse and inelegant manner."

These pious women have no objection to the old Jew book filled with naughtiness. I have not the ability to characterize the action of the Federation of Women in this instance as it deserves, and I know of no editor who has, unless it be Charles C. Moore, of the Blue Grass Blade.

I wish he would try his hand on it. A few "cuss words," I think, would be allowable here.

If you undertake to do justice to the subject, please send a copy of the Blade to Elizabeth Cady Stanton, 26 West 61st street, New York, and a copy to the President and Secretary of the Federation of Women's Clubs, Topeka, Kan. I shall be pleased to publish what you say in the *Free Thought Magazine*.

I congratulate you on your good luck in getting a new press, and hope the Blue Grass Blade will live and greatly prosper. Yours fraternally,  
H. L. Green.

In the issue of the Blue Grass Blade of Oct. 9 Mr. Moore complied with our request and published a three-column article on the subject, which we hope the "Board of Censors of the Topeka Federation of Women's Clubs" read.

It will be seen that in our letter to Mr. Moore we said: "I shall be pleased to publish what you say in the *Free Thought Magazine*." Now we would be in honor bound to publish Bro. Moore's comments unless we can give some satisfactory excuse for not doing so. This we can do.

To show the inconsistency of the Topeka women Mr. Moore quotes very extensively from "God's Word" what we, as a lawyer of thirty years' practice, consider "obscene literature." If we should transfer his quotations to our pages and send it through the mails we should, in our opinion, be guilty of a crime—the violation of the United States law against the publishing and mailing of obscene literature. This has already been decided, and settled, by the U. S. courts. We will cite but two cases: Some years ago George Francis Train published, and mailed, and otherwise circulated, a paper that consisted of nothing but selections from the Bible, of the character of those published in the Blue Grass Blade. He was arrested on the charge of circulating obscene literature and indicted by the grand jury for that crime. When arraigned in courts on the indictment and asked to plead to the charge, he, being an honest man, pleaded guilty, and the court sent him to prison.

The other case that I will cite is of recent date: *The United States vs. J. B. Wise*. Mr. Wise wrote but one verse from the Bible on a postal card and mailed it to a preacher. He was arrested and convicted on the charge

of violating the United States law against mailing obscene literature, and fined fifty dollars.

Now there is a well-established rule of law that where a person is required to commit a crime in the fulfillment of an agreement, or contract, he is absolved from his promise. And this is the rule that we take advantage of in this case to avoid fulfilling our promise to publish in this magazine Brother Moore's able article. Of course a large portion of the article is free from this Bible obscenity, but to publish that part without publishing the Bible quotations would be an insult to the editor of the Blue Grass Blade.

We first thought we would give the chapter and verse of these quotations, so that our readers could find them, but that would be clearly a violation of the spirit of the statute if not of the letter. And for the same reason we will not advise our readers to send ten cents to Brother Moore, at Lexington, Ky., and order the number of the Blade that contains the article.

And, while we are speaking of the Blade, we will say that although we cannot endorse all that we find in that paper, there is no Liberal journal on our exchange list that we are so desirous of perusing when it first reaches our office as the Blue Grass Blade.

We notice that in the last two numbers of the Blade the editor announces that he is an anarchist, and he still continues to advocate the enactment of prohibitory liquor laws. It appears to us that our friend Moore is, by so doing, attempting to ride two horses going in opposite directions, a feat that no equestrian, however skillful, has succeeded heretofore in doing. Possibly friend Moore will be the first man to accomplish the difficult task.

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#### COLONEL INGERSOLL'S NEW LECTURE, "SUPERSTITION."

ON Sunday, October 16, Robert G. Ingersoll delivered for the first time his new lecture, "Superstition." The lecture was delivered in Chicago, and to say that it was well attended and highly appreciated is to repeat what has been said of every lecture Colonel Ingersoll delivers.

Beginning with the lowest forms of superstition—the belief in unlucky numbers, in charms, amulets and signs—Colonel Ingersoll gradually reaches in this new lecture those higher forms of superstition which so corrupt the civilization of our own time—the belief in prayers, angels, gods and saviors.

One of the many silly superstitions of our day is the belief that the number thirteen is unlucky. Of this Ingersoll says: "If thirteen is a dan-



gerous number, twenty-six ought to be twice as dangerous, and fifty-two four times as terrible."

The bones of saints, the hairs of martyrs, the wood from the true cross, and other holy relics, with which the priests used in olden times to drive out diseases and devils, also come in for a good share of ridicule. "In those days," says Colonel Ingersoll, "the priests were fishers for money and they used these relics for bait."

Those orthodox Christians who, in these enlightened times, still persist in believing that angels and devils exist and that miracles were really once performed, are also taken to task and their absurd beliefs are held up like so many dilapidated scarecrows, to be laughed at by all sensible people.

Speaking of the belief of Christians in the devil, Colonel Ingersoll says: "If the devil does not exist, the Christian creeds all crumble, and the superstructure known as 'Christianity,' built by the fathers, by popes, by priests and theologians—built with mistakes and falsehoods, with miracles and wonders, with blood and flame, with lies and legends borrowed from the savage world, becomes a shapeless ruin."

This new lecture does not alone deal with the Christian mistakes of the past, but takes up those of the present, and in treating these Colonel Ingersoll employs again that crushing logic and powerful array of historical facts which has already proven so disastrous to the Christian church.

Every year millions of prayers are uttered by the superstitious, in praise of a God whose existence has not yet been established. Of this Ingersoll says: "Why should God demand praise? He is as he was. He has never learned anything; has never practiced any self-denial; was never tempted, never touched by fear or hope, and never had a want."

Religion is merely the "science" of superstition; and in attacking all superstition from its lowest to its highest forms, as Colonel Ingersoll has done in this lecture, he strikes at the very foundation of all religions. Without superstition they cannot exist. "Superstition" is, therefore, one of the best of Colonel Ingersoll's anti-Christian lectures and should be heard or read by every lover of intellectual freedom. R. N. R.

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#### PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF 1899.

AT OUR rate of 75 cents a year, in clubs of five or over, our terms are so low that they will not permit us to offer any very great compensation to our friends who yearly send us clubs of subscribers, and who in former years have very generously done this work without any commission.

We fully realize that they are entitled to some pay for their trouble and expense, and we have therefore made up the following list of books, which we offer to senders of clubs for next year, in the hope that it will not only bring us in the renewals of all our old clubs but will induce others to procure new clubs, and thereby advance the cause of Free Thought. At 75 cents a year, our club rate, The Free Thought Magazine is the lowest-priced Liberal publication published in the world. Look over this issue of the magazine, note its articles and illustrations, and then consider with yourself if it is not possible for you to send us a club for next year. Will you try? Say for half a day. If you will only do that, we are sure nine out of every ten will be successful. If you desire any sample copies, write us, and we will gladly send them. Friends, let us hear from you.

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213 East Indiana Street, Chicago, Illinois.

### ALL SORTS.

—Read our liberal special offer for clubs.

—Reader, have you renewed your subscription for next year?

—Remember new subscribers for this Magazine will be taken at the low price of 50 cents a year until Jan. 1, 1899.

—We will publish the Magazine every month the coming year if our friends will sustain us, and we expect they will.

—"Holy Smoke" is having a large sale. The first edition is nearly exhausted. We sell fifteen copies for one dollar.

—"You kin git yo' daily bread by prayin'," says Uncle Mose. "But de nightly chicken has to be hustled fo'."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Who will say that there is not a number of articles in this issue of the Magazine either of which is worth the price of the Magazine for a year?

—Vol. XVI. is complete with this number. We hope every friend of the Magazine will do all in their power to enable us to commence the next volume free from debt.

—Three hundred years ago any man absent from church on Sunday was fined

a shilling. What a war revenue that would produce to-day. —Cattaraugus (N. Y.) Republican.

—"Here's an article which says preachers should never work at their sermons when tired." "How about working at them when their congregations are tired?"—Chicago Record.

—The Agnostic Journal of London publishes "Holy Smoke in the Holy Land" from this Magazine, also Col. Ingersoll's letter to this magazine that appeared in the October number.

—Aunt—Why did you stare at the gentleman so rudely, Ethel? Little Ethel—Oh, he's a drefful man. He never goes to church nor nothing. I heard father say he was an acrostic.—Judy.

—Voltaire, by Prof. Emile Pingault, in this number of the Magazine, is a most valuable article, and we have put it into a pamphlet for general circulation. Price 10 cents; fifteen copies for one dollar.

—Aunt Milly Smith, a negro woman of Georgia, not long since went to hear Sam Jones preach. Soon afterward she met the evangelist and said: "Marse Jones, I shorely love to hear you preach. I certainly do, for you'se everybody's

preacher. An' I'll tell yer, honey, you first edition will now want this valuable preach more like a nigger den any white man I ever seen." work complete. Send in your orders.

—Col. Ingersoll has volunteered to lecture for the benefit of Marvin R. Clark, the heroic, blind journalist, under the auspices of the Thirteen Club. The subject of the lecture will probably be "Religion During the War."—Boston Ideas.

—Mrs. Jones—Did your husband die happy?

Widow Brown—Oh, yes; just before he died he cried out ecstatically, "I see a great light," and then added softly, "I think I'm going where they give better gas," and passed smilingly away.—Judge.

—A professor of Trinity College, Dublin, overhearing an undergraduate making use of profane language, rushed at him frantically, exclaiming: "Are you aware, sir, that you are imperiling your immortal soul, and, what is worse, incurring a fine of five shillings?"—Household Words.

—He was an earnest minister, and one Sunday, in the course of a sermon on the significance of little things, he said: "The hand which made the mighty heavens made a grain of sand; which made the lofty mountains made a drop of water; which made you made the grass of the field; which made me made a daisy!"

—"The Rights of Woman and the Sexual Relations," by Karl Heinzen, is now published in a complete edition. The second part is now published for the first time, and the two parts are now bound in one volume of some 400 pages. Price, in cloth, \$1; in paper, 50 cents, postpaid. Many of our readers who have had the

—The church has always opposed the right of man to think for himself. A recent copy of the New York Freeman's Journal (Roman Catholic) says: "Private judgment (freedom of conscience?) is recognized as a principle adverse to order, discipline, and efficiency and as destructive of government, law, and religious unity."

—"Tommy," exclaimed Mrs. Fogg, "don't you know it is Sunday? Don't you know it is naughty to make a kite to-day?"

"But, my dear," interposed Fogg, "don't you see he is making it out of a religious paper?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. F., "I didn't notice that."—Boston Transcript.

—John C. Bundy's spirit (we should say if we were a spiritualist) has commenced the publication of a paper in San Francisco, Cal., entitled "The Liberator," and he employs Bishop S. Garrison, of "earth life," as his "medium." And this new journal in the work of exposing fraudulent mediums out-Bundys Bundy. The Liberator is published semi-monthly. Price \$1 a year.

—Dr. Talmage does not mince matters with the evolutionists. He is reported to have said that evolution is "up and down; out and out, infidelity." You can prefer the "Origin of Species" to the book of Genesis if you will, "but know you are an infidel."—The Christian (Unitarian) Register.

Talmage is right this time. But our Unitarian friends will still insist they are Christians, and not infidels, though the fact is apparent to everybody outside of their church that Unitarians are as truly infidels as Col. Ingersoll is.

—Sammie had just returned from Sunday school, and his mother asked him if he had been a good boy.

"No, not very," was the truthful reply.

"Then you didn't get a good behavior card?" queried his mother.

"Oh, yes, I did," replied the precocious youngster. "I saved the money you gave me for the heathen and bought two from the other boys."—*Troy Times*.

—Robert Lynn Cox, Esq., a young and intelligent lawyer of Buffalo, N. Y., writes in a private letter:

"I feel that I must express my appreciation of the last (October) number of the Magazine. I have not read all of it yet, but have looked it over with a good deal of care and read a number of the articles, and they are certainly very good. You have secured many able writers who are deep thinkers and know how to express their thoughts with clearness and effect."

—William H. Hammock, editor of *Music and Literature*, of Frederick, Md., writes in a private letter:

"I must thank you for the kindness of placing the Free Thought Magazine on exchange with my journal. Free Thought Magazine is read every month by my wife and myself with the greatest interest. I was born a Jew, but to day I stand out a bold Naturalist and Free Thinker, and I hope and believe my wife will be ere another six months rolls around."

—At a recent Methodist camp meeting, says the Breeze, a pretty young widow who was out in the congregation sparing for converts, said to a solemn looking young fellow, who appeared to be in the first stage of conviction: "My dear young friend, it would do my heart good to lead you to the altar." He said he would like it first-rate, but he was engaged to two girls and that was as many

as he could attend to.—*The Torch of Reason*.

—T. B. Wakeman writes: "Mr. Green, the October number of the Free Thought Magazine is splendid. Send me ten more copies, also ten copies of the number containing 'Holy Smoke.' Publish 'Holy Smoke' in a pamphlet with Ingersoll's letter and some other references to the 'Holy Land' in the October number. It would sell like hot cakes in winter."

We intend to do what Brother Wakeman suggests in the near future.

—W. S. Lilly, in the Nineteenth Century, describes an experience when, as a boy, he attended a Bible Christian meeting, and listened to the sermon of the preacher, who laid down the doctrine of the fewness of those who are elected to salvation. This doctrine, a learned friend of Mr. Lilly avers, is summed up in one of the hymns of the sect:

"We are the sweet elected few;

May all the rest be damned;

There's room enough in hell for you:

We won't have heaven crammed."

—Presiding Elder (speaking upon Jim Jackson's application for membership)—Ob co'se we all know dat Jim's got a repertation ez a chicken-t'ief, but now he wants to jine our chu'ch, en ef we let him into our fold he probably won't steal any mo' chickens.

Deacon Randolph (rising impressively)—Bredderin, we all knows dat membahship in dis chu'ch doan keep no fellah frum stealin' chickens, an' we also knows dat jais ez long ez Jim Jackson ain't a Christian he's de principal objec' ob suspicion in dis yar town. I move we keep him out.—Judge.

—The defeat of Spain by the Americans is another victory for Liberty and Reason and another crushing blow to the Catholic church. For centuries this church has thrived upon the inhabitants of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. To support its ignorant and tyrannical priests the people have been subjected to every form of onerous and excessive taxation. Now that a civilized nation has possession of these islands there is every reason to believe that the power of the priests is gone and they will all slink back to Spain.

—Our Dumb Animals, edited by Geo. T. Angell, is one of our exchanges that we value very highly. But there is one thing about Brother Angell we can't understand, and that we request him to explain in his next issue. How can he so bravely advocate the rights of animals and denounce all men who injure them and still worship a God who will through all eternity torment in hell fire a large majority of His children? Brother Angell is a brave and good man, but he dare not answer this question. If he does we will give his answer in this Magazine.

—"A Book on Cats," by Mrs. W. Chance, has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price \$1. This discourse on cats gives incidentally much curious information about these animals, besides including many anecdotes about the cats of famous personages who have celebrated their pets in prose or verse, and also liberal quotations from Champfleury, Pierre Loti, Theophile Gautier, and others. Cat lovers (and their name is legion) will like to look this book over, and find approval and confirmation of their taste. We like to encourage such publications that have

a tendency to make the human family think more of their domestic animals.

—Rev. J. L. Wells, M. E. minister at Binghamton, assaulted his aged housekeeper, pounding her brutally. He escaped with a \$10 fine.—De Ruyter (N. Y.) Gleaner.

Probably the housekeeper's offense was in not keeping quiet while the preacher was making his morning prayer. No doubt but the woman deserved the pounding, and the fine was a great injustice to the holy man of God. Of course, Wells called for an extra large collection at the next prayer meeting to pay the fine, and the sisters of the church contributed liberally.

—The religion that makes people pay their debts; the religion that keeps people from speaking ill of their neighbors; the religion which makes no distinction between wealth and poverty; the religion that makes people honest and upright; the religion that makes woman womanly; the religion that is a part of people's every-day life exemplified in kind deeds, loving acts, cheering words, is the religion that is needed in the world to-day.—Exchange.

If all the good people in the churches and all the good people outside the churches would all work harmoniously together to spread such a religion, which is the religion of humanity, we should soon have a heaven here on earth. Despite present differences we believe mankind is fast moving in that direction.

—A local preacher, writing to the British Weekly from Leeds, bemoans as follows: "How seldom, if ever, do we hear the doctrine of eternal punishment proclaimed by our ministers, and in face of recent facts, it appears as if the doctrine was about to be shelved altogether, and if so, how will this react on our views of

sin, and some of the other cardinal doctrines of Scripture?" Yes, "Local Preacher," leaving out hell will affect "some other of the cardinal doctrines of Scripture." For instance, if there be no hell, from what did Christ "redeem" us? Why did he bother to come all the way from heaven on a wild goose chase?—The (London) Agnostic Journal.

—"And will you be mine forever?" he asked, after he had her head nicely pillowed on his shoulder. She straightened up with a start. "Now, look here," she said, in her eminently practical way, "if you want to get up a discussion on the future life, you might just as well be moving along. Father is an Agnostic and mother is a Methodist, and I'm marrying as much as anything to get away from controversies about this forever business."—Chicago Evening Post

—"The American Sentinel" is the title of a new magazine that has just made its appearance. We notice that our editorial contributor, Helen H. Gardener, furnishes an illustrated article entitled "Spanish Dreams and Yankee Achievements" to the first number, and that she is to be one of the regular contributors to the Sentinel. There would seem to be a want for such a patriotic illustrated monthly. The Sentinel is published at Temple Court, New York. Price \$2 a year.

—Little Archibald was saying his prayers the other evening, while his mother was stroking his curly head and thinking of something else. Suddenly it struck her that the child had wandered from the text of the supplication that he had been taught to repeat. "What is that, darling?" she interrupted. "Go

over that part again." "Give us this day our daily pie and cake, and forgive—" "Why, my love, that isn't right," the surprised mother broke in; "that isn't what mamma taught you to say." "I know," little Archibald replied, "but I don't want any more daily bread. I'd rather have pie and cake, and when we're prayin' for things you might as well ask for what you want the most."—Cleveland Leader.

—Helen H. Gardener sends us, too late for this issue of the Magazine, her speech recently delivered before the New York Woman's Press Club. It will appear in the January Magazine. The title is, "What Woman May Yet Attain." She says of the speech:

"It would have amused you to hear the way they all accepted it. The 'chapter room' of Carnegie Hall was full of men and women. Some of the naval heroes were there and many of the Press and their friends. It was only a little social meeting, and I was asked to talk only ten minutes, so I had to be rather general; but they 'caught on' in a very 'new' way that would have amused Mrs. Stanton and delighted 'Aunt Susan.'"

—There is to be a broadening of thought in the Plymouth Congregational Church, one of the oldest churches in Chicago. The old creed of this church began with a dogmatic assertion of a trinity and ended with a dogmatic condemnation of all sinners to eternal punishment. Now they are to do away with this creed because many of the congregation do not believe it and are making hypocrites of themselves. The pastor of the church, Rev. Artemas J. Haynes, says:

"The Mohammedan will be as welcome as the Christian. We shall place the



matter on an ethical basis, forsaking the dogmatic and metaphysical. We shall have a creed, but it will be of the heart rather than of the head."

Editor Green's *Free Thought Magazine* for October reaches us from Chicago. The frontispiece is a portrait of the late Parker Pillsbury, abolitionist and free thinker. This is followed by William Lloyd Garrison's discourse at his funeral, which concludes thus: "Sleep in peace, friend of the oppressed, champion of women, defender of religious freedom. All the opprobrium of the past is now transformed into the glory of the future, for you have unselfishly served mankind." Elizabeth Cady Stanton, whose outspoken heresy has so alarmed the Woman Suffragists, adds her tribute of praise. Editor Green's magazine contains other interesting items, including a letter from Col. Ingersoll on "Holy Smoke." We hope this publication has the wide circulation it merits.—The (London) *Free Thinker*.

—A very serious blow at the Christian imposture has been the modern facilities for visiting "The Holy Land." Cook and his Tours have played the very fiend with the topographical sanctities of Syria. The "land flowing with milk and honey" is found to be a land crawling with beggars and fleas. If it was ever Yahveh's "Land of Promise" to the Hebrews, Yahveh must have owed the Hebrews a serious grudge, and have sent them to Palestine as the next worse thing to sending them to Sheol. Investigator last year, and Mr. Tenney this, have gone far to knock the bottom out of "The Holy Land," the rocky, barren and squalid cradle of the Christian imposture.—The (London) *Agnostic Journal*.

—The following incident happened at one of the "catecheesms" which are held

periodically in Scotland for all the members of the kirk of a certain district. "The lesson was in Ecclesiastes," says Mr. Johnston; "and one day they had been discussing the verse in which Solomon says, 'Among a thousand men I have found one, but among a thousand women I have found not one,' meaning one just and good and upright. And an old Scotchwoman, when she had listened in silence and heard the rest accept it as present and gospel truth, got her dander up, and rose to her feet. 'Hoot!' she said indignantly, her eyes blazing. 'Do you find why that was? It was because nae dacent woman wad be seen in his company!'"—Milwaukee *Wisconsin*.

—Benjamin R. Tucker, editor of *Liberty*, is in luck. He is promised a gift of \$500 a year to aid in publishing *Liberty*. So we can be sure of seeing that ably edited paper promptly six times a year. Tucker has annihilated more literary frauds than any other anarchist in America. He does it with his pen, which "is sharper than a two-edged sword." Tucker in one respect is like Wendell Phillips. When one reads his iconoclastic paper he forms an entirely different opinion of his personality than when he makes his personal acquaintance. In appearance Tucker is the personification of conservatism, and no one would suspect that he was the radical of the radicals, as he in fact is.

—Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, the "father of Secularism," delivered two lectures before the Birmingham branch of the National Secular Society, on Oct. 9. His subjects were "The Profanities of Piety" and "Policy in Politics." To see a grand old man of 82, who has fought long and well in the Secular

cause, still speaking to the people of the gospel of Secularism, was a noble picture of devotion to principle, a fine inspiration to young freethinkers to be more thorough in their work for free thought. One remark of Mr. Holyoake's in his evening lecture deserves recordal: "None should be rich enough to buy another, and none poor enough to sell himself."—H. Percy Ward, in *Truth Seeker* (Bradford, England).

—Voltaire, Paine, Huxley, Ingersoll and other infidels have not toiled in vain. Even archbishops are beginning to think! As evidence of this we are pleased to publish the following item from a late number of the *New York Tribune*:

"At a recent meeting of Sunday-school teachers at Canterbury, Archbishop Temple said 'he had no doubt there were inaccuracies in the Old Testament narratives, though the writers told the truth, as far as they knew it.' Deeming this statement to be an 'astounding' one, as coming from the primate of all England, a letter was forwarded to the archbishop by the editor of *King's Own*, an evangelical review, inquiring whether or not he had actually made it. To this the primate, by his chaplain, replied as follows: 'His grace did make the statement to which you refer, and he thinks it; and for an instance, he would refer you to 2 Sam. xxiv., 13, and 1 Chron. xxi., 12.' In the first of the passages referred to the prophet Gad, on his mission to David, refers to 'seven years of famine,' and in the latter he speaks of 'three years' famine.'"

—The *New Time* for November has an interesting article, by Rev. R. E. Bisbee, entitled "The Essentials of Christianity," in which it says that "true Christianity and true manhood are one," and then goes on to show that there is very little "true manhood" in the Christian

church. In fact, Rev. Bisbee contends that true Christianity is now mostly outside of the Christian church. Such articles are misleading. The truth is that the Christian church represents true Christianity, not so fully as it did in the dark ages, because there are many "infidels" like this Rev. Bisbee still in the church. The Christian church was established as a despotism and always has been such to the extent of its power. The true Christianity of the past and present is plainly stated in the words of Jesus and Paul: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned" (St. Mark xvi., 16). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (the Acts xvi., 31). There is nothing about "true manhood" here. The doctrine of the church is that good works ("true manliness") are "filthy rags." There is more joy in the Christian's heaven over one sinner that repenteth at the last moment than over ninety-nine just men who have no need of repentance.

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**H. L. GREEN,**  
Editor & Publ'r.

**ROBT. N. REEVES,**  
Assistant Editor.

**H. C. GREEN,**  
Business Mgr.

## EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

JUDGE C. B. WAITE, THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, B. F. UNDERWOOD,  
GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, HELEN H. GARDENER,  
ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Kate De Peatt, Portrait.....	Frontispiece
Bible in the Public Schools. By Elizabeth Cady Stanton.....	469
Our Conflict with the Churches. By Edwin A. Potter.....	473
A Good Letter. By William Podman.....	481
The Christian Temple. By D. B. Stedman.....	482
Mr. Adams Erects a Monument.....	489
A Memorial Tribute. By Kate De Peatt.....	490
Precession of the Equinoxes. By J. A. Greenhill.....	495
Literary Department—	
Voltaire. By Prof. Emile Pingault.....	500
Free Thought Magazine Photograph Album.....	508
The Book of Nature. By S. Lafayette Willard.....	509
Editorial Department—	
Kate De Peatt.....	513
The Topeka Woman and Blue Grass Blade.....	514
Colonel Ingersoll's New Lecture. By R. N. R.....	515
Premiums for Clubs of 1899.....	517
All Sorts .....	520

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